WEEK ENDING MAY 7, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

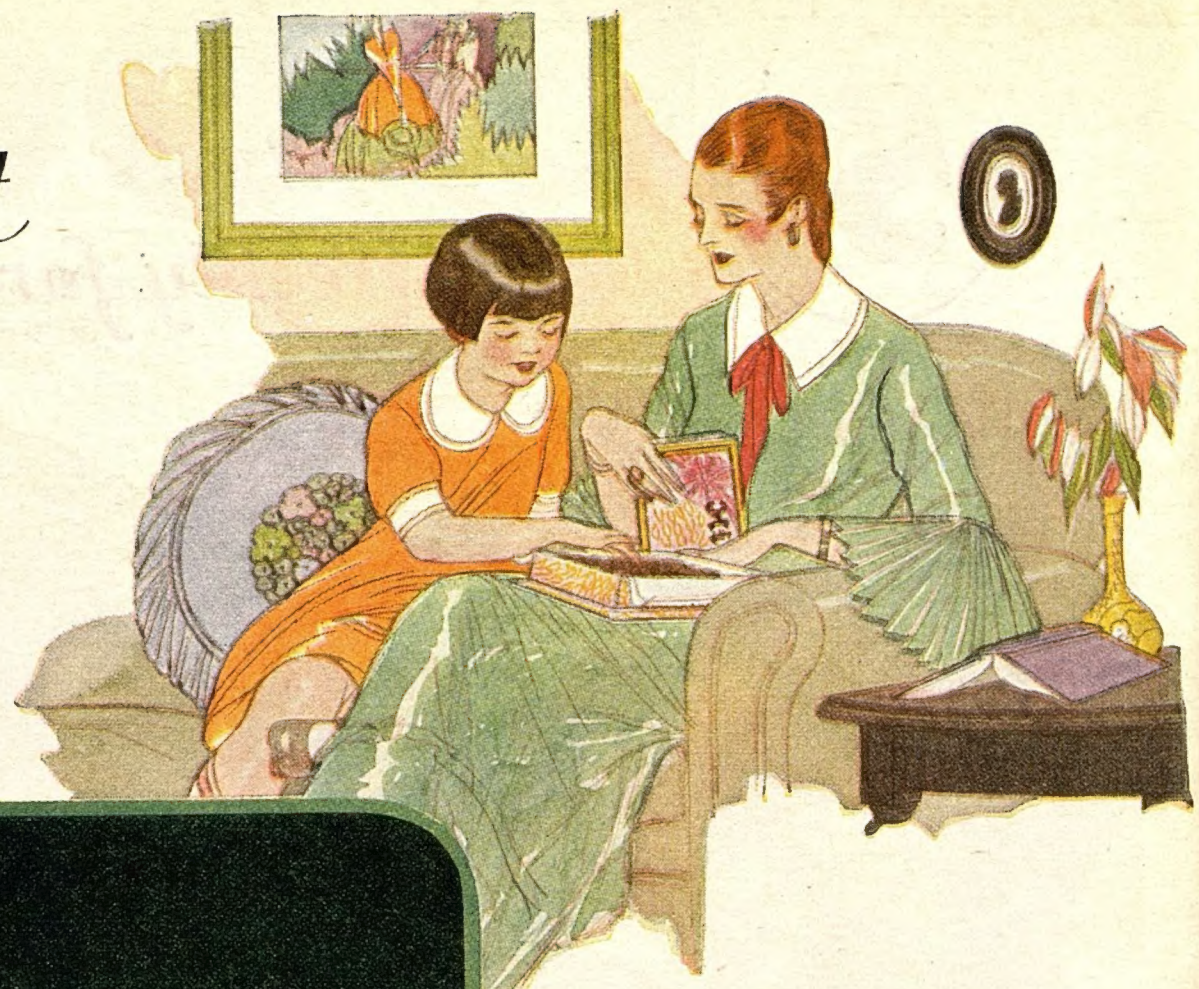
"No Man's Land"

FEROCIOUS JUNGLES OF THE SEA *by* MACK SENNETT

also COSMO HAMILTON, JAMES HOPPER, BRENDA UELAND, W. O. MCGEEHAN, SAX ROHMER

Thrill mother's heart with this gift

Mother's Day Sunday May 8th



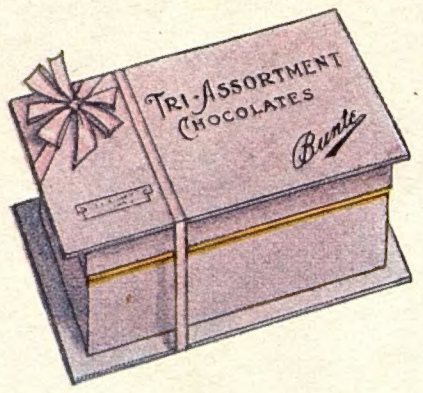
MOTHER—thrill her heart on Mother's Day with the perfect candy gift—the Mi Choice package—a package truly worthy of the receiver. How proud she is when you put it in her hands.

Each piece proves perfection. Creamy fillings—true fruit flavors. Crispy nuts and a dozen other delights. And over all a superb chocolate coating—possible only by the fourteen day Bunte process of preparation.

Make Mi Choice your Mother's Day gift—and you'll put a thrill in her heart that will linger.

Your dealer can supply you. Or send us $1.50 and we will mail the one pound Mi Choice package prepaid. Also made in two, three and five pound sizes.

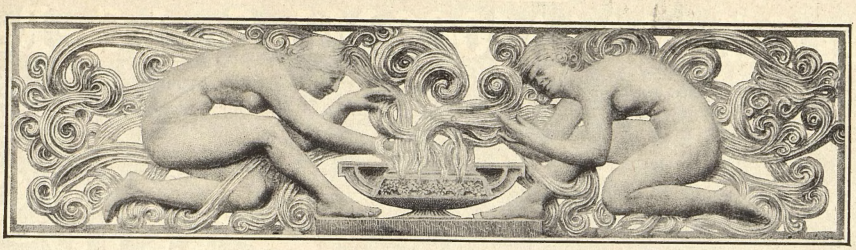
BUNTE BROTHERS
Established 1876 • CHICAGO
Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confections



Candy—the Universal Gift—appropriate and appreciated always. Vary your gifts of candy with these three packages of distinction—"Home Made Sweets," "Tri Assortment" and Bunte Milk Chocolates. Bunte quality in both candy and package.

1200 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS
CANDIES

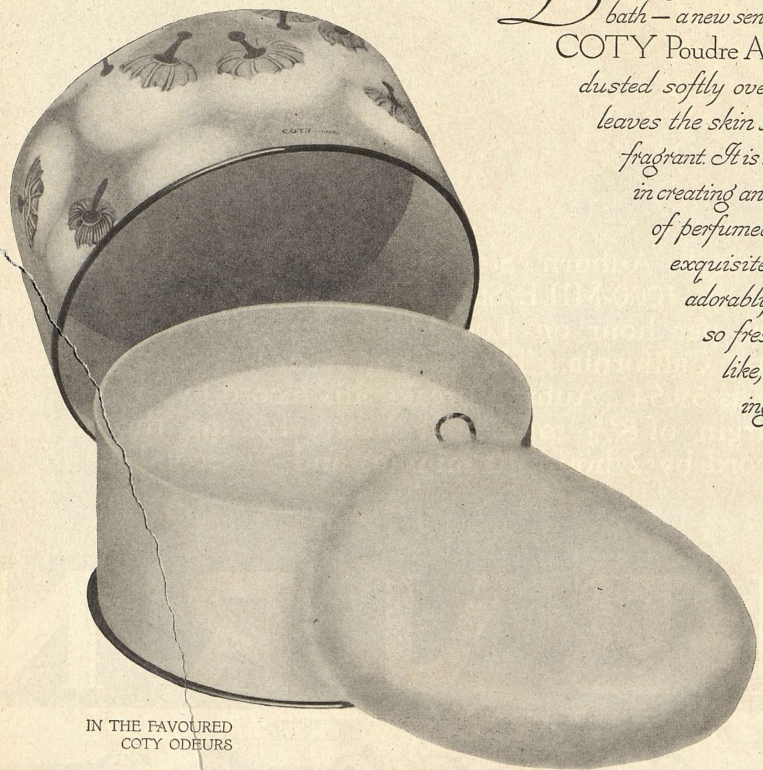


POUDRE APRÈS LE BAIN

COTY

THE NEW BEAUTY-POWDER FOR THE BODY

Bringing a new delight to the bath — a new sense of luxury. COTY Poudre Après le Bain *dusted softly over the body leaves the skin smooth and fragrant. It is the first step in creating an atmosphere of perfumed personal exquisiteness, — so adorably charming, so freshly flower-like, so enchantingly feminine.*



IN THE FAVOURED
COTY ODEURS

Two Sizes—Waterproof Metal Base Box—Finest Lamb's Wool Puff

COTY INC.
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

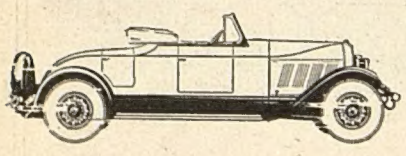
YOUR NEXT CAR

Breaks Official AAA 1000-Mile Stock Car Record

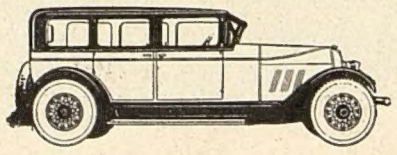
America's Fastest

A strictly stock Auburn Straight Eight breaks the Official A.A.A. 1000-MILE Stock Car Record, average 68.37 miles per hour on Los Angeles Speedway, at Culver City, California. The former record, held by Chrysler, was 59.54. Auburn breaks this record by the liberal margin of 8½ miles per hour, beating the former record by 2 hours 10 minutes and 22 seconds

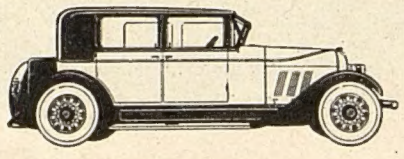
AUBURN



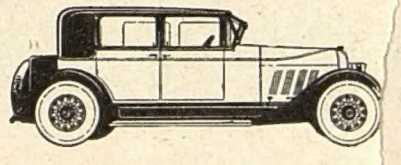
6-66 ROADSTER $1095
120-inch wheelbase



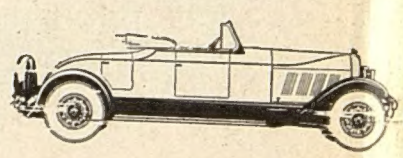
6-66 SEDAN $1295
120-inch wheelbase



6-66 SPORT SEDAN $1195
120-inch wheelbase

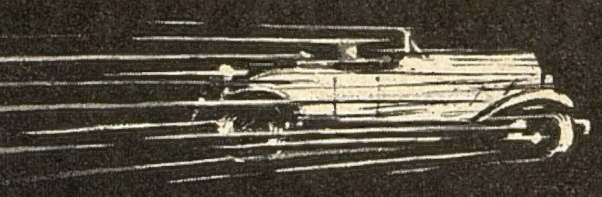


8-77 SPORT SEDAN $1495
125-inch wheelbase



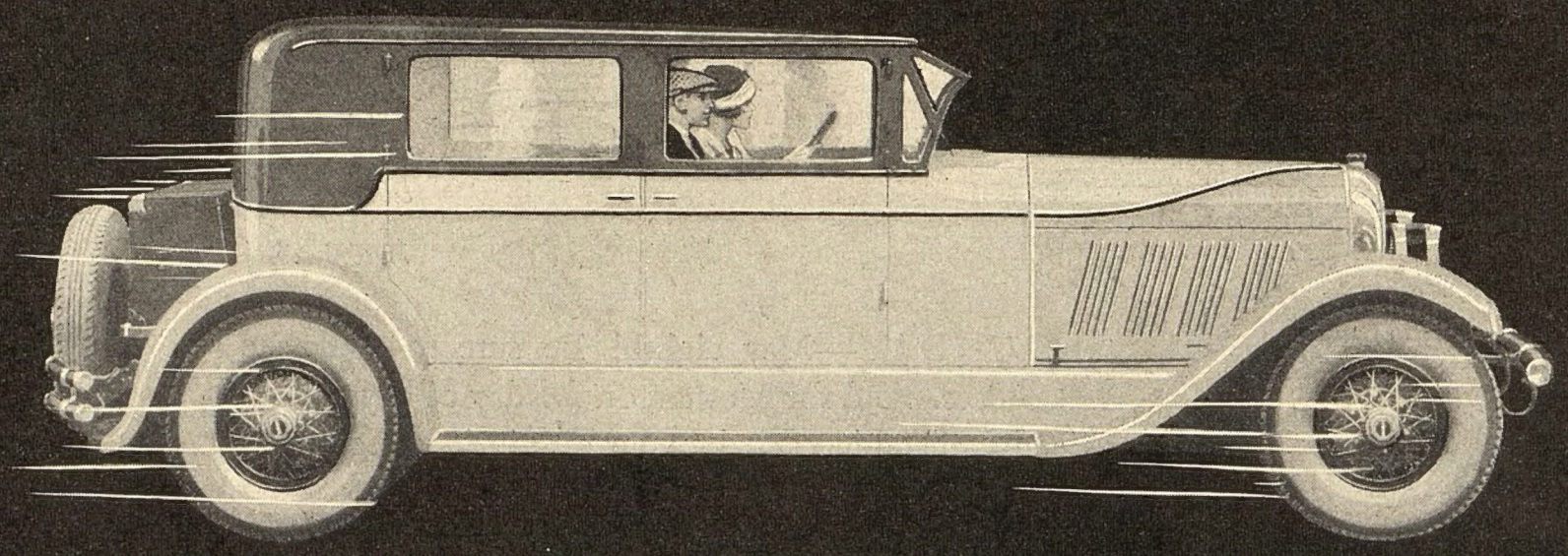
8-77 ROADSTER $1395
125-inch wheelbase

Stock Car



But, what of it?

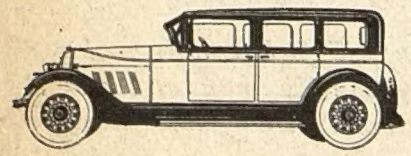
Conclusive proof though it is, of one of Auburn's superiorities, it is only fragmentary evidence of Auburn's VALUE. We made *this speed test not only to establish Auburn's superiority beyond question, but also to* PROTECT THE PUBLIC *by stopping the wild performance claims being made by some competitors who furnish no proof except of their ability to spend fabulous sums in advertising.* It was a ridiculously easy thing for Auburn to do, even though spectacular. The important thing is that people will be attracted to the Auburn car, they will compare it point by point; they will DRIVE it and LEARN that Auburn is a BETTER automobile in EVERY respect. Drive the Auburn . . . . if it does not give you ALL that you want better than any other car, you will not be asked to buy.



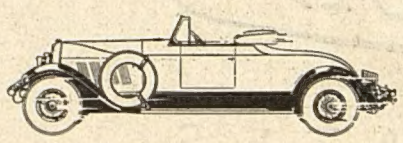
8-88 Sport Sedan $2095
130-inch wheelbase. 80 miles an hour

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana.
Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.

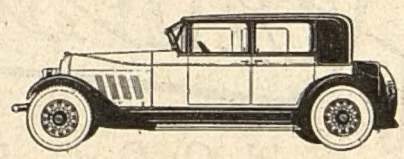
AUBURN



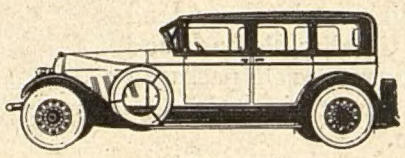
8-77 SEDAN $1695
125-inch wheelbase



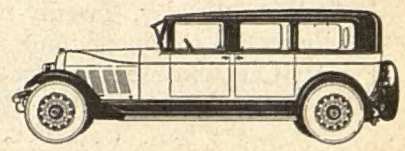
8-88 ROADSTER $1995
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 SPORT SEDAN $2095
130-inch wheelbase

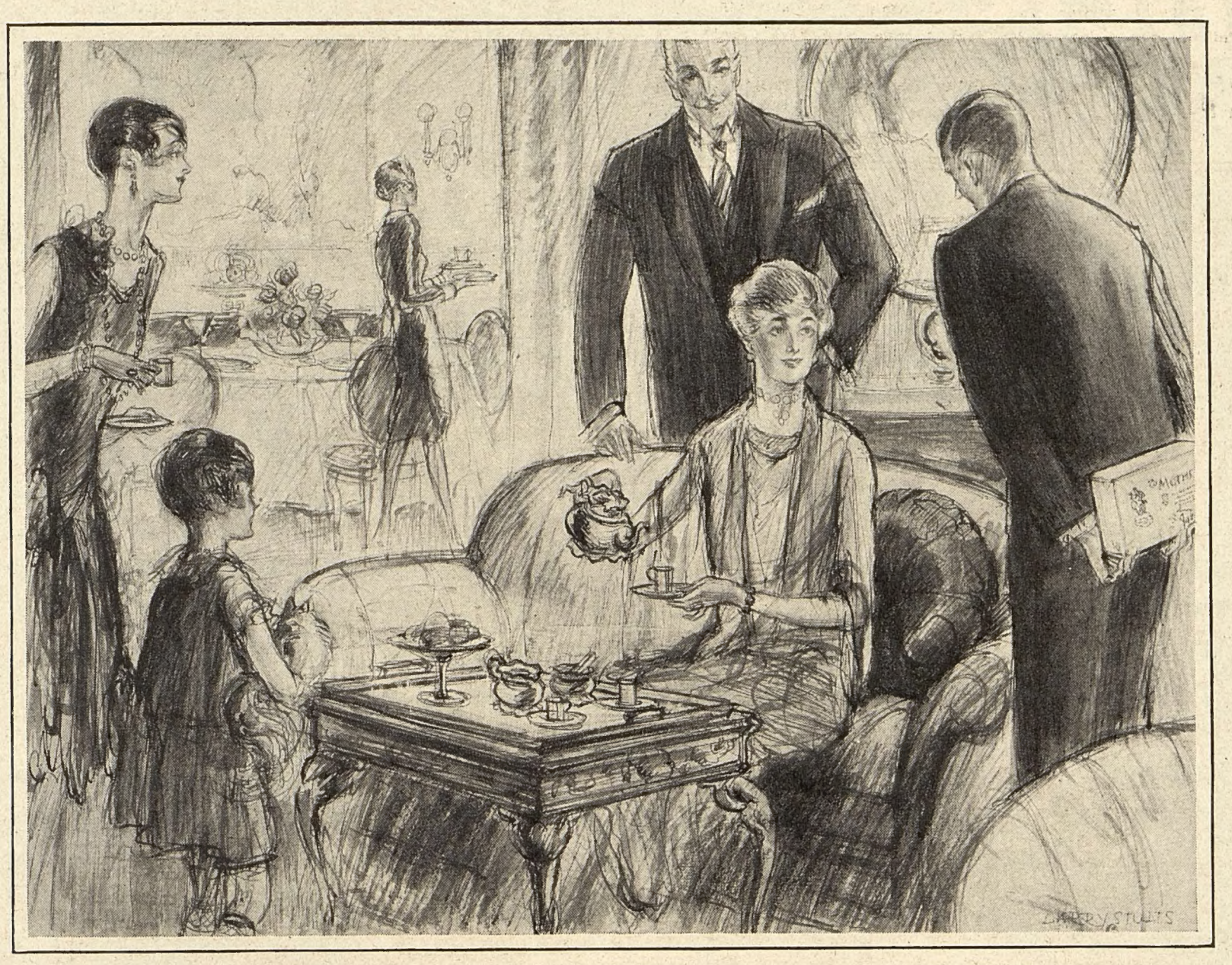


8-88 SEDAN $2195
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 7 PASS. SEDAN $2595
147-inch wheelbase

FOR MOTHER—CHOCOLATES THAT RISE ABOVE MERE "CANDY"



Mother's Day is established in the hearts of America . . . an occasion remembered by people in every walk of life. Johnston's will be the preferred gift to Mother this year as in the past—a gift secure in its welcome, as it always has been in its good taste. Wherever you may be, you can send Johnston's . . . . . .

YET — *Obtainable in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*

For Mother, the famed Johnston Choice Box, specially decked for the day. Twenty-two different kinds to lend variety to the charm of your gift. Cavalier, Peacock and Twenty-Odd assortments have also been specially packaged . . . reflecting outwardly the true sentiment of the occasion.

SUNDAY—May eighth! Be sure to mark the date. And for Mother, on *her* day of days, select a gift that reflects—by your care in its selection—the love you bear for her.

Among the admittedly correct things of modern social observance, one finds Johnston's—candy that graciously portrays the accepted social usage of the day.

And for Mother's Day we have prepared special packages expressing the sentiment of the occasion . . . in the usual wide variety that you have come to expect from Johnston's . . . . of the same high quality that has gained for Johnston's its prestige and preferment.

". . . Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world."

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

© 1927

MAY 7, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 1

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"HE DON'T," "AIN'T I," and "IT'S ME"

We would like to put in a good word for "ain't I," "he don't," and "it's me."

Grammarians and dictionary-makers always trail at the end of the procession. That's not against them. That's their business—to report what words and phrases have come into "good usage," for the guidance of those who want to play safe. Just now they will tell you that "ain't I," "he don't," and "it's me" are vulgar.

But vulgarity in speech often spells progress. Expressions become popular before they become respectable. If their popularity lasts long enough, writers, preachers, and statesmen in good standing, whose business it is to touch the thoughts and emotions of people with the magic of words, begin to use the doubtful expressions to get their ideas across. Right away the former hoboes of the language turn gentlemen and get into the social register.

Of the three, "ain't" has perhaps the weakest case. If our ear is not at fault, the popularity of this word is waning. That would be a misfortune, for it has a twanging, emphatic euphony not given to "am not," "aren't," or "isn't." Must we always be saddled with "Am I not," when "Ain't I" might be available?

"He don't" is already so widely used that wise political speakers and jury lawyers employ it constantly, realizing that they would be suspected of affectation if they said "he doesn't." Opponents of "he don't" say it is an improper contraction. They will usually diagram it for you like this:

I do not = I don't
He does not = He don't

The first, they claim, is all right, because only one letter is left out; but leaving the "e" and the "s," as well as the "o," out of the second makes it wrong. Why? We would like to know. How about the word "won't," which is obtained by knocking an "i," two "l's," and an "o" out of "will not" and running in another "o" from nowhere?

The most stubborn holdout for "It's I" feels self-conscious when he uses it. He knows that the verb "to be" is an intransitive verb that should never take a direct object. Just the same, among friends he will say "It's me" and save his blushes.

The famous yarn of Dr. McCosh, Princeton's famous president, of whom the sons of Nassau still sing: "We'll never forget McCosh, b'gosh, we'll never forget McCosh," shows that even college presidents may stray. The tale relates that one night Dr. McCosh, attracted by a wild racket in a dormitory, ascended to the floor and knocked upon the door. In response one of the roisterers called: "Who's there?" "It's me—Dr. McCosh!" thundered the president.

"You're a liar!" shouted one of the students. "If it were Dr. McCosh he would say: 'It is I.'" Whereupon the good doctor retreated rather than be found guilty of such an impurism.

Time was, before grammarians and dictionary-makers got into the saddle, when people made up their language as they went along. Some of the greatest literature ever written was born in those periods.

It is probable that usage will soon make respectable "he don't" and "it's me," even if it don't (here subjunctive) take "ain't I" into the family.

THE INSPIRED MAKE-UP MAN AND SENATOR BINGHAM

Recently, on this page, we ran an editorial about the Smith-Vare case, called Hard Cases Make Bad Law.

Because this editorial, as written, was too long, and type isn't made of rubber, the make-up man boldly cut out what we considered the gem of the entire essay—namely, a description of Senator Hiram Bingham in action. It follows:

> During the debate on Smith, a lanky Connecticut Yankee, who had kept quiet since entering the Senate, arose and in clear, concise logic silenced even the Unbroken Reed of Missouri. He told the Senate that Smith is more than thirty years of age, has been for more than nine years a citizen of Illinois, is an inhabitant of that State, and never violated the inhibitions of the Fourteenth Amendment—therefore he had conformed to every requirement of the Constitution for membership in the Senate. He added:
>
> "If the United States Senate is going to set itself up as an arbiter of public and private morals, it ceases to be a constitutional lawmaking body and becomes an agent of tyranny."
>
> The debate brought into national prominence this gaunt Yankee, introducing to the whole nation Hiram Bingham, already well known in his own section as Yale professor, philosopher, historian, explorer, archæologist, discoverer of the lost capital of the Incas, artillery captain, aviation pilot, flight commander, commander of instruction in the largest aviation sector in France, Governor, and now Senator.
>
> A big man, a thinker and a debater of first quality.

We repeat: we think Senator Bingham is quite a man, with quite a future.

By the way, we would like to know whether our readers want *more* editorial comment, the same amount, or less.

IN THIS ISSUE

Sir Badger.....By COSMO HAMILTON 9
Romance baits a trap for a famous actor

Hard-Boiled Love.....By BRENDA UELAND 16
What rough-and-tumble wooing has done for modern girls

The Derringer.....By JAMES HOPPER 23
The story of a love that a bullet couldn't kill

Casey Bats Out a Hit.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 31
And Kelly slides back into fame—a Movie Review

Bobby Jones, Super-Champion.....By O. B. KEELER 33
The story of Golf's greatest amateur champion (Part Two)

Come to My House *(Part Three)*..By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE 48
The story of a mad hour in a girl's true love

The Ferocious Jungles of the Seas.....By MACK SENNETT 67
Perils and thrills of hunting big fish

Fraud in Sports.....By W. O. MCGEEHAN 74
Or the great game of pulling them in at the gate

The Heart of Nanette.....By SAX ROHMER 84
The story of a love that smothered the fear of death

The Motor Outlook for 1927.....By WILLIAM F. STURM 91

News of the World (p. 15); Sam Loyd Puzzle (45); Twenty Questions (47); For the Love o' Lil (63); Food (65); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (66); Poem (80); Vox Pop (83); Patterns (89); Fashions (89 and 90); Cross-Word Puzzle (96); Children's Story (97); Bright Sayings of Children (98).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

May 7, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 1

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY, WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Articles, short and long fiction desired. Address Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy; by mail, $2.50 a year in the United States. Ten cents a copy; by mail, $5.00 a year in Canada and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Ave., New York City. Allow four weeks for change of address.

9-Inch Oscillator
(East of the Rockies)
$12.50
Built with either A. C.
or D. C. motor

Buy your fan by this sign

You'll be glad you looked for this sign! It will guide you to a summer of comfort. G-E Fans are built to stand the strain of steady use. They give you ten cool hours for a nickel's worth of current.

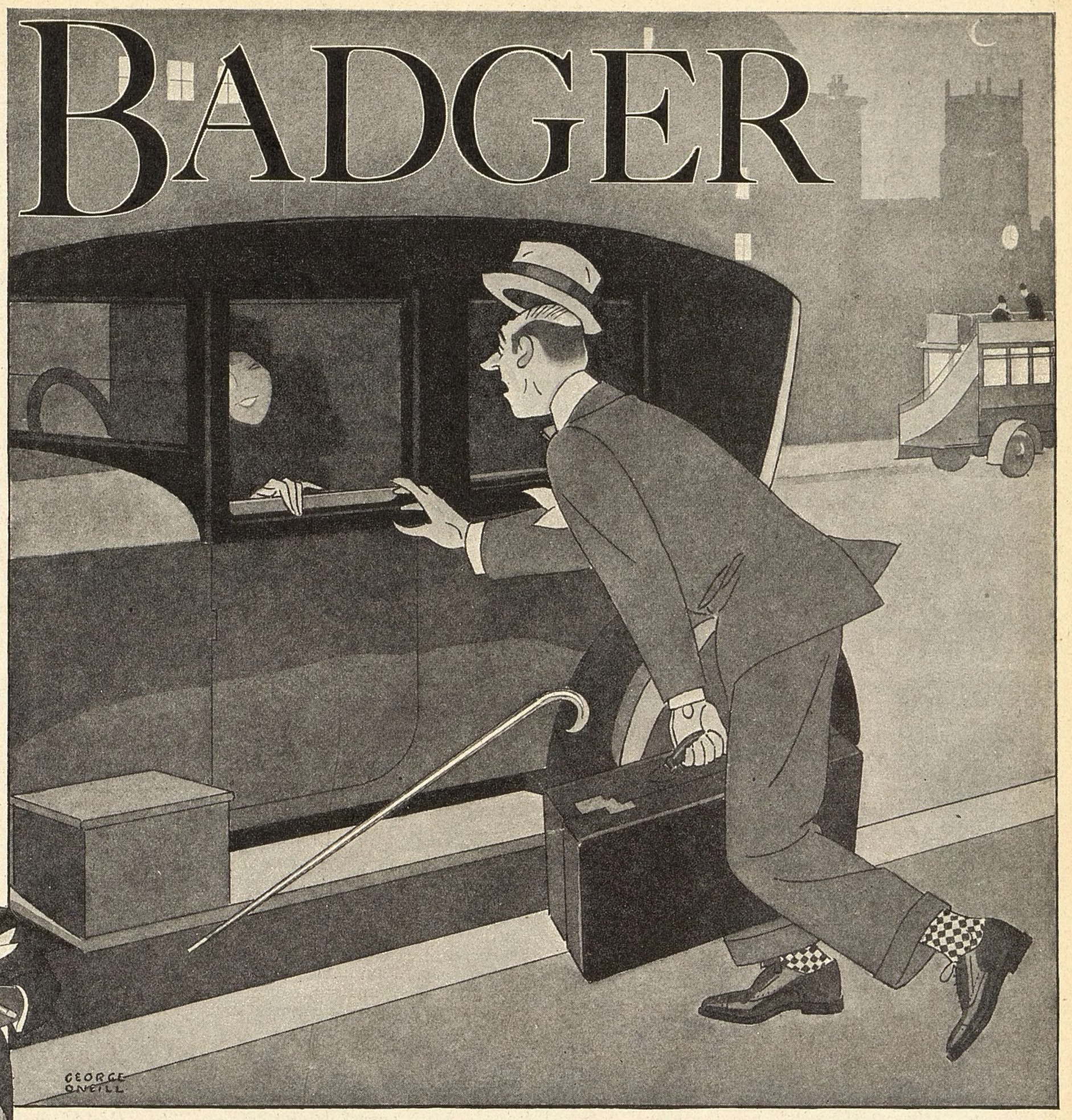
If you choose the nine-inch oscillator, for instance, it will search out the heat that hides in your rooms and whip the sluggish air into a cooling breeze.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

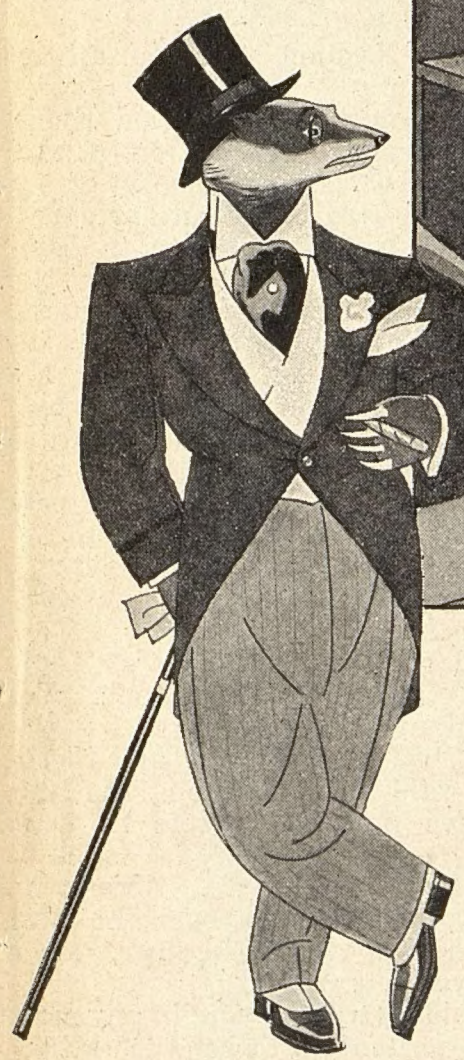
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sir BADGER

WHEN he hung his stick over his occupied arm in order to dash forward and place the young hand to his lips, the beastly bag got between his legs and he nearly fell on the curb.



Pictures by GEORGE ONEILL



Romance Baits a Trap and a Famous Actor Plays a Part He Hadn't Rehearsed

A Short Story by

COSMO HAMILTON

THERE were three sudden, insinuating taps on the door of the dressing-room. Sir Allan Fyffe, the great actor-manager, sole lessee of the Royal Theater, Piccadilly, was gazing at himself with extreme admiration in a full-length looking-glass.

"Come in, my dear fellow," he sang out. "Come in!"

He recognized the taps as those of his first secretary. He had three.

He had also a first and second dresser, a private and particular valet, two chauffeurs, the second of whom understudied the first, and half a dozen extraneous people who were known as "atmosphere."

The duties of these people consisted wholly in standing, somewhat mysteriously, in the waiting-rooms of the great man's private offices in the left wing of the theater.

The first secretary entered the lofty dressing-room, which was beautifully Adam, on the balls of his feet. His name was Alsager Bosham, and he had cultivated the bedside manner to such perfection that he might have been a women's specialist in Harley Street with a highly successful practice. He spoke with a Balliol accent. Alone among all the men who were attached to Sir Allan Fyffe, he knew something of why his chief was suffering that night from a deep and fluttering excitement.

He was, it was apparent, about to blurt out a remark in regard to this romantic and possibly dangerous matter, when the great actor, still enrapt at his reflection, placed a long, thin finger to his lips and signaled an earnest command for discretion.

S'RALLAN, as he was mostly called in the theater, went to his desk and gazed for a moment at several snapshots of a beautiful girl in various sporting costumes, including that of bathing-clothes. Then he placed himself rather hurriedly in the hands of his obsequious dresser.

"Get me ready for the street, Bell," he said nervously. "A gray suit, a silver-gray tie, a mauve handkerchief, black-and-white socks, black shoes—brogues; a gray hat dumped, gray gloves, and a slightly gray stick.

"My dear Bosham, wait—will you? Don't stand, my dear fellow. Sit and make yourself

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SIR BADGER Continued from Page Nine]

as comfortable as you can in this inadequate room. I must consult you presently."

And then he laughed boyishly, opened his eyes very wide—not without difficulty, because age had played its pranks—and ran a hand, in which there was a distinct tremble, over his brow and temporary mustache. He faced a week-end of adventure, by Jove, a gallant episode, such as had not fallen to his lot for years.

Off came the youthful wig, leaving behind it a large, round, baldish head whose few remaining hairs were almost white. Off came the soft mustache, leaving a kind, expressive, and somewhat indecisive mouth. Off came the elegant garments, leaving the undoubtedly corpulent body in a blue silk zephyr and shorts. And, finally, off came a cunning corset which had distributed a too considerable amount of middle-aged embonpoint among other and rather startled portions of his frame.

IT was obvious that Sir Allan was dying to hear what Bosham had to say, and that Bosham had things on the tip of his tongue that he found it almost impossible to refrain from letting slip. Over and over again, while Bell, with deft fingers, translated his master from the land of make-believe to that small portion of the earth to which his feet were tied, these two began sentences, only to draw them back. Every now and then there was a peculiar air of coyness, disconcerting and pathetic, about Fyffe, who became more and more dreadfully middle-aged under his dresser's hands.

Bell, the dresser on duty, a wonderful judge of character, who had been a barber once, had a feeling that he was badly in the way, and therefore didn't hurry, although the process of going slow meant that he must lose the train that took him to the suburbs. He had a strong streak of the feminine in his nature.

Immediately upon the final retirement of Bell, whose name was Albert, though no one seemed to know it, Sir Allan placed his long arm around the narrow shoulders of Bosham and led him forth to the street through his private door.

He said in a mysterious whisper, though there was no one to overhear, "My dear fellow—my dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow! I walk on air. The antagonistic hands of the clock have been miraculously put back. What have you said to my wife?"

"I told her ladyship," said Bosham, in his high dry voice, "that you were leaving town tonight to spend the week-end with an author."

At which Fyffe drew up short and emitted a howl of derisive mirth. "Heavens, how wonderful!" he said. "I with an author—I! It has never been known to happen during the whole of my career."

"I'm not a very good liar," said Bosham, "but I think I was believed."

"I doubt it," said Sir Allan dryly. He had been married for twenty-five years. "If you had said that I was going off tonight to make myself pleasant to a backer—a whisky king, for instance— However, let it pass."

They were heading with quick steps to the Albany, in which Fyffe maintained rooms, ostensibly for the purpose of studying his parts in gorgeous quietude, only putting in an appearance at his pompous house in Green Street, Mayfair, when he entertained the most distinguished members of the other arts and the very few intellectuals of high society.

It is not suggested for a single moment that he was not on the best of terms with his dearest Lily—"my most estimable but tiresome wife"—for whom he had the greatest respect, esteem, and an intermittent affection. These bachelor rooms were merely his safety valve, his retreat, his hermitage.

A valet opened the door. His name was Hicks, though he had never been known to pick up the h which his godfathers and godmothers had dropped at his christening-font.

"Hicks," said Sir Allan, "pack a suitcase for the week-end—the smartest one, the one I take to dukes' houses. Put in a suit of pajamas that is gay, dazzling, and adventurous. Make a point of seeing that you pack my corsets. I leave the rest to you. I give you fourteen minutes, Hicks. Stand not on the order of your going."

He waved his hand in his best Shakespearean way.

As Hicks wheeled round—a nippy person, Hicks—and bolted for the bedroom, Fyffe made quickly for the sitting-room and the whisky bottle, while Bosham shut the door.

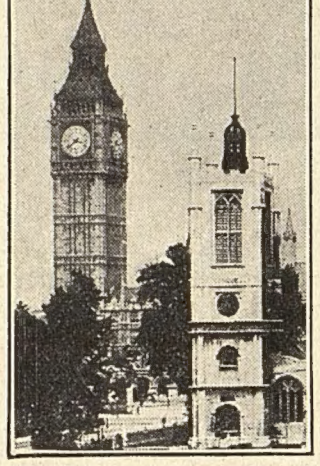
"My dear fellow, I had no opportunity at the beginning of the evening to do more, I am sorry to say, than whisper in your ear the fact that the poor little soul who loves me—so young, so lovely, so exquisitely naive—has lured me from the straight and narrow, and that I am about to fall. My dear fellow, I confess that I am nervous, even timid—you know, I fear my age. At the same time, being human, with the natural vanity of all men who have passed the romantic frontiers, I am elated, stimulated, thrilled!"

He tilted four fingers of White Horse Cellar into a Georgian tumbler and squirted the siphon with a shaky but unerring hand.

Bosham, the confirmed bachelor, was excessively alarmed. More than that, he was hurt. He had grown into the habit of believing that there were no secrets between himself and the man he called Chief. He had never heard a single word before that evening of the existence of this girl, and the mere hint that he had been given of this indiscreet adventure had sent up his usually low blood pressure to an alarming height. And he had lied to Lady Fyffe.

Making small work of his very much needed tonic, Fyffe stood with his watch in his hand. There were still thirteen and a half minutes before he left for Heaven.

"MY dear fellow," he said, laying his pale hand on Bosham's shoulder, "I feel that I have been sorely remiss in not having taken you wholly into my confidence from the beginning of this affair—this—this incredible interlude. To tell the truth, I have not until today dared—or rather, ventured—to regard it from a serious point of view. I am unhappily in the



sere and yellow, and this child is so very, very young. Her notes, her letters—"

"Ah, then there have been letters?"

"Many—a series; enough to make a slim, sweet volume of almost poetic prose. With snapshots, Bosham—alluring, bewitching, virginal, and, oh, heaven, so sweet! Even in my best days, my dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow—amid all the glamour of early acclaim and youthfulish good looks, I have never received among what are vulgarly called 'mash notes' any so frank, so lovely, or—or so persistent as the ones that have led to this."

It dawned upon Bosham that he had seen numerous letters on Sir Allan's dressing-table, addressed in a large, round handwriting, marked "Private and Personal."

He said, "How long have you been getting them, Chief?"

"Over a matter of months—six, to be exact. The first was rather by way of being the usual thing. I mean ecstatic, grateful, full of high praise for my gorgeous work—I quote the word, Bosham—thankful for the fact that I had pinned my banner to the highest artistry in these days of theatrical slush.

"Then, little by little, maintaining an anonymity that intrigued me very much, they broadened, lengthened, and dealt with the little secrets of the soul. Suddenly, on Christmas Eve, love leapt out of the envelope—a young and bounding love, startling, my dear fellow, bewildering, awkward—and from that time forward adoration has been their text."

"I hope to goodness," said the cautious Bosham, "that you haven't been drawn to reply."

"My dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow, what do you take me for? It is perfectly true that grease paint has a disastrous knack of choking the sensitive pores, but you must remember my age and the fact that I have not received any such charming epistles since I lost my hair.

"Bosham—I replied. Oh, my dear Bosham, I was drawn into sending sometimes brief and sometimes rather full and poetical answers to this dear little soul. Yes, indeed. But I never signed my name. No, no, no! She had invariably addressed me as 'Master.' And so, with a certain humor, and in a spirit of playful humility, I subscribed myself 'Thy Servant'—which I thought was distinctly good."

"Very good," said Bosham dryly. "Letters make a man look confoundedly foolish when they're read out in a court. Then what?"

WHITE Horse Cellar attracted Fyffe again. His nerves were all agog. One of his feet was in the fourth dimension.

"Then," he said, returning somewhat strengthened, "then came the last and the best and the most irresistible of these delicious gestures. I opened it tonight before submitting myself to the expert hands of Bell. Mystery and romance, Bosham! I am asked to stand on the edge of the pavement on the Albany side of Piccadilly at fifteen minutes past twelve. I am instructed to gaze at the moon—and by the grace of God there is one, newish though it be—and to wait until I hear someone whistle the first bar of the maiden's song in the Coq d'Or. How charming an idea! Recognizing this—I have learned it off by heart—I am then to spring into the car with a suitcase, and to be driven—"

"Where?" asked Bosham, who was an extremely accurate man.

"God and Cupid only know!" cried Fyffe. "And I hope they will not tell. I am, at any rate, to be placed wholly at the disposal of my still anonymous correspondent until Monday afternoon. I may be driven to Chelsea, to Hammersmith—though I hope not—or out to the Surrey hills. I do not know. I may not guess.

"Bosham—oh, my dear Bosham—I am infused with the recklessness of youth, with the quixotic gallantry of old amour and romance, with the highly colored spirit of adventure which clutched at the heart of *d'Artagnan* and the much more careful *Beaucaire*. I only know that I am sparkling, flashing, answering to the call. My dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow!"

"Poor old thing," said Bosham to himself—"poor old foolish thing!"

"Hicks," cried out Sir Allan Fyffe, "how are you getting on? Tell me—tell me. We have only four minutes to go."

"All in except bedroom slippers and toothbrush, S'rallan," said Hicks, opening the bedroom door. "I've put the corsets in your sponge-bag."

"Very thoughtful," said Fyffe. "Valuable Hicks. Somehow, dear Bosham, even the most inquisitive fingers shy, I remember, at a sponge-bag. Have a cigarette."

"I think it would be wise of you, in any case, either to ring me up tonight or send me a telegram," said Bosham. "It may be necessary for me to come to your rescue—there may be a trick in this."

He deeply regretted those words as soon as they were spoken.

They had the same effect upon Fyffe as a handful of sharp flints. He staggered and looked pained.

"My *dear* fellow," he said in a low voice—"oh, my *dear* fellow!"

And as he stood in the middle of that charming room, so tastefully decorated, so noticeably filled with the essence of real art, all the exuberance and excitement fell from him like his make-up and left him dreadfully sad, markedly middle-aged. Only, luckily, for a moment. The

Fyffe began in a trembling voice: "I suddenly remember an important appointment. If I were let out here—"

entrance of Hicks with his suitcase worked a quick recovery, an instant rejuvenation.

He said, "I will carry the bag myself. I think I'd better go. In fact, it is urgent that I should. Bosham, good-by. Hicks, be good."

He shook hands with them both, and there was emotion around his mouth. Then, as if making an exit from the stage, and throwing a look in which there was something of friendship to an imaginary audience, as he always did to those who filled his theater, he set his gray hat at a rakish angle and sidled out of the room.

"What's the blinking joke, gov'nor?"

"Don't ask me," said Bosham. "I'm very worried, Hicks."

Fyffe strode quickly across the shadowy courtyard and out into the street. He saw by a clock on the opposite side that it was exactly a quarter past twelve. The moon was resting temporarily, though not altogether in the best of taste, he thought, over St. James' Church. It was easy enough to find, although it was nearly new.

A small car, hooded, drew up in front of him. It was driven by a girl. Then came those high, entrancing notes of the chosen bar, and a little gloved hand appeared.

Fyffe had not carried a bag since his early touring days. Why should he? He had as many myrmidons as a dictator or an almost-royal king. And when he hung his stick over his occupied arm in order to dash forward and place the young hand to his lips, the beastly bag got between his legs and he nearly fell on the curb.

There was the merest suggestion of laughter. It might have been a cough.

"Narcissa," he murmured—"Narcissa!" Which was the name he had used in his letters.

"Would you mind coming round to the other side? Drop your bag into the back of the car, Master. You'll sit with me, of course."

The voice was high and light, and as full of color as the petals of a rose; the accent, Grosvenor Square.

OBEYING orders with astonishing alacrity, Fyffe deposited his bag. He little knew that he had set it on the body of a man who was lying under a rug, completely hidden from view.

As they moved rapidly up the street, passing everything, dodging between busses, and going down the slight incline that ended at the Bachelors' Club, the girl's face was thrown up from time to time by the various lighted lamps. Under the high soft hat it was a charming face, with a short nose, blunted, and a rather large, humorous, and sensitive mouth, wide-apart eyes with long lashes, and a round chin showing strength and character. Very, very young.

"My dear fellow," said Fyffe to himself, otherwise wordless, "oh, my dear fellow!"

Bashfulness and timidity crept over him for a moment.

The girl shot a remark at her palpitating companion:

"Your punctuality was marvelous. Dear old place, the Albany. An atmosphere exactly right for you."

"Oh? Yes? Do you think so?"

He didn't know whether to be quite pleased at being connected with the age of the Albany. All the same, the adventure, the hour, and the nearness to this delightful child filled him with exhilaration. He laughed frequently, throwing his head back, and every now and then bent close so that he might catch the delicate and bewildering aroma of what was recognizably a Chanel scent.

As the car ate the road through Hammersmith and on to Putney, Fyffe's brain was filled with statements and conjectures. A gentlewoman, obviously. Breeding and good blood,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SIR BADGER Continued from Page Eleven]

without a single doubt. A soldier's daughter—a brigadier general, at least.

Oh, my dear fellow—where were they going? Surely this was Wimbledon, with Kingston at the bottom of the hill? Where then? Oh, but this speed. What if they ran up a bank or skidded? He hated speed. Indeed, he hated automobiles and everything else mechanical. So mysterious, so excessively inartistic.

He ventured a mild protest: "Narcissa, must we, do you think—must we?"

"Must we what, Master?"

"Go so fast, Narcissa. Not that I am nervous. Oh, bless you, no! I am thinking about you, and the vague possibility of our hitting something—a cow, for example, or a deaf-and-dumb cyclist."

She laughed. "Oh, that's all right," she said. "Wait till I let her go."

His words were blown from his teeth. On a little instrument in nearness to his knees he saw an amazing list of figures. To be exact, 17,436. Great heaven, was it possible that they were going as fast as that?

Apart from the fact that they might at any moment be arrested for such fantastic speeding, upon which his name would appear in the papers, so that the British public and his dear wife would know of his adventure, he was nervous—confoundedly nervous and really most uncomfortable.

Then came a bad patch, and he wabbled like jelly, while his heart, not too good now, jerked into his mouth, his eyes almost fell out, and his barricaded teeth seemed to loosen in his head.

Finally, on a long stretch of lonely, shadowy road, with the car going, he imagined, 18,327, he gasped, broke into goose flesh, and clutched the side of the car.

He called out: "Please, please, I beg! Really and truly, I must confess—indeed, I cannot stand this pace. I am a quiet man, old-fashioned, unmechanical. Sometimes even the train—"

Her only answer was a laugh, more juice, a faster pulse.

THEN came a corner on what appeared to be one wheel. It seemed to him that this damnable machine was rising from the ground as he had once or twice seen a roaring seaplane heave out of the water.

He screamed:

"Narcissa, Narcissa—oh, my dear! Do—do, I beg of you—or else I shall have to command you to stop and put me down."

He could just hear the words, through laughter: "It's perfectly all right. I do this every night."

Something small, hard, and suspicious was pressing against his liver—pressing, pressing. What was it? What, in the name of all that was horrible, filmish, barbarous, primeval, was that small round thing that called him to order so inhospitably?

In an agony of fear he turned his head over his shoulder. A man—a glowering, desperate, sadistic creature—was holding—heavens!—a revolver in his hand between his seat and the driver's! How did he get there? He must have been hiding at the bottom of the car.

Fyffe began in a trembling voice: "I suddenly remember an important appointment. If I were let out here—"

"*You're going all the way.*"

The cold tip was pressed even closer to that most susceptible portion of his anatomy.

And then the charming voice again, again with laughter:

"Frightfully sorry. It *is* a little dramatic—rather woolly West. But it's awfully important to me. Dear Master, be good. I swear that you'll be quite comfortable in about twenty minutes from now."

He'd been kidnaped. Oh, my dear fellow! What was the newest expression? A holdup.

"Oh, Bosham, Bosham," he said to himself, "you were terribly, frightfully right. Rescue, trick—those words that hurt me so—they are correct. You must have had second sight. This is, inevitably, death. 'England's greatest actor, Sir Allan Fyffe,'" he began to write his own obituary notice—"'president of the First Nighters' Club, chairman of the English Managers' Producing Association, whose *Hamlet*, whose *Macbeth*, whose *Romeo*, have never been surpassed or approached in the history of the Cinderella of the Arts, was murdered in cold blood, treacherously, on Saturday night, or rather in the smallish hours of the Sabbath morn. The world thus loses not only its greatest living exponent of the spoken word, over whose beautiful theater a light will ever burn, but, alas, a man of culture, gentleness, charity, optimism, whimsicality, almost unbroken rectitude—'"

GATES, wide and imposing; a long sweeping drive beneath trees; a warm old house with gleaming windows; a barking dog; a wide-open door; a butler; a loud announcement of the horn; a crunching of tires; a profoundly welcome stoppage; and, best of all, the removal of the cold tip from the liver.

Tottering a little, bewildered, amazed, breathless, but, by the grace of God, alive, Fyffe was handed from the car by the gunman, who, divested of overcoat and slouch hat, was a tall, slight, charming, highly civilized person.

With a delicious gravity, the girl framed herself in the Elizabethan doorway. "Not as Narcissa, Master," she said, controlling a twinkle in her eye, "but as Mary Lovell, your devoted correspondent, I give you welcome."

He was about to blurt out a remark, when the great actor, still enrapt at his reflection, placed a long, thin finger to his lips.

As one who slipped from a perspiring nightmare into a placid and grateful dream, Fyffe removed his hat and touched the hand with his lips.

There came to his recently agitated nostrils a faint but appetizing aroma of Welsh rabbit. Through a hall hung with colored prints and furnished with Jacobean pieces, past a full-length portrait in oils of a brigadier general in khaki, he was drawn into a long, low-ceilinged, softly lighted sitting-room and brought to a halt.

A gallant old lady, wearing an aureole of kindness and courtesy on a head as white as the breast of a swan, rose from a chair by the fire.

"Aunt Agatha, here is my beloved Master, Sir Allan Fyffe, whose visit will be remembered here for all time. Sir Allan, Lady Phillimore."

"So very glad, Sir Allan." The voice was like a bell.

"The honor and delight are mine." He nearly added "incredulity and wonder," for both were in his mind. What about romance?

The following hour was lived by Fyffe as if it were a scene in a play—not a new play, and not the revival of an old one, but a strange dream play in which, both as actor and audience, he played an almost silent part, supported by three bright and even brilliant actors in a beautiful setting.

He was hungry and went from Welsh rabbit to stewed pears accompanied by Veuve Cliquot '02—oh, my dear fellow! From Lady Phillimore he gained many points that he would certainly pass on to his dear Lily, if at any future time he revived The Importance of Being Earnest, in which, as *Lady Bracknell*, she appeared on the stage.

And oh, good heavens, how long he had been searching for an actor to represent precisely such an old family butler as the one who bent over him from time to time in that oak-wainscoted dining-room. Oddly enough, too, considering the remembrance of the cold tip, he took a greater and greater fancy to the whilom gunman, who had been introduced as David Speer.

And as to his darling Narcissa, who hovered around him like an angel, though the excitement of her occasional laugh proved that she was made of very exquisite flesh, she reinspired and raised him up to a plane in which respect, delight, and admiration ousted the pale passion of middle age.

He was not in the least surprised, therefore, when presently he found himself lying in lonely state in a four-poster bed in a room in which Cromwell might well have rested. Excusably enough, he was very ready for sleep.

It was then that, with mind and body relaxed, charmed by his surroundings, he came back temporarily to mundane consciousness to glance with approval at the sponge-bag in which the clever Hicks had placed the corsets in which it would be necessary to incase himself later in the day. The last thought in his mind was, "It is better thus."

IT was very much later—at the moment, in fact, when the midday sun sat high above the house—that a tap upon his door was followed by the entrance of a buxom maid who gleamed with soap and health and bore a cup of tea.

Amid a vast amazement, England's greatest actor, et cetera, then listened to the twittering of birds, the cooing of doves, and the gentle breeze among the leaves, while he pieced together the extraordinary occurrences that had taken place since the moment when he had stood on the curb in Piccadilly.

"Oh, my dear fellow," he said to his good Bosham—to whom, as you will have gathered, he was in the habit of addressing himself in thought as well as in fact—"what is the meaning of this? Why have I been brought out to this ancient and yet comfortable house and

placed on terms of confidential intimacy with these so charming people? Why that frightful speed, that air of mystery, that look of strained excitement round the sweet mouth of my Narcissa, that most dangerous and dreadful weapon pressed against a portion of my body to which I have given so much attention during a life devoid of athletics? Dear Bosham, why?"

He gave it up. He simply and utterly failed to understand. All he knew was that, after a blissful night, he felt extremely well—almost bouncy, in fact—although with stray regrets that he had not slipped, after all, from the narrow path of righteousness.

And as he dressed himself with extreme care, though some clumsiness, being rather helpless without his accustomed Hicks, Mary Lovell and David Speer paced the terrace together in close confabulation.

"MY dear old thing," said David, "I grant that you're a genius. With all my hats at your feet, I place you side by side with Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Nurse Cavell. All the same, I don't like it! It goes against the grain."

"All through history," she said with a laugh, "brilliant and unscrupulous things have been done by women for men." She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the mustache. And then, lowering her voice, she added: "Remember this: Faint heart never won fair hearing."

He shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"Darling," he said, "I can't say what I think of you. The dictionary doesn't contain any of the words I should like to use. Nevertheless, I don't like it. When Fyffe finds out our ghastly trick, what's he going to say?"

"I'll hold his hand," she said—knowing, though young, as every woman knows, the vanity of man.

Lunch; cheerful conversation; delightful deference to an honored guest; a bottle of Chateau Lafitte and two small glasses of Courvoisier brandy of an epoch-making vintage.

It was Lady Phillimore who, at the moment when Fyffe broke the band of a Corona Corona, asked sympathetically about dear Lily, that estimable but tiresome woman. Upon which he opened up.

"Married in the days of my early struggles," he said, "when the light of my genius, if I may be allowed to use that word, was hidden under a bushel—a bushel of wild oats—that faithful woman has ever been my truest friend. It is to her practicality, courage, cunning—in its highest sense—that I owe almost all my success in the difficult paths of actor-managership, fraught as they are with dangers and financial escapades.

"Ah, my dear Lady Phillimore, would God that every man could say that marriage has done for him what mine has done for me. You must understand, though I don't suppose you can, that Art, especially the art of acting, lived as it is in an atmosphere of make-believe both on and off the stage, is surrounded with temptation. Its votaries are children who, like *Peter Pan*, have never grown up."

On and on and on like that. He greatly enjoyed himself.

It was not noticed by the gallant lady that, after the first fine flash of loyal enthusiasm to dear Lily, her name was missing from his subsequent narrative.

David returned and sat down. And there sat Fyffe, undergoing for the first time, and certainly the last, a form of torture.

It was obvious that David and Mary sat with bated breath as they listened to every word. Their interest was almost painful, especially when David, seizing upon a chance—necessarily, from time to time, Fyffe grew short of breath—asked questions as to the methods of choosing plays and the treatment of playwrights.

"Playwrights?" said Fyffe, with an airy wave. "Oh, my dear lad, I never deal with playwrights, a curious and unessential breed. Almost invariably I go to the plays of the men who have passed away, so that I may be free from impertinence, swollen-headedness, and wrangles, and do precisely what I want."

IT was when Lady Phillimore retired for forty winks that Mary, with a gentle but clever hand, drew Fyffe into the garden, placed him in a chair that was not too comfortable, and beckoned to the faltering David.

"Are you happy, Master?" she asked, sitting very close.

"Happier than I have ever been in the course of a lengthy life, dear, dear Narcissa!"

The wine, the brandy, the adulation, the respect, the epigrams—one or two of them made on the spur of the moment—the Corona, and finally the sweet bobbed head almost resting on his shoulder—oh, my dear fellow, of course the man was happy.

Also there were peace and beauty, the ancient Surrey hills cut clearly against the sky, the thrush's note, enchantment.

"Then, dear Master," she said bravely, "the moment has arrived."

The quiver in her voice made Fyffe turn his eyes upon her. What a darling! He put his lips to her hair.

"The moment?" he asked. "What moment?"

Could any moment arrive that was half as pleasant as this one, or anything like as safe?

"You're going to listen," she said, watching him as a cat watches a mouse, "to the cleverest play that has been written for twenty years. It has a glorious part for you."

"Listen—to—a—play?" The breath was knocked out of his body.

"Yes. David's magnum opus. The one on which we hope to get married and live happily ever after." There was a tremble on her lips.

Fyffe went as white as a sheet and wabbled. Never had he been so hurt, crushed, humiliated, and cast down.

"Oh, my God!" he said. "Oh, oh! Apart from the fact that I would rather walk over broken glass than listen to a play—I have never done such a thing in my life—you—you snared me to this place, got me here on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SIR BADGER
Continued from Page Thirteen]

false pretenses! Narcissa, oh Narcissa! how could you have done such a thing?"

He put his hand over his eyes and there were tears on his face.

And there stood David with hanging head and his manuscript, saying, not aloud, because he was a sportsman, but to himself, because he had sensitiveness: "I didn't like it. I don't like it. I hate it. Hell!"

And then Mary, complete and competent woman, flung her arm round the shoulder of the man who was no longer acting at that dreadful moment and had wholly forgotten the fact that he had ever been near the stage.

"I'm frightfully sorry," she said. "Forgive me—please forgive me. I'm only a woman, you see—weak, desperate, thinking of someone else. Oh, Master, I love David. We've been engaged for a year. He has only enough money to keep himself, and we're dying to get married. He's never been brought up to earn his living and so he's writing plays.

"When I tell you, brokenly, that his masterpiece has been in and out of your office seventeen times in three months and has never been opened or glanced at, and yet is made for you, I know that you'll be generous and splendid and help us to our feet."

There was a long and tragic silence, during which Fyffe sat hunched up in his chair, quite unable to speak. From time to time a deep sigh came from him, and once his hand was raised and held up, palm outward, to fall with a thud on his knee.

The two young awe-struck people dared not exchange glances, and the dog that came up to be played with caught the atmosphere of depression and uncertainty, and darted off to find more lively companions.

FINALLY Fyffe laid his hand on David's arm. "My dear lad," he said, "you would have done me a great service if, last night in the car, you had performed whatever operation is necessary upon your gun to put a bullet through my liver. I would gladly be dead."

"Oh, Master!"

"I tell you, Narcissa, that I have never, never, never listened to an author. I do not like the breed. Then, too, they read so badly, and, after all, they none of them know how to write."

And then he looked searchingly into the girl's eyes and added: "Oh, Narcissa, then all your letters—all your gradually increasing affection, enthusiasm, worship even—were merely simulated in order to force me into this garden to listen to a play!" There was something positively uncanny in Alsager Bosham's vision. He must never know of this.

"I'm frightfully sorry," she said, and hid her face against his shoulder.

Fyffe flung up his hand once more, shook his head, and closed his middle-aged eyes. "'Set is the sun of my years,'" he said brokenly, "'and over a few poor ashes, I sit in my darkness and tears.'"

David turned on his heel and started to walk to the house. By Jove, he hated this thing. Why hadn't someone brought him up as a bricklayer or a labor leader? He could have been married then.

He was arrested by a shout from Fyffe: "Come back, my lad. Come back and do this thing. I will be patient. I will submit myself. And if, by the grace of God, I can do anything to help you and my dear Narcissa, that, my good David, will be a revenge in which I shall revel all the rest of my life."

Mary bent forward and kissed him.

David returned and sat down.

And there sat Fyffe, undergoing for the first time, and certainly the last, a form of torture from which he had always shied in horror and fright. The recording angel, eager to watch such acts of human sacrifice and charity, entered, without doubt, several words of praise against his name in his enormous book.

Two and a half hours later, upon the words, "Curtain of Third Act," Fyffe gave his first impatient movement and looked at his watch. He said to David, "Will you do me a favor?"

And David said, "Of course."

"Drive me to town at once, and slowly. I remember suddenly that I am taking the chair tonight at the annual banquet of the Pit and Gallery Club. I must learn a few impromptus on my way to town. Before you dash youthfully to the garage, give me your manuscript. I will take it with me, look it over sometime soon, and send a note to Narcissa that shall contain my verdict. I can promise nothing now."

If Samson Had Been a Movie Actor and Delilah Had Owned a Movie Theater

MAYBE she would have shown up the big boob without having to bob his hair.

Tommy Strafford was only a little runt and *Big Dillard* was a football hero. How could *Tommy* expect to win a girl against such competition? Hollywood came to his aid in a strange manner. You'll find out how in

The Big Boob
By Rupert Hughes

In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

The would-be dramatist, husband, and father shivered, flicked his eyes, and fled.

"Let us move toward the house," said Fyffe. "If Lady Phillimore has returned to mundane matters I will thank her for her charming hospitality and say good-by."

He put his hand gently and respectfully on Mary's shoulder, and thus they walked up the incline of that delightful garden to the warm house. And no other words were spoken until —Lady Phillimore having arrived at only thirty-eight winks and therefore being still in her room—Fyffe turned at the door of the car and touched the girl's worried forehead with his lips.

"Narcissa—oh, Narcissa!" That was all he said. But he left the girl in tears. Had her audacity failed? Would the play come back? Was the outlook hopeless?

* * *

Bosham, as neat and uncomfortable as ever in his invariably boiled shirt, was studying the theatrical paragraphs in the Sunday *Observer* in the Albany sitting-room. He sprang to his feet as Fyffe entered, and put him through a close inspection, not without sympathy.

He found, however, that the great actor-manager was springy, elated, in the lightest spirits, even gay, and that he wore a certain air of coyness like that of a very young man.

"My dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow," said Fyffe, "I cannot begin to describe to you the wonder, the bewitchment. It wouldn't be fair. In a word, the most entrancing and successful week-end of my life. My dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow!"

He had never acted so well.

"Oh, really?" said Bosham, completely convinced. "All's well that ends well, and I'm very glad. I was afraid that you would forget your engagement for this evening."

"I was afraid I should," said Fyffe. "But my sense of duty, always irresistible, stabbed me, and I am here."

He sighed and smiled, preened himself as a swan does, and threw the manuscript upon the table.

"Great Scott, what's this?" asked Bosham.

But Fyffe was perfectly ready with an answer. "I took it with me last night by accident," he said, "and read it in the car coming up. One of the best parts, my dear Bosham, that ever has been written for me. A man of the world with a touch of the poet—generous, charitable, not without humor, growing old with grace. A good plot, with movement and surprises, dialogue witty, the whole thing deftly done. Read it; you will enjoy it very much. And now, excuse me, will you, while I scribble a note?"

HE went to his rather untidy desk, covered with manuscripts that he never intended to read.

Bosham picked up the play. He had never seen it before. The secretarial department of the office had taken it out of its various envelopes seventeen times and duly sent it back with the usual courteous but stony refusal.

> DEAR, DEAR NARCISSA [wrote Fyffe in his tiny handwriting]: Tell David, with my congratulations, that he will be able to marry you before the end of the year. The play that he so kindly read to me at my urgent request today is very charmingly done. It shall be my next production. I shall get it ready at once.
>
> I shall do my utmost to make it a paying success, so that love's young dream may come true. Come to see me. Keep in touch with me. I love you—as a father. Your ever faithful Servant.

He dropped a tear on "father," stuck the envelope, and rose.

"Bosham," he said, "I shall meditate before dressing. I am going to speak well tonight. I will walk with you as far as the pillar box and see you tomorrow at noon."

They left the rooms together. There was something in Fyffe's eyes that took Bosham, filled with wonder, to his chambers across the street. "Poor old thing!" he said to himself, for no apparent reason.

And as Fyffe slipped his letter into the gaping mouth of the red pillar box in that quiet oasis, he remained in front of it for several emotional minutes. A sparrow chirped on a little stretch of grass.

He said in a low voice, "'Set is the sun of my years, and over a few poor ashes—'"

He choked and flung up his hand, turned his face to the sky, and added in a loud, ringing, and almost triumphant voice:

"I stand in the reflected glory of a young and splendid joy, and give God thanks that I may do an act of kindness in a very cruel world."

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI proudly displays useful and appropriate gift: bell-toned ukulele, presented to great pianist after his recent concert in Honolulu.

IT WILL ALL COME OUT OF THE ALIMONY. Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin poses for a few photographs in the kitchen with the baby, to show the palpitating public how she has been obliged to take up menial duties while waiting for her husband to come across.

WONDERFUL X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH of Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama recently made in Washington. The two large dark masses are the Senator's lungs.

MORRIS GEST TURNED NATIVE SON: Snapshot of the impresario taken on his return from California. It is rumored that Mr. Gest is working on plans to bring California to New York and present it in a specially constructed theater.

Hard-Boiled LOV

What the Present Rough-and-Tumble Wooing Has Done for the Girls of Today

An Article by

BRENDA UELAND

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

Twenty years or so ago a girl came floating down the stairs toward the youth who was to escort her to a cotillion. "I had the sudden overpowering emotion," said the boy who loved her, "that she was a Heavenly Angel."

WHAT has become of Romantic Love? Not so long ago people in love behaved in what now seems to us an extraordinary way. They had *transports* (I italicize some of the words they liked to use) of alternating *ecstasy* and *anguish.* A person was *melancholy;* took long, *solitary* walks over the moors; *trembled,* felt faint, *swooned* in the presence of the *loved one;* swore *eternal devotion,* and often kept the *vow.*

One stole a *faded* flower that she had worn, and kept it *forevermore,* pressed in a volume of Wordsworth; or purloined a lock of the *beloved's* hair; or carved hearts on trees in *rapture* and sadness, and returned to the spot twenty years afterward, when, as often as not, the *beloved* Elvira would be buried in a moss-covered *tomb* under that very *cypress* tree, the *mourning* doves singing above in its *funereal* shade—and all that sort of thing. But in our day there seems to be nothing like this in love.

Most persons in love behave no differently than those buying pork chops. But there are some who hold hands and kiss. In answer to a questionnaire, seventy-six seniors at Columbia University avowed that they "necked," while eighty-four reported they "would neck," presumably if everything were favorable. The word "neck" alone almost proves that Romantic Love—that elevated feeling experienced by the Victorians—is no more.

Now men wrangle with their adored ones about the taxicab fare. No one trembles or blushes, it would seem, except perhaps if caught forging a check. Nothing is shocking. And yet not so long ago a girl "felt like sinking through the floor" if her petticoat showed.

Twenty years or so ago a girl, in layer upon layer of white tulle reaching to her insteps, came floating down the stairs toward the youth who was to escort her to a cotillion.

"And I had the sudden, overpowering emotion," said the boy who loved her, "that she was a Heavenly Angel making a visitation to this miserable world. I treasured a bit of fern that she had discarded from her bouquet."

Today he would probably greet her with a good whack.

Undoubtedly, outward behavior of people in love today is entirely different. The purpose of this article is to discover a few of the possible reasons why this should be so. First, I will give a brief history of Romantic Love.

Its most flourishing period began about 1800. In the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance there had been Romantic Love: the loves of Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, and many others. Shakespeare, in Romeo and Juliet, pictured Romantic Love in the best way it has ever been described.

Love also played an important part in the history of the eighteenth century. It was the time of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and the Revolution in France. In England it was the period of Queen Anne and the first three of the four Georges.

In this eighteenth century there flourished what Stendhal, an officer in Napoleon's army and a great French writer, called Gallant Love; that is to say, philandering did duty for real love. Love was mannered and pretty, like a minuet; as artificial as the powdered wigs, sometimes four feet high, that the ladies wore. Lovers wrote perfumed *billets-doux* full of stilted, rhetorical compliments, with many references to Daphne, Chloe, Adonis, Corydon, and Cupid. Life at the French and English courts set the fashion of Gallant Love—particularly the court of Louis XV, with his gorgeous, powdered mistresses arrayed in their stiff, complicated, incrusted garments.

I am not saying that there was no true love then. I am just saying that deep Romantic Love, as well as all other deep emotions, was out of style. Gallant Love never allowed itself to feel the desperation and sadness that are inevitably a part of Romantic Love.

When George IV was Prince of Wales his boon companion was that monstrous fop, Beau Brummell, whom he admired so much that "he began to blubber when told that the Beau did not like the cut of his coat."

Beau Brummell represents fashionable love at that time. He paid court to every pretty lady in society, and went through all the gallant motions—although the intentions of the Beau, of course, never included marriage.

"What could I do, my dear fellow," he expostulated on one occasion, "but cut the connection? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage!"

Here is part of one of Beau Brummell's love letters, a good illustration of a *billet-doux:*

> DEAR MADAM: When I wrote you a century ago in plaintive strains you told me with pen dipped in Oblivion's ink from Lethe's stream that I must desist my vagaries. . . .

But that is enough.

In time there was a reaction against this foppish, beribboned love. Many things brought it about. There was that highly emotional French philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who talked about a return to Nature with much effect. Then came the revolutions in America and France. Republics and democracy became the mode. The average man became more interesting, romantically, than courtiers. These ideas were spread over Europe by Napoleon.

BY the early nineteenth century, to wear powdered hair and to be a monarchist was out of style. Those who did so were unattractive old fogies. All the adored young men wore their own hair, unpowdered and short (like a workingman), and long trousers (not the satin knee breeches of a nobleman), and believed in republics, Nature, and the beautiful souls of the poor. As a reaction against eighteenth-century amorousness, these young men also cultivated the deep tragedy of Romantic Love.

"Real love," wrote Stendhal in 1820, "renders the thought of death frequent, agreeable, and unterrifying."

To be like Lord Byron or Shelley—that was the thing for a young man. A young lady could model herself on the fascinating Julie de Lespinasse, whose salon was frequented by the greatest men of her time, and of whom it could be said:

> And my race are those of Asra,
> Who die when they love.

—because Mlle. de Lespinasse actually died of love for an unworthy gallant, the Comte de Guibert. Her letters to him have become classic in French literature. The last one, a part of which I quote, was written a few hours before her death:

> My dear friend, you are too good, too ami-

NOW no one trembles or blushes, it would seem. Nothing is shocking.

able. You would like to revive a heart which finally breaks down under the hard load of its misery. I appreciate the full value of your desire, but I no longer deserve it. . . . Your letter I received at one o'clock. A violent attack of fever had prostrated me. How much pains and time I took to read it, I cannot tell you. But I did not want to put it by. Good-by, my dear friend; if life be granted me once again I should like to devote it anew to loving you. But it is finished.

In England young ladies became more like the poetess Felicia Hemans, perhaps, than like poor Julie de Lespinasse:

> Felicia Hemans [wrote her friend Laetitia] has a pure passion for flowers and suffers from the intense delight of music, without which she feels that she would die; the sight and society of Sir Walter Scott or Wordsworth fill her with an ecstasy hardly to be borne. She has all the feminine accomplishments, her harp and her sketch book and her embroideries, and she writes verses in a strain of mourning melody and a vein of gentle moralising.

It became the style when in love to be sad and sick, if not actually dying. Ladies had the vapors. They were encouraged to be ill and wan; unable to eat anything substantial. As for now—from the words "pep," "jazz," "red-hot mamma," "dead one," etc., it is clear that when suffering from *l'amour* in these days we are expected to be livelier than ever.

Stendhal was much preoccupied with Love, and published a book about it in 1822.

Stendhal's tragedy was, as he confessed, that although all his life it had been his intention to be a heartless seducer of women, like the gallants of the eighteenth century, instead it was his lot always to fall tragically in love; to have the tenderest and most desperate and poignant feelings about women; in other words, to love romantically. To Stendhal, Love was the most important thing in the world.

IT was worthy of all one's time, intelligence, feeling, and vitality to make it perfect. Those who never experienced its transports and despair were unfortunate clods. True Love—which he called Passion-Love, as opposed to Gallant Love and Physical Love—was the love of a man and a woman who find the highest possible pleasure in living one life.

He called the Arabs the greatest lovers, particularly the tribe of Asra. "God has made no other creatures as tender in love as they," Stendhal said, and related the following:

> Sahid one day asked an Arab:
>
> "Of what people are you?"
>
> "I am of the people that die when they love," replied the Arab.
>
> "Then you are of the tribe of Asra," added Sahid.
>
> "Yes, by the Master of the Kaaba," replied the Arab.
>
> "Whence comes it that you love in this manner?" Sahid asked next.
>
> "Our women are beautiful and our young men are chaste," answered the Arab.

Another time, someone asked Arous-Ben-Hezam (a member of the tribe of Asra and a celebrated poet):

> "Is it really true what people tell of you, that you of all mankind have the heart most tender in love?"
>
> "Yes, by Allah, it is true," answered Arous, "and I have known in my tribe thirty young men whom death has carried off and who had no other sickness than love." [Arous himself became a celebrated martyr to love.]
>
> "You think it is sweet and noble to die of love; but therein is manifest weakness and stupidity: and those whom you take for men of great heart are only madmen and soft creatures."
>
> "You would not talk like that," answered Arous the poet, "if you had seen the great black eyes of our women darting fire from beneath the veil of their long lashes, if you had seen them smile and their teeth gleaming between their brown lips."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HARD-BOILED LOVE
Continued from Page Seventeen]

With such ideas Europe and America became permeated. There were countless famous love affairs, all exalted, melancholy, tragic. I have the space to mention just three.

George Sand, the French authoress, and Frédéric Chopin, who was dying of consumption, went to the island of Majorca and there lived in a deserted monastery. George Sand wrote:

> I never heard the wind sound so like mournful voices and utter such despairing howls as in these empty and sonorous galleries. The noise of the torrents, the swift motion of the clouds, the grand, monotonous sound of the sea, interrupted by the whistling of the storm and the plaintive cries of sea-birds which passed quite terrified and bewildered in the squalls, . . . combined to make this monastery the most romantic abode in the world.

In Victorian England there was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter, and his wife, Elizabeth Siddal. She had extraordinary red hair, agate-colored eyes, and a complexion, as Lady Burne-Jones said, "as if a rose tint lay beneath the white skin." This was all too ominous. At her death, Rossetti, between her cheek and her beautiful hair, placed the manuscript volume of his unpublished poems. They had been written for her. Until his own death, Elizabeth Siddal was not only the one passion but the enduring religion of his life.

Twenty or fifty years ago a "nice" girl was highly insulted if a man wanted to kiss her.

THEN there were Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He was a very handsome and robust poet. She was bedridden, an invalid, and a poetess. Their poetic, ecstatic love is historic.

> I look back [Browning wrote], and in every point, every word and gesture, every letter, every silence, you have been entirely perfect to me—I would not change one word, one look. Take every care of my life, which is in that dearest little hand.

They had been married fifteen years when she died, suddenly, in his arms.

> At four o'clock [Browning wrote] there were symptoms that alarmed me. I called the maid and sent for the doctor. She smiled: "Well, you are determined to make an exaggerated case of it." Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again and longer—the most perfect expression of her love for me, within my knowledge of her. Always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's—and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek. . . . Her last word was when I asked: "How do you feel?"—"Beautiful." . . . I shall grow still, I hope—but my root is taken and remains.

For twenty-eight years he lived on, but, as someone said: "None ever saw Browning upon earth again, but only a splendid surface."

What has happened that love now is apparently so different? I can suggest a few reasons.

First, a natural reaction against Romantic Love. This was inevitable. When an attitude becomes the fashion it means that a multitude of commonplace people make an unedifying spectacle by affecting to have the feelings of the few great ones. In the nineteenth century every silly woman put on romantic airs, with the help of her harp, sketchbook, and needlework. Women became repulsively womanly.

About 1890, as a protest against so much nauseating virtue and sensibility, wickedness became the fashion once more. Oscar Wilde, who was much emulated, talked of "purple sins." Sin was the mode and still is, although today so many ninnies are taking it up that it is becoming very prosaic and inelegant.

But there is a more fundamental reason for the change. A biological revolution has taken place, of which we are hardly aware. Surely it throws some light on the peculiarities of our present love and our morals, seemingly so terrible.

Today young flirtatious persons carry on in, perhaps, a scandalous way.

> Man is a changing animal [says H. G. Wells]. Only within the last 20,000 years does man seem to have been truly man. The Neanderthalers were big, but of coarser texture, and there is the most preposterous nonsense written about their artistic gifts and intelligence. They drew and carved—about as well as recent Bushmen have drawn and carved. They were so far "modern" in their art that at times they were strikingly obscene.
>
> But very few of us appreciate this biological revolution that is in progress. The facts come dripping in to us.
>
> Here, to begin with, is a kind of quiet looking fact that gets by most of us. It is that insurance statistics show that the average human life has been increased by twelve years. This means that every infant born this year in Britain can hope to live four years for every three years it could have hoped for if it had been born in 1900.

HEREIN lies the importance of this fact. It points to a time when every child born in a civilized community will live to maturity. Because of late marriages and other disputable causes, there are in every 1,000 individuals twenty or less infants of under one year, and upon that such populations can and do increase.

> This [says Wells] makes quite a novel rarity of children in the new world. To judge by . . . tombstones in old English churchyards, something like fifty out of a thousand were infants under one year. Of these, thirty or more were doomed to die. . . . Consequently about one-half the human beings then alive lived tragically foreshortened lives and the rest of the population, the moiety that contrived to grow up, must have been mainly occupied in mothering, fathering, and nursing this superfluous offspring.
>
> From this we realize that the life of man up to our own times—and of women far more so—has been almost wholly a sexual one; that, with the exception of a few priests, nuns, eccentrics, and unattractive women, the full round of life for everyone who wasn't killed too soon was to grow up, to pair, to produce and sustain a large family, burying most of it, and so to decay and die.
>
> The whole adult life was consumed by sex and its consequences; the business of the family, of making it and toiling for it, of weeping over the dead and beginning again, was the complete cycle of life. . . . Now family life becomes merely a phase in a more ample existence. Human life escapes beside and beyond it.

This is one good reason for there being less to-do about love. Love and marriage are no longer the desperate business they once were.

> Men and women can no longer use themselves up in that immemorial round [Wells continues]. The release of women is conspicuously immense. Homo Sapiens is beginning to breed much later than his physical adolescence, to conserve all his offspring, and so free . . . an amount of time and energy unprecedented in the history of life. . . . In the past he was a creature who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

A hearty soup-and so convenient!

Soup with a generous quantity of solid food in it! You know how often it is exactly what you want to serve.

At luncheon or supper-time, it is such a tempting and convenient answer to your problem of providing enough, without going to the bother of preparing a number of dishes. At dinner its substantial nourishment makes the planning simpler.

No wonder that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the housewife's favorite for this helpful use.

It's one of her regular standbys, with its thirty-two different ingredients all blended and prepared by Campbell's famous French chefs. A few minutes simmering—and it's on the table!

32 ingredients

12 cents a can

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to the boiling point and allow to simmer. Serve piping hot.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Cudahy's

puritan Bacon

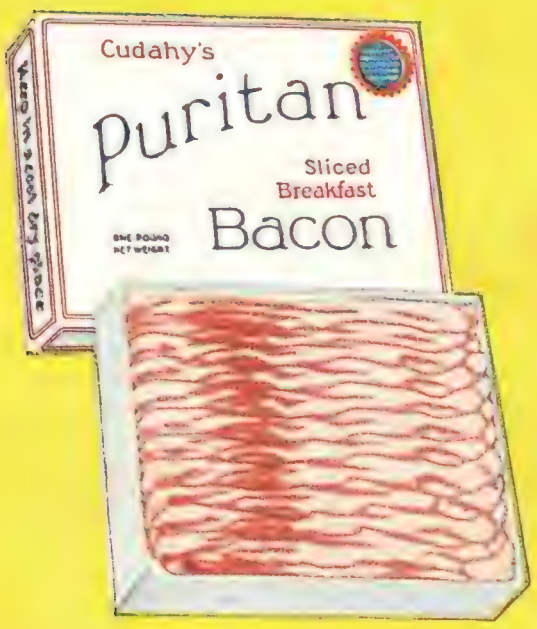
Finer Flavor

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon is unrivalled. Finer flavor and greater tenderness have made it famous.

Puritan owes its distinguished qualities to the special method of curing these choice young meats. This method diffuses the rich meat juices in a natural way without forcing or hurrying. It is therefore uniformly sweet, mild, tender and delicious. Broiled or fried, its very aroma tempts even the most delicate appetite.

Try Puritan and see how good it is—a tempting, wholesome, nutritious food, easily digested; fine for growing children as well as for grown-ups. Puritan Bacon is a delightful adjunct in the preparation of meat dishes, salads, etc. At your dealer's.

Also in Cartons
SLICED



"The Taste Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.

makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

went to work at the end of childhood, became adult, married, had a large, distressful, onerous family, lost his teeth, lost the power of accommodating his eye to distance, and came to an end.

And here, in explaining our less romantic natures, is the most important thing of all:

The span of useful life used to be only forty-five years. Now people are living until seventy in full usefulness and vigor. In the future they will be living until eighty or ninety or a hundred. And the result is that the center point of humanity has shifted from the twenties to near the fifties.

At the court of Louis XV a man's prime was twenty-five. After that—the downward slope. Today a man of twenty-five is one whose father is wondering whether to send him to a law or medical school, or set him at work. Formerly a woman of twenty-two was an old maid; a woman of thirty-five often was a grandmother.

SO there is little wonder that Victorian girls made more of love than girls do now. It was the one brief, feverish period of excitement and elation in their lives.

First a stuffily chaperoned childhood, with plenty of daily reminders as to the weakness, flightiness, and all-round pinheadedness of the sex. Then a short period of love, of which, naturally, the poor devils made the most possible, because after that came marriage and a child every year. Then to be shelved (in a bonnet with strings) at about forty.

No wonder a Victorian girl loved romantically and with wild rapture. She knew there would be little time for rapture after marriage. And no wonder that in her love there was an occasional thought of the tomb. Many of her sisters died either in childbirth or as an indirect result of it.

Another blow to old-fashioned love is that, whereas formerly well born girls did hardly anything before marriage, today even the richest feel uneasy if they do not work at something. It was this dreamy, languorous leisure that was so favorable for nourishing Romantic Love. And for that reason Stendhal held there could be no love worth speaking of in the United States. Americans were too busy. He wrote:

> The active life of a manufacturer of cotton goods, or of a banker with a keen eye for loans, finds its rewards in millions, not in tender sensation. Little by little the heart of this gentleman ossifies; the positive and useful are for him everything, and his soul is closed to that feeling which of all others has the greatest need of leisure and makes us unfit for any steady occupation.
>
> Besides, American girls are so saturated with reasonable ideas that in that country love has deserted youth. . . . In Europe desire is inflamed by constraint; in America it is dulled by liberty.

The span of useful life used to be only forty-five years.

Many persons mourn that Romantic Love is no more, and that what seems to be a hard-boiled, hoydenish love has taken its place. But I can see a number of advantages in the change.

As for this modesty business! Every now and then there is a protest that women are no longer modest. That is truly a blessing if there ever was one. Once, due to continual childbearing, women were entirely subject to men and had a tendency to become what men considered ideal wives. They were meek, self-sacrificing (this was always urged upon women as the greatest virtue they could possibly cultivate), and modest to dowdiness.

Stendhal pointed out what fools Englishmen (which included well bred Americans) and Turks were, to insist that their wives be modest. Modesty, he said, except in a woman of the greatest wisdom and fascination, made them so disagreeable and unattractive. He wrote:

> In England, the modesty of the women is the pride of their husbands. In this way an Englishwoman takes it as an insult if you pronounce before her the name of certain garments. An Englishwoman must be very careful not to be seen in the evening leaving the drawing-room with her husband; and, what is still more serious, she thinks it is an outrage to modesty to show that she is enjoying herself a little in the presence of anyone but her husband.
>
> It is perhaps due to this that the English betray such signs of boredom in their domestic bliss. . . . Because, however submissive a slave may be, her society becomes sooner or later a burden. Hence, for the men, the necessity of getting drunk solemnly every evening.

Now people are living until seventy in full usefulness and vigor.

And the excessive modesty of women in England and America had this further result:

> Men show a marked tendency to take refuge with courtesans; that is to say, with the women whom scandal shelters from the need of modesty.

Today young flirtatious persons carry on in, perhaps, a scandalous way. But this is much better than the state of affairs twenty or fifty years ago, when a "nice" girl was highly insulted if a man wanted to kiss her (no matter how much she might be inclined to that herself), because a "nice" girl's chief motive in behavior was to act in such a way that men would "respect" her; would think her "pure" enough to marry.

It is cheering to think that a girl's prudishness and "purity" aren't a test of her marriageableness today; but, Is she smart enough? Attractive enough? Likable enough? Girls don't marry "to be made honest women" so often any more. And this seems to me nothing but an unmitigated benefit.

Stendhal struck the true note: "Public Opinion in 1822: A man of thirty seduces a girl of fifteen—the girl loses her reputation."

In just a few more years even the most narrow minds may think this as ridiculous and unjust as Stendhal did.

It was under these circumstances that women developed all their unpleasant traits, such as maneuvering men into marriage; hanging on to husbands that wanted to get rid of them; gold-digging, blackmailing, and demanding high alimony. Now you may observe that women who have enough freedom and opportunity are much more generous and kind to men. They are not plaintive and martyred, like the old-fashioned kind.

It is now possible for women to stay comely and even desirable until almost old age. Formerly so much childbearing, added to the arid intellectual opportunities of their lives, made them either very stout or else very dejected and worn at an age we consider young. And, undoubtedly, another important cause of their physical deterioration so early in life was that marriage meant a captivity from which there would be neither rescue nor escape.

It is hope and anticipation that sustain in us what the psychologists call "purposive striving," that keep us young, that make the glands function vigorously. Where there is no hope there is fatness and decay.

Another thought is that women are not "modest" any more because their figures are so much more compact than they once were. When you come to reflect, it is only revealed curves and scallops and festoons that are shocking.

While Love as the Victorians described it no longer exists, there is still love and romantic feeling in the world. Note the insatiable thirst for love songs.

It is true that modern love appears to be raucous and hard-boiled. But that is just because so many of the commonplace people have taken up "sin" and so are conscientiously boozing, cursing, "necking," and committing adultery.

I am certain that these persons forty years ago, when prudery was the thing, would have been the worst prudes: the girls "saving their lips for the one and only man"; the men carrying on like madmen when they discovered that a wife whom they married at thirty-three concealed a previous love affair in her bosom.

But as for true love, for enduring love, for the Passion-Love that Stendhal described and worshiped, in reality there is more of it than ever, principally because women are so much more advanced than they used to be.

We aren't aware of its prevalence because there are so many persons around us making a noisy effort to be fashionably sexual, to be "modern." But what these people don't know is that sexuality and promiscuous lust are, historically, the old-fashioned thing. It is primeval—prehuman. Love, after all, is the new invention. As Aldous Huxley says, the really modern people are the Brownings.

THE END

"Foolishly . . I thought it never could help me"

Everywhere tired, nervous, despondent people have found thrilling health again . . . *easily, naturally*

"My painting *makes it necessary for me to do a great deal of travelling. I may have a commission for a portrait in New York and then one in California.*

"This constant travelling, in connection with the continued strain entailed by my work itself, resulted, a short time ago, in my feeling always tired, run down, nervous.

"While in this plight I was advised by some friends to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I had long known of yeast, of course, but somehow had not thought it would do me *any good. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, and I started at once to eat it regularly every day.*

"The result, I am happy to state, passed all my expectations. My tired feeling disappeared, my nerves grew strong, and today I begin each day's work with a zest that I had not known for many years."

Lattanzio di Firmian, New York City

HOW simple and easy it proved to be! —for him, as for the thousands more who have found perfect health through this amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast does two things. It keeps the system internally *clean*. And it helps to keep it healthily *active*.

A corrective food—that is what yeast is. A living plant. Unlike medicines, which stimulate the system to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast is the easy, *natural* way to banish constipation. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your sleeplessness will disappear, your skin will resume its rightful freshness—soon you will look and feel your old self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-42, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Count Lattanzio Firmian, *Italian painter, at work on a sketch of a beautiful Chinese girl in one of California's famous gardens*

BELOW

MISS ERRICO sends us this snap-shot, taken on her recent Round-the-World Cruise. She writes that for several years she suffered from stomach trouble. "I was unable to eat any highly seasoned foods," she says, "without being troubled by indigestion. This condition lasted until a friend suggested the use of Yeast. I began eating two or three cakes every day In a short time all traces of indigestion disappeared, and I can truthfully say that Yeast has toned up my entire system. I have been eating it for many months and I recommend it highly."

Leona Errico, St. Louis, Mo.

"I BECAME a regular hermit: I was so ashamed of the pimples on my face that I gave up dancing and sports. I used practically every known article to try to cure myself but instead of getting better my face got worse. One day I happened to glance at an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast. I sent for a booklet and read it through and through. Four months have passed now and my face is entirely free of boils and pimples. But I am still taking Yeast, and always will. I eat it plain, one cake before every meal. It has the same effect as candy on a child—I always want it."

David H. Safer, Jacksonville, Fla.

Do this—to regain the joy of radiant health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"I WAS actually afraid I should have to stay out of high school, I felt so wretched. After trying all kinds of remedies I almost despaired of ever finding anything that would rid me of my constipation. I was practically a nervous wreck . . . And then, on the advice of my cousin, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel fine. My friends all notice the remarkable change in me. I am strong and full of energy—no longer always tired and nervous. I feel like a different person. Fleischmann's Yeast has helped me back to splendid health. I gladly recommend it to others who may be suffering as I did."

Doris White, San Jose, Calif.

The Derringer

A Short Story of a Love that a Bullet Could Not Kill

By

JAMES HOPPER

Pictures by DOUGLAS DUER

WHEN in another instant she must know, he had the great—or mad, was it?—bravery to act.

SUNDERLAND said, a bit sententiously, "A man and a woman who have gone through some great peril together are apt to be afterward indissolubly bound." At this, the party, which had gone a little wild, shot out at him rockets of ribald doubt.

He held on, however, his back to the flaming hearth. "Such a thing does bind people together," he maintained stoutly, "in spite of what you all say! In fact, it is about the only thing that does really bind a man and a woman forever!"

"Forever, forever," somebody sang, and, as he still faced us, amused by his serious fervor, we began to search his heart with jests. But he seemed to grow suddenly angry. "Ever hear of the San Martin railroad wreck?" he cried.

"Probably not—it was some time ago. Well, let me tell you of something that happened in that wreck, will you?"

There was something like a threat in his voice, as though he meant to punish us, but we joyfully challenged him. "Yes, tell us what happened in the wreck!" we shouted. And he did.

THE two people involved [he said] were a boy and a girl. Just two kids. In love. In that delicious state which is first love. Sweetly drawn together, all wrapped in silvery hazes. One of those first loves, one of those white loves, which pinch the heart a little when you look back at them.

Well, they were on a train, bound on a day's outing. They had been doing this every Saturday all summer. They'd get up early, cross the bay on a ferry, and on the other side they'd take a little narrow-gauge train that soon was in the hills, puffing fussily, making much clatter, swaying and creaking along high, slender trestles.

Where the line ended, they got off at the foot of a mountain and climbed it—along dim trails, through fragrant underbrush. There was a place where the trail dipped down into a lush canyon with clear water bordered with laurels, and they ate their lunch there. When they had reached the top of the mountain, they could see the sea far off, hanging in the sky. They felt their lungs swell with the wind from it, and their hearts fill with love. They felt like shouting and dancing with love.

Going down a mountain is easier than going up. Returning, they swung along hand in hand. And then the trail dipped down into the canyon where they had eaten their lunch. Since there was now nothing left to eat, they stopped to kiss. Long, delicious kisses, not yet much enfevered—a boy and a girl, I tell you—just two kids.

On this particular morning they were on the little train. But earlier, when the boy had been leaving his house to meet the girl, he had been called back by his mother.

"Don't forget to take the derringer this time," his mother had called out to him.

The derringer was an old family heirloom; the boy's uncle had carried it in his sleeve in the old wild days of the gold mines; you were always coming upon it unexpectedly in some drawer or other. And as it was still loaded, just as it had come down to them—you could see the fat ball down in the barrel—the boy's mother had become nervous about it. The boy had promised to take it out sometime and shoot it off, but he kept forgetting.

He now ran back to the house, got it, threw it in his haversack; and that is how it was that now, as the boy and the girl were on the train on their happy outing, the ugly little object lay in the haversack at their feet.

IT was a very early train, with few passengers, and as it clattered along, stopping often at small stations, these kept dropping off. Finally the boy and the girl were alone in the rear car of the two that made up the train. They sat bolt upright, watching the landscape go by. After a while this made them a little sad, and the boy cried:

"Let's look in the haversack and see what we've taken for lunch!"

So they did that—fished into the sack, shouting over their finds. *You* know: "Sandwiches!—apples!—a pot of honey!—pomegranates!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

ANNOUNCING
the Opening
of the
WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL
Monday evening May 2nd 1927

3000
OUTSIDE ROOMS

3000
PRIVATE BATHS

THE STEVENS

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets CHICAGO *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

CONCEIVED as the greatest hotel of all time, and built at a cost of over twenty-seven million dollars, The Stevens is a magnificent realization of an ideal—an inspiration and a challenge to the caravansaries of the world.

Convenient to all railroad terminals, business, shops and theatres—overlooking Grant Park and Lake Michigan, The Stevens towers twenty-nine stories high and extends a full block along majestic Michigan Boulevard.

Awesome in its magnitude, embodying every conceivable service for your comfort and enjoyment, The Stevens offers the finest accommodations at the fairest rates.

This veritable "city within a city" includes 3000 spacious, airy outside rooms, each with private bath, circulating ice water and large closet. Four and one-half stories are devoted to public spaces. There is a library of 25,000 volumes, over a hundred large sample display rooms, an Exhibition Hall covering 35,000 square feet, providing the most complete convention facilities found in any hotel. The telephone system would serve a city of 15,000.

The Stevens is under the same management as Chicago's famous
HOTEL LA SALLE
which for many years has been recognized as America's standard of excellence in modern hotel service and accommodations

Here too, is the largest, most beautiful ballroom in the world and seven smaller ballrooms. There are bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, special recreation rooms for women and club rooms for men, and a 1200 seat theatre directly connected with the main building. Children romp in a fairyland playroom. The Beauty Salon is the finest in the city.

In addition to four magnificent restaurants and a commodious popular priced lunchroom are many private dining rooms and a two-story colonnade on the roof for outdoor dining and dancing. Parking facilities are extensive.

The Stevens ushers in a new era in hotel hospitality.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

—as though they were pearls. And so they came to the derringer.

The girl recoiled, crying: "Oh, what is it?"

The boy took it up and told her about it—what it was, and what he was going to do with it. As he handled it, she could see, down the barrel, the fat bullet, ambushed there, as if waiting. The boy said:

HE did not know that out there a hundred men were leaping at the wreckage.

"We'll be very careful. I'll tie a string to it so we can shoot it off from a distance. It's been loaded so long it might explode." Then he slipped the toadlike thing into his coat pocket where it wouldn't be so likely to be banged about. And that is how the derringer was in his pocket when the thing came. I mean the wreck. That's what came next. The San Martin wreck.

It happened on a trestle, one of the flimsy trestles—the road was one of those hastily flung Western roads. The boy and the girl had noticed before how this trestle creaked and swayed; and this day they were actually laughing at the crazy motion, looking into each other's eyes and laughing, when the thing gave way. The train was almost across at the time.

Their car—the last—lurched, toppled, went down. The other car, which was half off the bridge, broke its coupling, and went down upon the car already fallen. The locomotive ran up the track a little way and stopped. In a moment, all that was left of the train was the locomotive, ahead there in the cut, and a pile of splintered debris in the gulch.

But the boy and the girl had not been killed. They had been saved for the time being by some sort of miracle. The instantaneous tearing and redistribution of matter about them had in some way left them beneath the debris, pinned down, shocked and unconscious, but alive, and comparably unhurt.

How long they were thus unconscious they never knew. The boy, after a while, found himself fighting out of blackness first, then a gray, trancelike state. Then it was as if he were in a block of crystal. He could vaguely see, through the crystal layers, the girl lying there, beautiful and sleeping, but he could not move in the crystal; he could not win to her.

Then all this cleared, and it was true! She *was* lying there close to him, beautiful and sleeping. Her own eyes opened. She smiled.

And what do you think those two children then did? They kissed. They each reached forward with eager lips and kissed. As if they had awakened to a spring morning and a twittering of birds.

It was only after this little sacrament that they realized what had happened and the deadly peril of their state. But this at first solely in worry one for the other. "Oh, girl, are you hurt?" "Oh, boy, are you?" "Oh, I'm so afraid you are hurt!" "It's you, it's you—I'm all right!" Tender reassurance as to oneself; passionate solicitude for the other.

ONLY then, almost certain that neither was seriously injured, did the boy turn to an examination of their plight. Which was a clear one. They were trapped within something like a small cave, a small chamber in the twisted, splintered wreckage. He tried to move. He could not. He asked the girl if she could move. She could not. From the waist down they were held tight.

They were helpless, immobilized to anything that might come. A slow crushing readjustment of the iron tangle about them, for instance, the boy thought. Or a slow rising of water from the creek, he thought (he had read of some such happening sometime, somewhere). Or—fire. That happened. Wrecks caught fire sometimes!

But they heard above them, now, vague sounds. Rustlings, scratchings, one resonant clang. The boy raised a shout.

It was what was left of the train crew that was up there, and some farmers who had come running across the fields. The crew had telephoned to the end of the line. A wrecking train was being dispatched, with a crane, and a tank car in precaution against possible fire. Awaiting this the small group was doing what it could.

The locomotive engineer, who was directing, answered the boy's halloo. "Anybody down there?" he shouted; and the boy and girl answered, "Yes, yes, yes." "Are you wounded? Are you hurt?" he cried; and the boy answered, "No, we're all right, but get us out, get us out quick!"

After this the men doubled their efforts for a while. But they came soon to such a precariously balanced tangle they dared not tackle it, and the engineer shouted down again to the two: "Are you still there?" And they cried back, "Yes, yes, yes!"

"We can't get you out now," he shouted. "But, listen—can you hear? A wrecking train is coming after a while. It'll be here before long, and then we'll get you out all right. But just stay quiet—don't move. Just stay quiet, and we'll get you out after a while. Don't move!"

They then seemed all to go away up there. Everything grew quiet again. The boy and girl felt as if they had been abandoned.

He saw in her eyes a vague dilation as of a touch of fear. He could not bear it—that she should

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Soaks the beard SOFTER

WHEN you shave with Williams Shaving Cream, notice how much sharper your razor seems. This is due to Williams remarkable beard softening properties. For this lather is *saturated* with moisture—moisture which drenches the beard bristles—softens them so that the razor blade just *glides through*.

Like a Massage

Williams has an added advantage: it *conditions* the skin—gives your face that "barber's massage" feeling. Its gentle hygienic lather actually makes your face feel better *after* shaving than it did before! 2 sizes—35c and 50c.

Free Trial

Let us send you FREE a week's trial tube. Send us the coupon, or a postcard.

Our new after-shaving liquid, Aqua Velva, *keeps* the face as comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it. Write Dept. 65-A for generous test bottle.

Williams
Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 65-A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

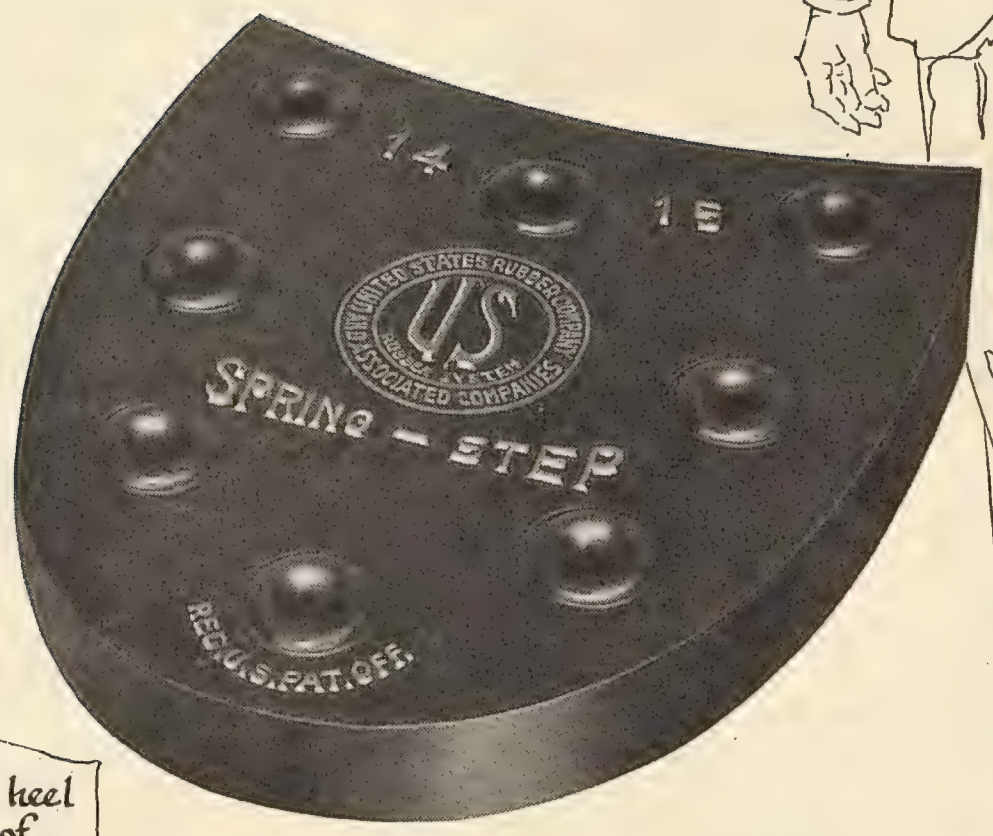
City _____

Lib. 5-7-27

Age keeps pace with Youth

on—

"U.S." SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS



The only heel made of SPRAYED RUBBER

YOU roll back the years and restore the joy of walking when you step out on "U. S." Spring-Step Heels. They lend strength and youthfulness to your stride — lessen the toll of time — save your nerves and store up your energy. They mean foot youth at seventy—and at all the years before. Bring back your old time pep and vigor with these springy, durable shock absorbers. Just tell your shoe repairman to put on "U. S." Spring-Step Heels ... then notice the difference.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

Creators of the famous USKIDE soles—"The wonder sole for wear"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

fear. He said very stoutly: "They'll get us out all right. It's just a matter of waiting awhile. They'll get us out all right."

The upper part of his body, his arms, was free; so was hers. Impulsively he threw his arms about her, and drew her head down against his chest, and held her thus, eyes closed against his chest. "There," he said; "just lie like that. Don't open your eyes. I'll tell you when the time comes."

"'Sh-sh-sh, go to sleep," he said after a while, as if to a little child, and held her eyes closed against his heart.

BUT he, he could see; and as he cradled her thus, his soul was full of a restless worry. Somehow, he could not think they were to get out of this; the chances were too all against them. They were held down here as if crucified; against whatever came they could not make a gesture. And some black presentiment kept him thinking, fire. Fire! Wreckage such as this often took fire. Fire—the word kept whirling in his brain—fire!

Perhaps already there was a slight taint of smoke upon the air. Perhaps it was that slight taint which, unrecognized of his nostrils, was thus agitating so restlessly his brain. Anyway, that is what he kept thinking; that was the ghoul in his thoughts: fire, fire, *fire!*

And it was not of death he was afraid. There is nothing easier than dying at eighteen. And love, somehow, is kin to love-of-death. What he could not bear was the thought that this should come to the girl preceded by fear. Grisly fear. And in the exaltation that is so easily

IN a moment all that was left was a pile of splintered debris in the gulch.

youth's, he began to think, even now, that, should such a crisis arise, if the possibility lay in him, at whatever cost, at the cost of any possible damnation, he must save her from that. If the possibility lay in him.

Then with a thump of the heart he remembered that the possibility *was* his. The derringer. It was there, in his pocket. Accident, fate, had done this. He could feel it, hard, there, against his hip.

THE derringer. One bullet. Only one. Well, that was enough. He—he could take what came.

The girl now raised her head from the tender isolation in which he had been holding it. "Boy," she whispered, "are we going to die?"

He laughed into her eyes. "Not a chance!" he laughed. "Not a chance! The rescue train will be coming along soon. That crane will lift everything off us in a jiffy! Keep quiet. Go to sleep."

And once more he drew her head down, and closed her eyes against his heart; and in the deep abyss of his tenderness and his embrace

—holding himself quiet, quiet—shut her in. "'Sh-sh-sh," he hissed gently, as to a child; "go to sleep, go to sleep."

It was at that very moment he saw that the black foreboding which was his had burst into reality. His eyes, passing over the girl's snuggled head and beyond, could see a strange writhing over there. The wreckage over there was on fire. Smoke was rising. Long yellow snakes were hissing along slender splinters of torn wood.

He mastered himself to immobility. His arms about the girl pressed a little closer. "'Sh-sh-sh—go to sleep," he continued to murmur in her hair. And, consciously striving to pour into her soul a peace that was not in his, he sought to hold her in the happy torpor in which he felt she had fallen.

But after a while there was a movement he must make. Those snakes of fire were steadily crawling nearer. Very slowly and smoothly he slid his hand down to the derringer.

But she had felt something; for an instant a thinning of the warm protection about her. As when, to one warm in a room, an outer door opens, letting in some of the night and the cold. She raised her head. "What is the matter?"

"'Sh-sh-sh," he whispered gently; "be quiet; go to sleep."

And holding her once more sheltered from knowledge, sunk in sweet stupor against his heart, his lips in her fragrant hair, he watched and watched. The fire was coming toward them. And it was not a great roar of fire, which might mercifully change life to ash with one light touch, inhale life to nothingness in one great breath; it was a small fire, a mean fire, that crept lividly like many snakes, a fire carrying intent to torture.

SHE lay there in his arms unknowing, so innocent, and he could not help thinking that it was in his power to slip her from this happy torpor, here in his arms, into the still deeper, happier peace of eternity's embrace. Was this a temptation? Tell me, was this a temptation? Seeing that he thought for her alone—not at all for the world; for himself not at all?

Or was it madness? A callow boy's frenzy? What do you think? Would a strong man have felt, have reasoned, have acted otherwise? Would he have found in himself a more pitiless courage?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

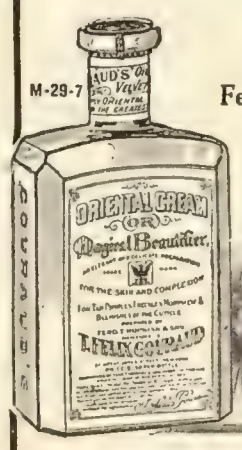
Face Powders are passé!

They only improve your complexion for a few fleeting moments. You must constantly resort to "touching up" to maintain the unstaple appearance they render. Moisture or perspiration destroy them utterly. Many women have found a more staple appearance of far greater beauty — the "24 hour complexion," rendered by

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

It gives to your skin a subtile, fascinating, pearly beauty that lasts. Moisture and perspiration have absolutely no effect upon it. Dance, play and enjoy any activity, fully confident that your complexion is as entrancing and seductive as when you first applied it.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is antiseptic and astringent. Its use helps correct many blemishes and skin troubles. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York

Trial Size Coupon L.7.

I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me White☐ Flesh☐ Rachel☐ (check which shade desired).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

I wish CHARLES DICKENS *were with us now!*

MR. DICKENS evidently had unhappy hotel experiences, as this extract from his "Uncommercial Traveler" indicates:

"We all know the hotel in which we can get anything we want, after its kind, for money, but where nobody is glad to see us, or sorry to see us, or minds (our bill paid) whether we come or go, or how, or when, or why, or cares about us . . . where we have no individuality but put ourselves into general post, as it were, and are sorted and disposed of according to our division . . . a place largely wholesale."

¶ YES! I wish Charles Dickens could visit the Hotel McAlpin and review our 1926 record of entertaining 736,000 satisfied guests and serving McAlpin cuisine to 1,326,084 discriminating diners.

¶ THESE figures read like a "wholesale" business, yet the popularity of the McAlpin was built on "personal service to every guest regardless of the rate he pays for a room ($4 to $12) or suite ($10 to $30)."

¶ IN FACT McAlpin Service is so personal that every guest has the same privilege to visit my private office as he has to ask service of the nearest McAlpin bell-hop—and that also goes for every McAlpin employee between the bell-hops and me.

¶ WHEN YOU come to New York, come to the McAlpin for the comfort you expect and the service you're entitled to—and all within a budget that will convince you New York is NOT an expensive city in which to live.

Arthur S. Leeg

Managing Director

P. S.—We're now running at capacity but a wire to me personally will always reserve a room for *you!*

HOTEL McALPIN

"Where the White Way Begins"

Broadway at 34th
NEW YORK CITY

THE DERRINGER
[Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

It was fire that was coming, remember. Death in torture. Well, the boy did not have it, this pitiless courage. He did not have it, that's all. She lay there in his arms so sweetly, so trustingly. So sweet! Would he betray that trust? Would he surrender her to that monstrous Fate which was crawling so malevolently, so gleefully over there?

He would not! No! He would protect her — at any cost. At the cost of any imaginable punishment that might be his afterward. She would never suffer; he would see to that. At the cost of any possible damnation; he would see to that. And she would not feel fear, either. Fear would not touch even the hem of her soul. He would know enough to act in time.

SHE stirred vaguely in his embrace. "Your heart beats so hard," she murmured, down there against his heart.

"'Sh-sh-sh," he whispered gently, and stilled his heart.

The flames crept and crept. They danced in one place for a while, then shot out along slender shreds of debris. And the boy watched them in an ecstasy of defiance. No, they would not get her —no!

He had it in his power to make of their victory an empty one. She would not know pain. Nor fear. Fear—why, one might bear that off with one, into eternity; wander ever afterward a wisp of that grisly poignancy. No, she should not know even fear.

The flames crept nearer. They were very near. She half-slept in his arms, her closed eyes against his heart. "'Sh-sh-sh—go to sleep," he mechanically murmured, but he was now all-careful, measuring vigilance.

Tell me—I ask you again—was it mad, was it wrong? For it did prove a hideous mistake. Was it mad? Was it wrong? For he did it, that boy! When finally the threat had come so near that in another moment she must know; when in another instant she must awaken to the horror of knowing; he had the great—or mad, was it? —bravery to act—and fired the derringer.

In hideous mistake, too. He did not know that out there the wrecking train had arrived, that a hundred men were leaping for the wreckage.

A cataract of water drenched the fire. Men leaped to a lifting of the debris. In another moment they had come to the boy and the girl—too late—the derringer had been fired!

* * *

SUNDERLAND came to a stop in the midst of a storm of denunciations hurled from all sides. He was being denounced as a demon and a fiend. Sonia had her hands to her ears and was desperately crying, "It didn't happen, didn't happen!" And Remsen said: "A revolting tale; you've invented it."

"But I haven't," said Sunderland, assuming the small voice of an insincere innocence. "It happened. Truly." And looking at him, we discovered that he was smiling. Standing there, the center of reprobation, he was triumphantly smiling.

"What's all the fuss about?" he protested mildly. "I wasn't trying to scare you. I was merely trying to prove my point. Don't you remember? That a man and a woman who have gone through peril together are apt to be ever afterward indissolubly bound? Why, you should see them now—the boy and the girl!

"Happy? You should see them—maybe you do, sometimes. Indissolubly bound? Time has told and will tell.

"Why, they can even jest about it now—that bad experience of theirs, long ago. They've reached that point. He calls her Little Hard-Head, and she calls him Murderer.

"'Hello, Little Hard-Head!' he sings out when he comes home in the evening. 'Hello, Big Murderer!' she laughs back. Then you should see the glance that passes between them!

"AS a matter of fact, it was not really that little head of hers which was the matter that time, but rather the thickness of her golden curls. Also his hand, which was going to be so firm, did not prove so firm at the last moment.

"But that is what he calls her. 'Hello, Little Hard-Head!' he calls out. 'Hello, Big Murderer!' she sings back.

"Then that look between them! You should really see it, that look between them!"

Remsen rose and stretched toward Sunderland a lean accusing finger. "I know," he said. "You have been telling about your own self. About yourself and Wilma!"

Then Sunderland, having ended his story, smiled at his wife. And she, from across the room, smiled back to him.

THE END

U. S. Official photo

The Mighty Onslaught of Unconquerable Youth

versus

The Deadly Strategy of Skilled Soldiers

Here is the epic of the Thirty-fifth Division, A. E. F.—boys from Missouri and Kansas—in the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne battle that broke the back of the German line. Invincible heroism locked in a death grapple with an unmatched war machine.

LIBERTY is giving its readers BOTH SIDES of this great war drama in

Five Red Days

The American Story *By* **Norman S. Hall**

The German Story *By* **Sigrid Schultz**

READ IT

In Next Week's LIBERTY

A whisper of advice

To Husbands whose wives drive Fords

NOTE TO WIVES

For advice on the solution of your Ford problems, write Miss Marie Brown, Women's Dept., Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.

IF your wife drives a Ford that has been allowed to develop chatter, she has doubtful control of the car in emergencies. When she is called upon to stop suddenly, the brake slips and grabs and slips again . . . her foot loses its sureness of control . . . the car jerks to an uncertain stop. By quick action—or good luck—she just escapes an accident.

Does she tell you about it? Many women keep such things to themselves, to save their husbands worry. Yet this uncertain control of the Ford can be easily corrected. For, often it is caused simply by the wrong kind of oil.

Tell her why her Ford needs a different oil

THOUSANDS of women continue to buy just any oil, because they do not yet know that Fords need *a special kind of oil.* Have you ever told your wife that ordinary motor oils, such as are used to lubricate other makes of cars, do not and cannot lubricate the Ford properly?

Women are naturally careful buyers. Explain why the Ford car needs a special kind of oil . . . and your wife will see that it gets it.

Tell her that every time she starts, stops, reverses, or shifts from low to high, the transmission bands come into play. If they are properly lubricated, they come into play with ease and smoothness. If not—they chatter violently in protest. In practically every case chatter is caused by improper lubrication of the Ford transmission bands.

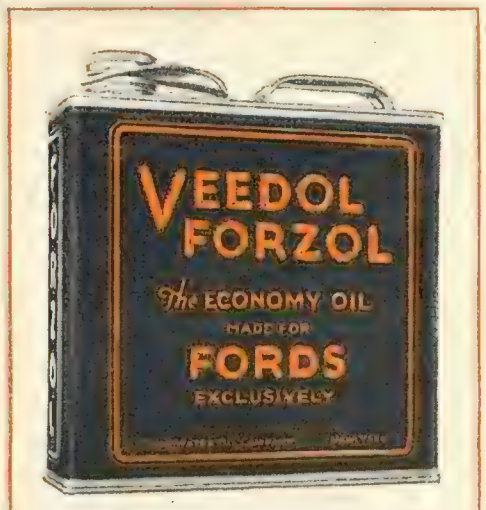
Chatter sets up vibration throughout the entire car. No part is safe from its destructive effects. Parts wear out with undue speed—and worn parts mean a worn and noisy car. Soon there are repairs and replacements to pay for.

There is a reason for this. In the Ford, the same oil that lubricates the motor must also lubricate the transmission. Yet each of these units requires different characteristics in the oil. It must be an oil with the exact properties necessary to lubricate both the Ford motor and the Ford transmission.

Veedol Forzol is such an oil. It does *both* Ford lubrication jobs. It ends Ford chatter. It gives your wife the smooth control and ease of driving that she should always have to drive safely.

She will appreciate the Economy of Operation more than you do

MORE than a million Ford owners have already used and approved Veedol Forzol. Suggest to your wife that she drive up to the dealer displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign, and have the attendant drain the old oil and fill the crankcase with one gallon of Veedol Forzol. Once she tests this oil in her own Ford, *she will always ask for Veedol Forzol by name.*



Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

VEEDOL FORZOL GIVES THESE 8 DEFINITE ECONOMIES

Veedol Forzol eliminates costly chatter; gives 10 to 25% saving in gasoline; gives 10 to 25% saving in oil; reduces carbon 10 to 25%; resists destructive heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; increases ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

© T.W.O.S.C. 1927

We've Named it—

The BRUNSWICK PRISMATONE

"The Instrument of Colorful Music"

The Brunswick Prismatone, *Madrid* model. Any Brunswick dealer will play these instruments for you without obligation

The Brunswick Prismatone, *Cortez* model. In the naturalness of its music, the Prismatone represents a very great advance in sound reproduction

The Brunswick Prismatone-Radiola. The *Cordova* model combines in one cabinet the Prismatone with 6-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne

HERE is the remarkable musical invention for which Liberty readers contributed more than a million names-with-slogans in Brunswick's Prize Contest last winter. From this huge number, a committee of judges selected The Brunswick Prismatone, "the instrument of colorful music," for the first prize of $3,000. Miss Mildred A. Bux, 1212 Melrose Ave., Melrose Park, Pa., was the winner.

The Brunswick Prismatone is an entirely different instrument from The Brunswick Panatrope, the *electrical* reproducing instrument whose music caused such a sensation. The Prismatone secures its effects by new and advanced improvements in acoustical reproduction.

"Colorful music" perfectly describes the reproduction of this instrument. Deep bass, high soprano . . . music your old phonograph missed entirely . . . is brought you *true to life* by The Brunswick Prismatone. Every delight of the new electrical records is now yours to enjoy. Prices are remarkably low . . . only $115 up.

Hear The Brunswick Prismatone at your Brunswick dealer's. He has this instrument in various models and also The Brunswick Panatrope, the world's first purely *electrical* reproducing instrument.

* * *

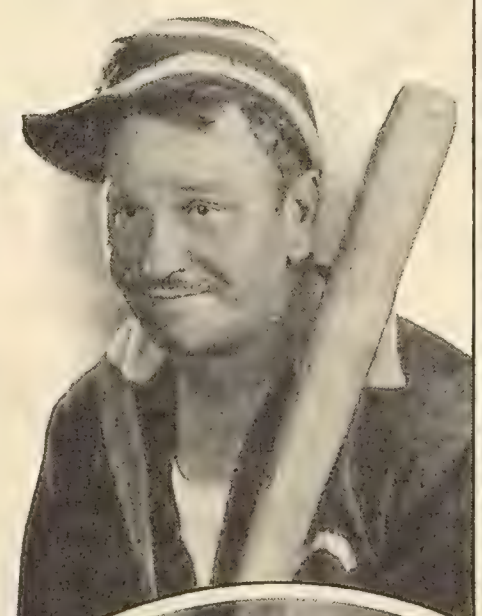
The musical delights of the new Brunswick instruments are best revealed by Brunswick "Light-Ray" Electrical Records (*musical photography*). New records by foremost artists on sale every Thursday.

Brunswick

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO. IN CANADA: TORONTO

Casey Bats *Out a Hit and* Kelly Slides *Back into Fame*

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



MR. CASEY and his well-known bat, as played by Wallace Beery (above); Sally O'Neil clinging to her film father, Harry Carey, in Slide, Kelly, Slide.

HOLLYWOOD officially has launched the baseball season.

The difficulties of doing a successful photoplay of the national game always have been rated in the same perilous class with filming a tale of the Revolutionary War. At least you can move a camera up close to a dandy in a periwig, but you can't shove it close to a big-league game without crowding at least half the diamond from view.

There have been one or two popular baseball films. Charlie Ray's The Pinch Hitter was a favorite. Last winter, however, the budding diamond scandals caught the eye of the movie magnates. Any game that held the front pages for three weeks was a box-office potentiality.

Hence the appearance of two baseball film plays at one time, with others on the horizon. Casey at the Bat is a visualization of the famous poem about the local Babe Ruth of Mudville who struck out in the ninth-inning crisis. In typical celluloid fashion, this gets a happy Hollywood ending. *Casey* strikes out, it is true, but the ultimate investigation of certain activities under the grand stand prove that the ball used in the crucial inning was phony. So they play off the World's Series game the next day, the inference in the final subtitle being that *Casey* won't strike out again.

The other baseball newcomer, Slide, Kelly, Slide, is a story of a rookie of today. *Jim Kelly* is the hero and he is the pitching and batting idol of his home town. He is a brash, fresh, and altogether irrepressible kid. He makes good, however, and becomes the twirling ace of the Yankees. In spite of this he has the whole team on its ear, his annoying conceit throwing a monkey wrench into the Yankee morale. Still, he is cured in time—and comes back to pitch his team to victory in the deciding game of the World's Series.

This comedy has a lot of Hollywood saccharine hokum, involving a waif who is adopted by *Jim Kelly* and who brings about his regeneration. There is a limit to how much freckled-faced sentiment I can stand in a given number of reels, but Slide, Kelly, Slide gets over this sugar barrier because it presents a lively picture of a baseball-player's life.

Although *Mr. Kelly* does become the hero of the Yankees, Babe Ruth isn't visible. But Bob Meusel, Push-'em-Up Tony Lazzeri, and even Mr. McGraw's former employee, Irish Meusel, do appear. Indeed, if you watch closely, you will see Bob Meusel batting as *Mr. Kelly* in the long shots. Mike Donlin was the film's official coach.

Wallace Beery plays *Casey*, the Mudville idol, in Casey at the Bat; and William Haines, the highly popular young actor, is *Kelly* of Slide, Kelly, Slide.

Beery just now is one of Hollywood's busiest and most expensive stars. His prosperity started when he played *King Richard* to Doug Fairbanks' *Robin Hood*. Beery was born in Kansas City in the '80s. (The exact year is his own secret.) He ran away from home and joined a circus, where he became aid to the chief elephant trainer and, in time, inherited his job.

Beery drifted into stock, and for a while he was with Henry Irving. One night he became the talk of Broadway. Raymond Hitchcock was taken ill and his understudy, Beery, went on. The show was The Yankee Tourist. Wallie was an overnight sensation.

Russell Ball photo

GLORIA SWANSON, who works hard as a roistering, flinty jane in her first independently made picture, The Love of Sunya.

Broadway forgets easily, however, and Beery wandered on to the old Essanay studios in Chicago, where he was featured in a series of Swedish servant-girl comedies. Here Wallie distinguished himself by discovering and marrying Gloria Swanson, then an extra girl.

Don't overlook Harry Carey's graphic playing of the old catcher in Slide, Kelly, Slide. This Carey, although he was starred for years in broncho-busting Western film melodramas, is a New York boy. His father was a Manhattan jurist, Henry D. Carey. Harry Carey studied to be a lawyer, but, oddly enough, drifted to the stage, and for eight years appeared in such Western melodramas as Montana and The Heart of Alaska, mostly of his own writing. Carey invaded the films with D. W. Griffith and the old Biograph Company.

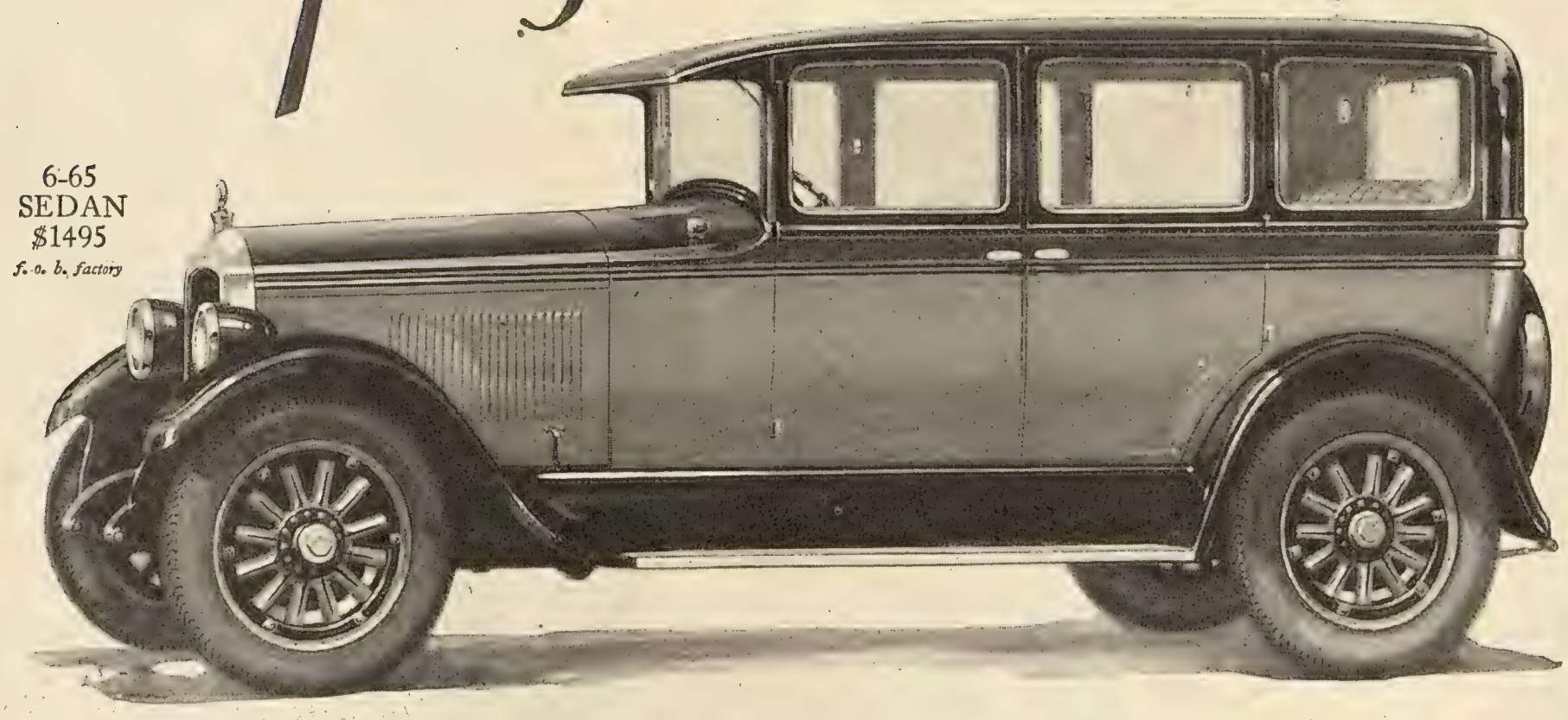
Brief Comment

The Love of Sunya—Gloria Swanson's first independently made film. The story of a young woman who, via the crystal ball, sees her future *if* she marries the wealthy man advocated by papa or *if* she follows an operatic career. The movie camera points both very neatly, thanks to Albert Parker's shrewd direction. So *Sunya* decides to marry the poor young man who loves her. Miss Swanson gives a roisterous performance of the hard-boiled *Sunya* who sings her way to the heart and pocketbook of Paris. This is her métier, as they say in Hollywood: flinty janes with pretty gowns and a sense of humor.

Do you know that—

Dolores Del Rio has been selected to be the heroine of the Klondike special, The Trail of '98? . . . William Haines' first starring vehicle is Spring Fever?

there is no finer "6" performance!



6-65
SEDAN
$1495
f. o. b. factory

THE BEAUTY of Paige is for others; its scintillating performance for you. True, you feel a deeper pride of ownership because of the style leadership your Paige enjoys, but you're inclined to forget its appearance in the enjoyment of its brilliant performance.

Have you driven a Paige 6-65 recently? If not, do not longer postpone the thrill of unalloyed enjoyment its flashing and brilliant performance never fails to provide. Your nearest Paige dealer will gladly place one of these fine Paige Sixes at your disposal at any time. And no obligation attends such a drive. For we want everyone who has admired Paige beauty to understand the brilliance of Paige performance.

There are very definite reasons why Paige cars deliver such surplus power and speed, and do it so smoothly and silently and effortlessly. Paige acceleration is not an accidental attribute, nor is Paige economy, nor Paige endurance.

The 6-65 Paige-built motor represents the culmination of 18 years of soundest engineering practice. It is thoroughly modern with a counterweighted crankshaft of tremendous size, with high-pressure lubrication to every moving part, with silent chain timing, bronze-backed interchangeable bearings, an air cleaner, thermostat—everything that seasoned engineering talent has stamped with its approval.

The Paige chassis is extremely rugged, and is suspended on springs of unusual length. Even the propeller-shaft is balanced. Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes are safe, self-equalizing and require no lubrication.

Yes, the "65" is a beautiful car—but it is a beautiful piece of mechanism, too. It is a car you will admire quite as much, if not more, for its fine performance as for its fine appearance.

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car In America

(900)

Bobby Jones

Super-Champion

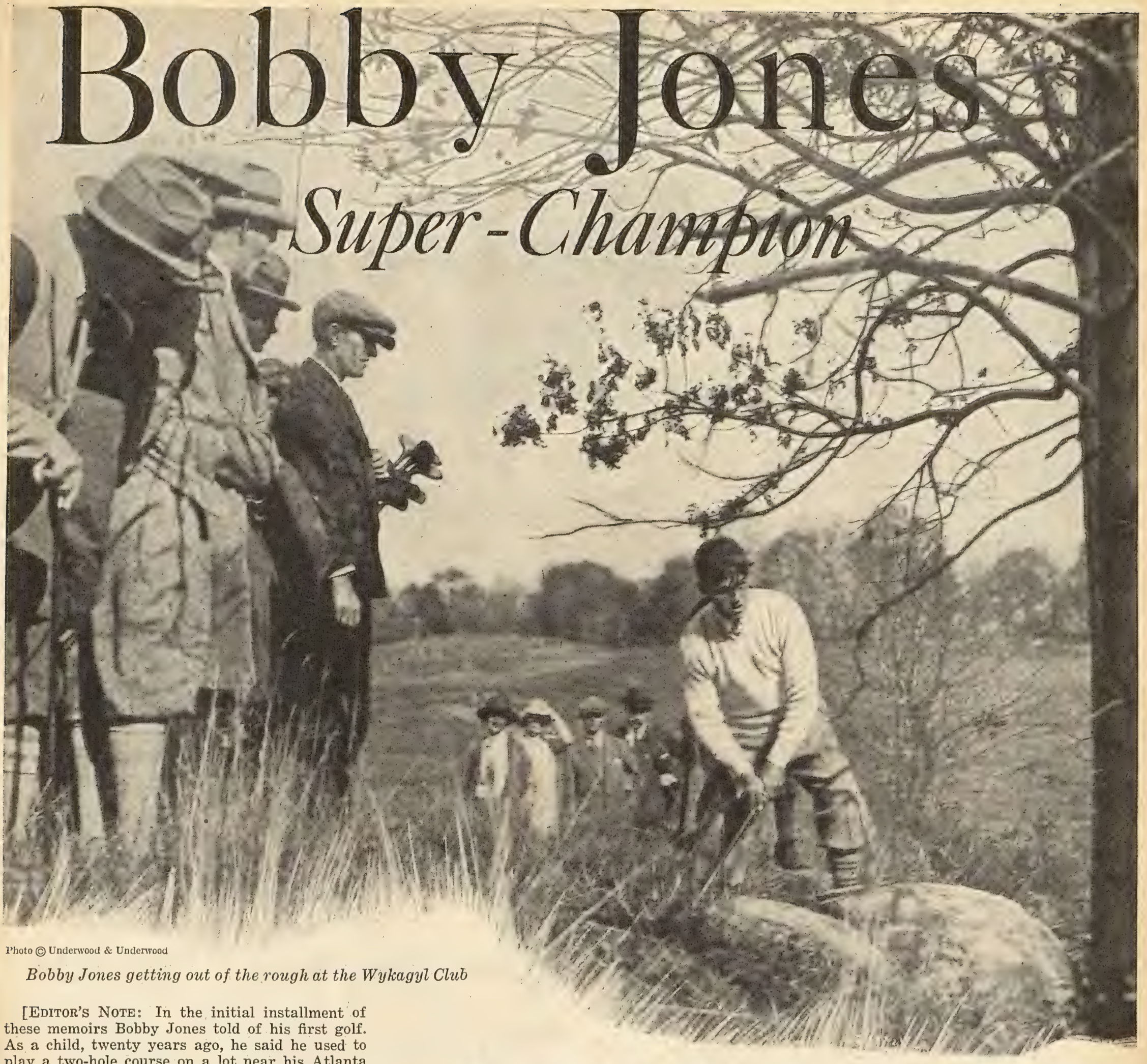


Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Bobby Jones getting out of the rough at the Wykagyl Club

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the initial installment of these memoirs Bobby Jones told of his first golf. As a child, twenty years ago, he said he used to play a two-hole course on a lot near his Atlanta home. One hole was a ditch, and he counted any part of that ditch into which his ball rolled as a hole. Notwithstanding his official record, he maintains he made many holes in one. He goes on now to tell how he gradually grew into the game through seeing great professionals of the time play, and of shooting his first 80—a high point in his career.]

PART TWO

I WAS shooting down around 90, and occasionally a stroke or two below, at the time of the club championship in 1912, and the old course at East Lake was a tough scoring proposition. The original course was an odd affair, as I recall it.

The first hole was a pitch of 165 yards, the third was another pitch of medium iron shot; and those were the only par three holes on the course.

After passing the third hole, there was a grueling stretch of fifteen holes without a short one, and most of them were long two-shotters, the hardest type of hole on which to keep scoring par.

The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur and His Bag of Tricks

As Told by Himself to

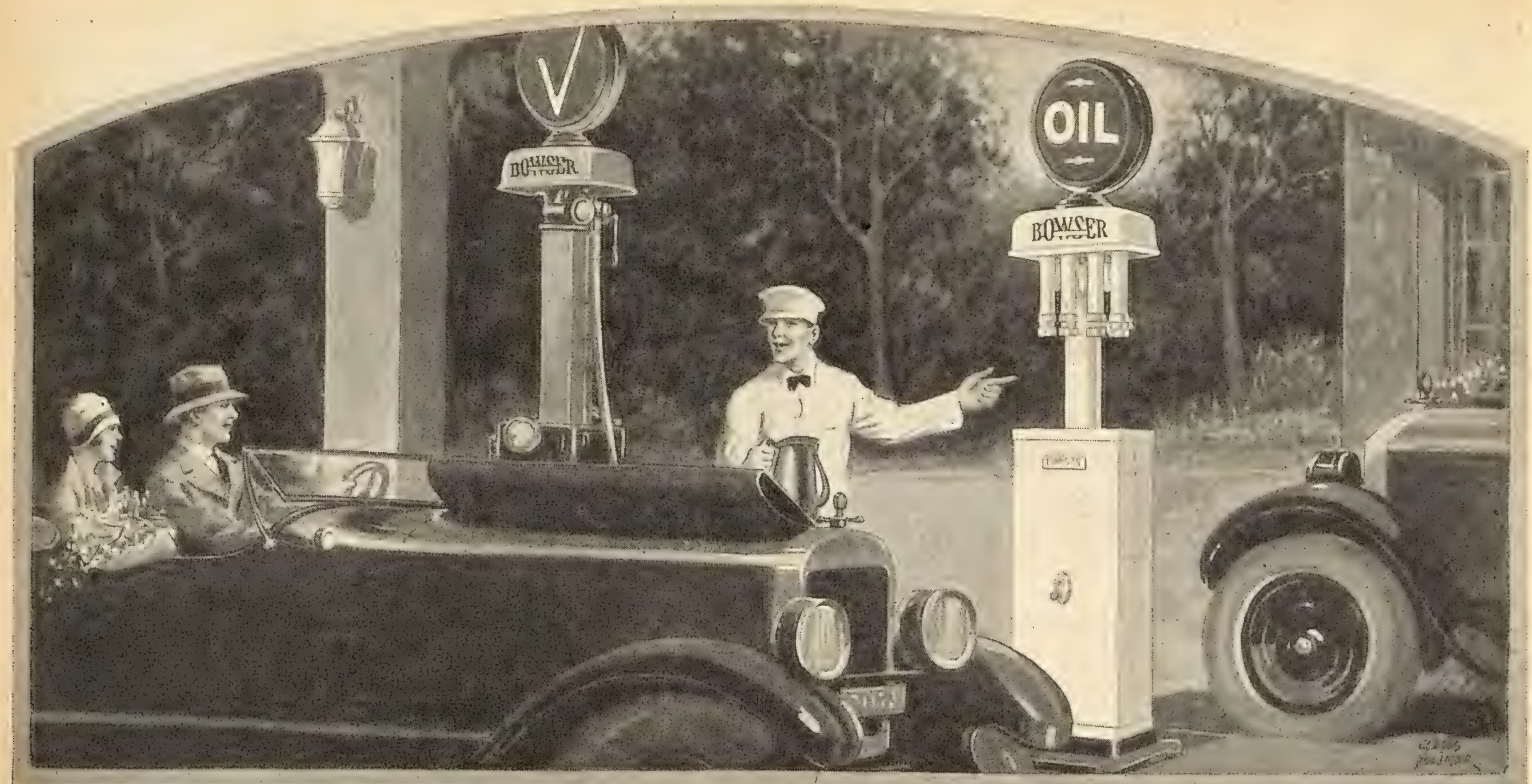
O. B. KEELER

This course was greatly changed in 1914, when George Adair and Stewart Maiden came back from a tour of Great Britain—Mr. Adair took Perry along, I remember—and the present course is nothing like the old one, though a few of the original holes still are in play. Stewart says the present course, while longer, is easier to score on.

It was in 1913, the year before the old course was changed and when I was eleven years old, that two things happened to me that now seem worthy of note, as influencing my association with golf. Up to that time, as suggested, golf was rather an incidental matter along with tennis and fishing and baseball; it was just another game, and if I could beat somebody at it I felt I had achieved something—just as when I managed to defeat someone at tennis, or when our side won at baseball.

NEVER, I suppose, had I the least notion that golf offered more than merely personal competition, as a game. Even when we had a medal round, I was trying to beat Perry or whoever seemed to be the most dangerous competitor.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]



$500.00 for a name

Fountain of Illuminated Oil

is too long a name. We want a better one, and will give $500.00 for the name. Judges will be oil company executives. Contest closes June 15th. If there is a tie, tying contestants get duplicate prizes. Send in the coupon, and get complete name contest rules, too, FREE!

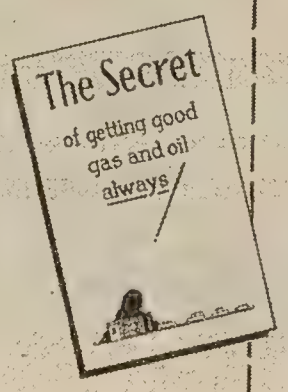
The Oil Fountain is *safe*, day and night. Shows you the oil, in natural color, *before* you buy. Perfectly illuminated—you are assured full measure. Buy from a Fountain, and *know* the oil is clean and pure, and the brand you ask for!

Day or night, The Oil Fountain is a "lighthouse" to steer you to a filling station "island" where you will get full measure of good gas and clean oil —always!

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885

free

Send in the coupon. Get FREE the "Secret" of buying oil and gas *safely!*



S. F. Bowser & Company, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Indiana, U. S. A.

Please send me "The secret of getting good gas and oil—always!"

*My name*_____

*My address*_____

I generally buy my gas and oil from:

*Station name*_____

*Station address*_____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

I kept my scores in every round of golf as a matter of course—and naturally I liked to get under 90. But the scoring itself was relatively a detached part of the affair, which, to my way of thinking, was a contest with somebody—not with something.

It may not be out of place here to say that I never won a major championship until I learned to play golf against some*thing* and not some*body*. And that something was par.

It took me many years to learn that, and a deal of heartache.

It was in 1913 that Harry Vardon and Ted Ray came over from Great Britain to play in our National Open championship at Brookline, and Francis Ouimet, then a boy nineteen, shot his way into a triple tie with the famous English professionals and beat them in the play-off.

That is the first golf I remember reading about in the papers. I began to feel that this was a real game.

In October, Vardon and Ray

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Winn photo

AT the top of Bobby's full swing. His left hand holds the club firmly, the right lightly, giving his shots extraordinary power. (Above.)

HOW to grip the club (below). This is the overlapping or Vardon grip, which gives Bobby's hands the comfortable, easy hold.

Winn photo

"—this luncheon will cost you more, Bill!"

"I've Said Good-bye to Indigestion!"

Both buyer and salesman had often lunched together before, but this time the buyer said: "Today I'm going to eat heavily."

"Great—but where did you get the new appetite?"

"Well, Bill, I've found a way to enjoy bigger and better lunches."

"How is that?" said the other.

"Why you see I now know how to fix my old enemy—indigestion. I just eat a few Life Saver Pep-O-Mints after each meal and presto—no more discomfort and suffering. I've said 'Good-bye' to indigestion."

* * *

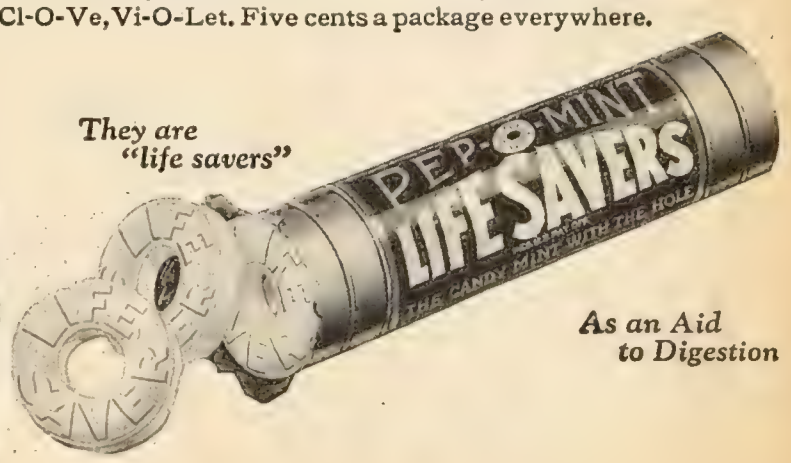
Why suffer from indigestion when you can relieve it so easily by using the same old method that our grandfathers used—peppermint?

Use it in this delicious new form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

Try them after meals when you first feel that heavy logy feeling coming over you or to relieve the irritating distress of indigestion. Pep-O-Mint is displayed at all good stores so that you may help yourself.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

They are "life savers"



As an Aid to Digestion

P. S. Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

JOHANNA SILVER UNEARTHS HER HEART'S DESIRE

A new idea, like hidden treasure, often lies buried for centuries. Then, one bright day, Progress unearths it, and the world gets a new thrill. So it was with the PIECES OF 8. Generations of young brides had hungered in vain for a set of silver with enough knives, forks and spoons to take care of "unexpected company." Then along came 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate with a set of silverware in "eights" instead of the usual shorthanded "six of each." Covers for eight in table essentials—34 pieces all told—in a gorgeous Spanish Treasure Chest—retailing for . . . $49.50.

And today, wherever silverware is sold, you'll find that the already famous PIECES OF 8 Chest is the fastest-selling chest in the silverware department. . . . To match flatware in PIECES OF 8 Chest, tea and dinner services may be had in any of the 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverplate patterns.

. . .

·1847 ROGERS BROS·
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

MAY WE SEND YOU OUR NEW BOOK?—*A most charming little brochure . . . beautifully illustrated . . . and containing a gold mine of suggestions for the hostess on both formal and informal entertaining. A copy is yours for the asking. Address Dept. E-83, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

played an exhibition match at East Lake with Stewart Maiden and Willie Mann, professional at the new Druid Hills Golf Club in Atlanta, and defeated our boys one up, Ray having to sink an eight-foot putt on the thirty-sixth green to get a half and win the match.

This was the first big match I had ever watched, and I followed every step of the thirty-six holes. Ray's tremendous driving impressed me more than Vardon's beautiful, smooth style, though I couldn't get away from the fact that Harry was scoring more consistently. Par—par—par, and then another par; Harry's card was progressing.

They played thirty-six holes at East Lake and thirty-six more at Brookhaven next day, and I remember Vardon's scores: 72-72-73-71; a total of 288, or an exact average of fours all the way. I remember thinking that fours seemed to be good enough to win almost anything.

Today I would not qualify that eleven-year-old estimate of mine. I'll take fours anywhere, at any time.

On the twelfth hole of the afternoon round at East Lake, Ted Ray made a shot that stands out in my mind today as the greatest I have seen.

Our boys had finished the morning round two down, but had started brilliantly after luncheon, especially Stewart, and had got in the lead. Then, beginning with the twelfth hole, the visitors executed four birdies in succession and went back in front. Vardon got the birdie at No. 12; but Ray, getting his par four, produced an astonishing shot.

His drive was the longest of the four, as usual, but right behind a tree. The tree was about forty feet in height, with thick foliage, and the ball was no more than the tree's altitude back of it, the tree being exactly in line with the green.

As Ray walked up to his ball, the more sophisticated members of the gallery were speculating as to whether he would essay to slice his shot around the obstacle to the green, 170 yards away, or pull around it on the other side.

As for me, I didn't see anything he could do. He was out of luck, I was sure.

Big Ted took one look at the ball and another at the green, a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bobby Jones Collection

Bobby used a flatter swing than now when, at the age of nine, he won the junior golfing championship of the Atlanta Athletic Club.

"Daddy,
*your face doesn't scratch
. . any more!"*

There's a secret in Mennen, a secret all its own which we call *dermutation*. Dermutation softens the beard and relaxes the tiny microscopic mounds surrounding each hair. Beneath this beard-softening action your razor glides easily and smoothly without resistance; without a drag; without a nick. Mennen makes shaving easy, quick and pleasant.

And you'll be amazed at the improvement in the tone and feel that Mennen brings to your face. Five pure emollients cleanse and tone up tired skins.

Invest 50c—four bits—in the big tube of Mennen. Your face will feel the difference and others will see it.

To know the real luxury of a *complete* Mennen shave, use Mennen Skin Balm after shaving. Gives a cool, fresh tingle to the face and is antiseptic. Large tube 50c. Use it every morning along with Mennen Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

A hundred new tooth brushes in ONE

The biggest, newest idea yet advanced in the cleaning of teeth—the small, *refillable* tooth brush. The Tefra handle is permanent—the brush removable. You have all the fresh, new brushes you want—for only a fraction of ordinary tooth brush cost. Dentists everywhere are recommending the small brush. The small Tefra gets everywhere, cleans thoroughly the most difficult recesses and angles. Permanent handle and two refills of the finest bristles obtainable, only $1. Additional refills, 2 for 50c, 5 for $1.

TEFRA
Refill
TOOTHBRUSH

The next best thing to your dentist

If your druggist hasn't received his supply of Tefra Tooth Brushes, write his name below, enclosing $1. We will mail a Tefra Brush and one extra refill.

.....MAIL THIS COUPON.....

The TEFRA Co., Dayton, Ohio, Dept. 11-F
Gentlemen: I am enclosing $1 for Tefra Tooth Brush and extra refill. Bristles: Medium☐ Hard☐

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... *State*.....

Druggist's Name.....

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Thirty-seven

fair iron shot away, with the tree between. Then, without hesitation, he drew a mashie-niblick, and he hit that ball harder, I believe, than I ever have seen a ball hit since, knocking it down as if he would drive it through to China.

Up flew a divot the size of Ted's ample foot. Up also came the ball, buzzing like a partridge from the prodigious spin imparted by that tremendous wallop—almost straight up it went, cleared that tree by several yards, and sailed on at the height of an office building, to drop on the green not far from the hole.

The gallery was in paroxysms. I remember how men pounded each other on the back and crowed and cackled and shouted and clapped their hands. As for me, I didn't really believe it. To this day a sort of wonder persists in my memory. It was the greatest shot I ever saw.

Yet, when it was all over, there was old Harry, shooting par all that day and the next. And I couldn't forget that, either. Harry seemed to be playing something besides Stewart and Willie—something I couldn't see—which kept him serious and far away from the gallery and his opponents, even from his big partner. He seemed to be playing against something or someone not in the match at all. I couldn't understand it, but it seemed that way.

And that year, a bit later, I shot an 80 for the first time on the old course at East Lake.

I remember it with a peculiar distinctness. I was playing with Perry, and for once I wasn't bothering about what Perry was doing or whether I was beating him or he was beating me. I was scoring better than I ever had scored before, and I couldn't think about anything else. And when I got down a four-foot putt on the last green for an even 80, which I never had done before, I made Perry sign my card, and then I set off at a trot to find dad. I knew he was on the course, and I ran clear across it to the fourteenth green, and found him there.

I had sense enough to wait until he was through putting; dad was impatient of interruptions when he was putting. Then I walked up to him and held out the card. I remember my hand was trembling a good deal.

Dad took the card and looked at it and then he looked at me. I don't remember what he said. But suddenly he put his arms around me and hugged me—hard. And I do remember that his eyes looked sort of queer. I think now they must have been wet.

I suppose that is the first round I ever played against the invisible opponent whose tangible form is the card and pencil, the toughest opponent of them all—Old Man Par.

THE year 1914 was on the immemorable side in golf, for me, except that the new course at East Lake was put in play and I felt rather lonesome for a while.

I never had played anywhere but on the old course, which was what is technically called a left-handed course — you traveled around it from left to right, clockwise—and I had some trouble getting used to the new course, which, like most modern designs, goes counter-clockwise most of the way.

I never could understand why the clockwise course should be called left-handed, because it is the most unsuitable design for a left-handed golfer, since out-of-bounds is on the side to catch a left-hander's slice, and nearly all left-handers are slicers. For that matter, most right-handers slice also, and should do better on what is called a left-handed course, where they might slice as far as they could without going out of bounds.

O. B. Keeler Collection

The champion with some of his famous elders. (Left to right) Ted Ray, Bobby Jones, James Braid, and Harry Vardon. Ray and Vardon were two of his childhood heroes.

At the time the East Lake course was changed, that phase of it didn't affect me, as I was as likely to be off line one way as another. Now I do better on the more fashionable design, as I am off line mostly on the left.

At this period I was going to school regularly and had outgrown the habit of wading in puddles. I was playing more golf than tennis, as I had begun to suspect that I could play golf better; but in the few club tournaments I entered my success was indifferent.

I was regularly in either the second or the third flight and never seemed to win anything. Perry Adair and I played every Sunday, and I still watched Stewart Maiden play occasionally, simply from interest in his performance and with no idea of improving my own game or modeling it on his.

Stewart Maiden universally is termed my teacher, and the general idea is that Stewart started to teach me as soon as I was able to fall out of a cradle.

This is quite wrong. Stewart never gave me a golf lesson. though he has spent many hours,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Look for the name "Balcrank" on the eye

Cars of Distinction...

— deserve the modern protection of BALCRANKS

THRILLING speed, startling acceleration, terrific power! The distinctive cars of 1927 fairly ROAR their message.

Our entire mode of life has quickened! We dash from office to Country Club—Country Club to dinner—dinner to theatre, without a moment to spare!

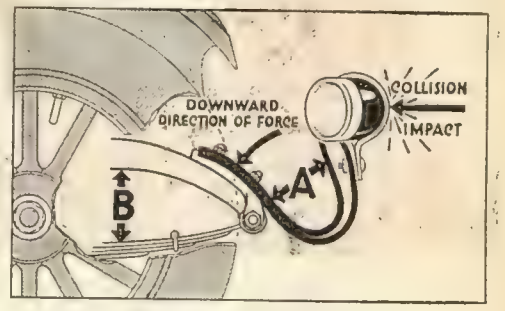
To meet this new mode of living—to protect your life as well as your car, Balcrank Collision Absorbers offer you a double method of absorbing collisions.

Think of what this means to the occupants of your car! Sudden jolts, (so often resulting in serious injuries) may now be eliminated by this new principle of safety.

Balcranks embody a new grace—a color-harmony that instantly attracts attention. And the beauty lasts—the finish will not chip or peel. The trimmings cannot rust.

Progressive car dealers, everywhere, carry Balcranks. For bumpers are seldom furnished by the car manufacturer. Balcranks are priced from $42.50 to $55.00 per complete set. Insist on them for your new car. THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The only method that utilizes the car springs



A sudden collision is first absorbed by the tempered Balcrank springs, "A". Any excess shock is then directed by a DOWNWARD motion into the car springs, "B", where it, too is absorbed.

BALCRANK

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COLLISION ABSORBERS

©1927 C B C Co

THE STYLE THAT MAKES 'EM LOOK AT YOUR CAR

My mother is the best mother in the world!

My mother is better than any other boy's mother. She always laughs an' gives me the money to buy Eskimo Pies for me an' my little sister. She says goodness knows there's nothin' in them that isn't good for us an' that everything in them does us good.

She says she doesn't know of anything else that costs as little and gives as much as Eskimo Pie. Why, my little sister almost forgets her politeness an' grabs for it! I don't blame her. I can't peel that silver wrapper back quick enough to sink my teeth in that rich, crunchy choc'late coatin' an right on down into that big, thick helpin' of cold, *de-lishus* ice cream—an' then just take little bites so the good taste will last a long while!

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

© 1927, E. P. Corp.

Eat Ice Cream for Health

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information can be obtained by writing us

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write us.* Eskimo Pie Corporation, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

ESKIMO PIE

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside! And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie.*

Over two hundred million sold yearly

GENERAL OFFICES:
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
at the
"Cross-roads of the Nation"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

most of them profane, coaching me when I was in a slump with one club or another. I picked up my game watching him play, unconsciously and as imitatively as a monkey.

I grew up swinging so precisely like Stewart that when I was fifteen years old, and a chunky kid about Stewart's size and shape—I was playing in long trousers in those days, as Stewart always has played—an old friend of Stewart's mistook me for him on the Roebuck Country Club course at Birmingham.

I was playing in the Southern Amateur championship — or, rather, I was playing a practice round before that tournament—and this man, who had not seen Stewart since he left Carnoustie, was standing by dad as I was driving off the tenth tee in the distance.

O. B. Keeler Collection

It must have been a funny joke that Walter Hagen (left) told Bobby at St. Anne's, England, where Bobby won the British Open last year.

"WHEN did Stewart Maiden get here?" he inquired.

Dad told him Stewart was not there at all.

"You can't fool me," was the rejoinder. "I saw Stewart drive just now from the tenth tee. Think I don't know that old Carnoustie swing?"

"Nevertheless," dad told him, "that happens to be my son Rob under that swing."

Stewart taught Alexa Stirling at the beginning of her golf career, and she too had the "old Carnoustie swing." Indeed, Alexa now plays a good deal more like Stewart than I do.

I have changed some points of my swing, due to increasing anatomical differences—I am heavier than Stewart and wider across the shoulders and thicker in the chest. Perhaps in the head, too, as some of my alterations seem not to have worked out advantageously.

IN one regard, certainly, I went back two years ago to the old original Carnoustie style, and got back my drive just when it seemed an attack of smothering and pulling would drive me crazy.

So I was still following Stewart around, and Stewart wasn't noticing me particularly, so far as I could see, though he did give me a tip once in a while, and made me a fine set of clubs.

I also acquired fancies in golf balls at this time. Earlier, a golf ball was a golf ball and nothing more. I never had played with the gutta-percha, or gutty, of course, and never had heard of it.

The rubber-cored ball went on the market in 1902, the year I was born. The first ball I played with, after I began to notice that there were different kinds, was a Haskell Whiz—a fascinating ball marked with a little blue circle.

I liked it a lot, and then, being fickle, I fancied the Dunlop Bramble and the Zome Zodiac, the latter name apparently hypnotizing me. As late as 1916, the first year I played in a major championship, I was changing about frequently—sometimes in the same round.

There was a big invitation tournament at East Lake, when it started raining the day before the tournament and rained steadily all through the event.

I was fond of the Black Circle

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

The luxury of Truly Parisian Styling with a Slenderizing Swing

An American girl, Mary Bendelari, evolves the most beautiful shoes in the world—all the bewitchery of Paris combined with American comfort. From her Paris shop, at Rue St. Honore, has recently come the new Sandalari shoes.

Never again need you hunt for the just-right hose to harmonize with costume accessories—shoes, gloves, purse. In Everwear you will find a rainbow of colors and tones that exactly blend with the lovely gloves and shoes of America and Paris, and also match those popular leather handbags from Italy and Berlin. To give a really amazing brightness to a neutral costume, try the infinite possibilities of different gay little shoes with harmonizing purse, gloves and Everwear hose. ¶Even when the budget is a wee thing, you can get ever so much in moderately priced Everwear. Just try Everwear once, and you'll never want anything else.

If your store does not keep Everwear, write us and we'll see that you get it.

THE EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY
Pioneer Makers of Quality Hosiery for Women, Men and Children
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Everwear—Everywhere"

Everwear SUPREME VALUE Hosiery TRADE MARK

"I thought I was so careful . . *and I ruined them!*"

She knows now that there is only one way to wash delicate fabrics

23 Flint Road, Watertown, Mass.
[Suburb of Boston]

"AMONG MY WEDDING PRESENTS were two handsome pairs of blankets which I took great pride in. When the time came to wash one pair I was afraid to trust them to anyone else. I washed them myself. I thought I was being so careful and I ruined them! To my horror they came out harsh and stiff and matted!

"An older married friend who was visiting me at the time told me that there are two things that quickly ruin delicate fabrics, especially woolens—rubbing with cake soap or the free alkali in so many soaps, regardless of whether they are flakes or chips or cakes. She suggested that I wash the second pair in Lux. I followed her advice and to my joy, they came out as beautiful and soft as the day they were given to me!" —*Ann J. Liston.*

(A recent investigation shows that 76% of the women interviewed in Boston wash their fine things, including blankets, in Lux.)

These three interesting letters were selected from the 475,000 received this year by Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts

12 East Abington Ave., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia

"I ALWAYS THOUGHT I paid enough for my silk stockings to have them last longer. But in no time they would 'wear out' unexpectedly, often causing me great embarrassment.

"This happened at a dance recently. The stockings I wore were practically new, having been washed only a couple of times, yet a 'run' suddenly appeared, to my great confusion. The next day I took the stockings back to the store and asked for an explanation. They told me that sheer stockings are too delicate to trust to most soaps and advised me to use Lux. I've used Lux ever since and my stockings stay lovely so much longer!"

—*Alberta H. Williams.*

(75% of the women interviewed in Philadelphia use Lux for washing their precious possessions.)

941 Tower Road, Winnetka, Ill.
(BELOW) [Suburb of Chicago]

"LIKE SO MANY MOTHERS, I think my baby girl is the most precious one in all the world. Toward the end of her first year she became fretful and naturally I was very much distressed. In despair I consulted an old family doctor. The first thing he asked me was how I washed the baby's clothes. Then he went on to tell me how cruelly irritating harsh, shrunken woolens are to tender little bodies. He said, too, that shrunken woolens retard the proper growth of bones. He advised me to wash my baby's woolens in Lux because it won't *shrink* woolens. I use Lux now for washing all of baby's clothes and her disposition is sweet and cheerful all the time. I am certainly grateful to Lux!" —*Mrs. Walter Stocklin.*

(78% of the women interviewed in Chicago use Lux.)

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER— IT'S SAFE IN LUX

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

ball then, a small and heavy and tightly wound ball with great distance (I believed), and against the wind on the wet turf I used the Black Circle. With the wind I changed to a Black Domino—a big ball which sat up better in the soggy grass.

I had ideas about golf ballistics in those days, or thought I had. Those old balls with the fancy names! All in the discard long ago—but I loved them devotedly in turn.

As to my progress the next year or two after making that epochal score of 80 on the old course at East Lake, my recollection is hazy. If, indeed, I was impressed with the importance of Old Man Par as a factor in golf, the impression was subjective and promptly overlaid by the more obvious features of the game. As far as I remember, I continued just playing, trying to beat people, and butting into tournaments whenever I could manage to do so.

Bobby Jones Collection

The three little golfing musketeers who figure prominently in these memoirs. (Left to right) Bobby Jones, Perry Adair, and Frank Meador.

I think I liked competitive golf a good deal better than I do now. All the last year I have been thinking what a wonderful thing it would be to reach the place where I could hang up my clubs, and with them the obligations they entail when used in major competitions. And yet, when I would see in the papers that the boys were assembling for the Open or the Amateur—I don't know.

An old war horse at twenty-five? Well, it looks a long, long way back to Merion in 1916.

I was beginning to read about golf in the papers at the time—in 1914—and I remember what an odd shock I got when I read that Chick Evans, playing at Sandwich in the British Amateur championship, and favored to win, had been beaten by somebody named Macfarlane in what the account said was a "miracle round."

CHICK had played the first nine holes in thirty-six, which was par, and was five down! I remember a sort of catch in my breath when I read that, and continued to read that Macfarlane had played the first nine holes in thirty-one strokes, including a bad six on a par four hole. I thought, what kind of golf is this? And what the dickens is there to do if somebody shoots that kind of golf at you?

I have found out, more than once. Mostly, you take a licking as philosophically as possible. I've had enough of them to be somewhat philosophical about those I will get in the future.

How Jess Sweetser did pour it to me, that first nine at Brookline, starting with the mashie-niblick pitch he holed for an eagle two against my birdie three on the second hole! I was worse off than Chick at Sandwich—I was six down at the turn, though I had not played as good golf as Chick. But I played well enough the next nine. I shot a 34—and gained back only one hole! Oh, the boys have poured it to me frequently!

THERE was Max Marston, shooting five under par for the last nineteen holes of our match at Flossmore in the National Amateur. But this is getting ahead of the story, and the first thing I know I'll be telling about young Andrew Jamieson, one of the finest kids I ever met, and how he stopped me cold in the last British Amateur championship.

I must have been improving pretty fast through 1914; for the next year, when I was thirteen, I won two club championships and was allowed to play in the Southern Amateur championship and two big invitation tournaments away from home. The club championships came last, and the first big fixture of the year was the annual invitation tournament at Montgomery, Alabama.

George Adair was taking Perry, and he persuaded dad to let me go along with them. Perry was going in great style by this time, and he and his father qualified in the first flight and met in the finals, Mr. Adair beating Perry and then going around looking as if he'd lost his last friend.

I didn't do so well in the medal round. It seems I had forgotten all about the kick I got from that first 80 at East Lake. I qualified in the second flight, which disgusted me immensely.

Probably I was pretty cocky in those days, and when I got to the final round of the second flight, and was beaten by a man named Hickman who played left-handed, I wanted to throw my clubs in the river and give up the darned game.

After getting into the second flight, someway it seemed adding insult to injury to be trimmed by a man who stood on the wrong side of his ball.

You see, golf still was just a game at which to beat someone. And of course I didn't know that the someone was myself.

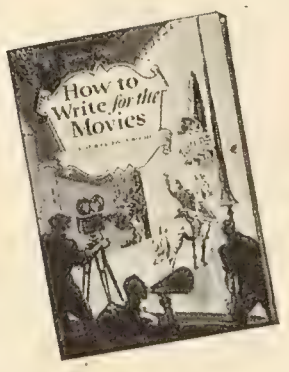
In the next installment of his biography, in next week's LIBERTY, Bobby Jones tells how he realized that Old Man Par really was his only adversary and of his first recognition as a golfer.

Have You an Idea for a Movie? HOLLYWOOD Free!

MISS MAY ALLISON
Fox Star
enjoys Romance Selections

HAVE YOU ever dreamed of meeting the screen stars face to face, of strolling about the huge studios, watching the filming of the various pictures? Would you like to lunch with your screen favorites at the MONTMARTRE *in* HOLLYWOOD? *The* SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST *offers you the opportunity.*

A FULL week in HOLLYWOOD *with all expenses paid. Introductions to the stars. Limousines to convey you between hotel and studios. A joyful week in the land of romance. All this for an idea for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of* ROMANCE CHOCOLATES *plays a prominent part. Read the conditions and start thinking.*



ROMANCE SELECTIONS at $1.00 contains so many different kinds of chocolates that everyone's preference is easily satisfied. Liquid cordials, solid nuts, new and dainty combinations, all made with the finest skill in a modern plant—all these in this marvellous box. In addition, free of charge, the illustrated booklet, *"How to Write for the Movies."*

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
   MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay.*
   MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life.*
   MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty.*
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, *"How to Write for the Movies,"* is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to *Contest Manager,* COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Much better taste than his father has the young man of today. And he gives much more attention to the many details, large and small, that make for distinction in his appearance

This young man is more fastidious

Compare his watch with the one his father carried at his age—both cased by Wadsworth

Wadsworth Cases led the styles when these were the fashion

It shows in everything he wears. In the cut of his clothes, freer, more comfortable, and smarter, too. In the courage of his necktie, selected with easy sureness for its harmony with the rest of his attire. In the modest dignity of his jewelry.

And, of course, in his watch. Gracefully slender, light in weight, elegantly simple in design. Compare it with the ponderously ornate watches of a generation ago!

And note, by the way, that he owns two, a strap watch and a watch for his pocket—each with its separate purpose. He knows that one is often appropriate where the other is not. He would no more think of wearing his strap watch to the theater in the evening than of wearing his pocket watch on the links.

Decidedly, he is more fastidious than his father was. That is why, now even more than ever, the leading watchmakers and importers turn to Wadsworth for the encasement of their finest movements. For Wadsworth Cases have led the style in the dress of fine watches for more than thirty-five years.

When you buy a watch, therefore, you will probably find that it already comes dressed in a case by Wadsworth. If not, ask that it be so dressed. For the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the movement.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON, KENTUCKY, SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

Here's Ann's Brother, IKE:

HOW OLD IS HE?

Another Sam Loyd Puzzle

PUZZLE No. 2 from Sam Loyd's laboratory of tricks involves some tall figuring. Hence you'd better sharpen up a few pencils and brush up on your algebra before you tackle it.

As we said in starting this series by the world's greatest riddle-maker, we do not want you to send your answers to us. Hold them and compare them with the correct solution published next week. You'll find the answer to last week's puzzle at the bottom of this column.

And now for Puzzle No. 2:

HOW OLD IS IKE?

ABOUT thirty years ago I rocked the world of puzzlers with my little puzzle, "How Old Is Ann?"

After all these years I think I have hit on another that, if anything, is a little bit better than that other famous riddle.

In the picture Alkali Ike and Big Chief Brown Bear are battling for the checker championship of Gooseflesh Gulch. During the great game two of the boys began ruminating about the age of the battlers:

"Ike's got age and experience," said one facetiously. "You can see plain enough that while Ike has sixty hanging over him, the Injun Bear is over forty."

"Cheap wit, but purty close," admitted the other. "I happen to know them fellows' ages exact."

"What are they, Bill?"

"Guess, and the drinks is on me."

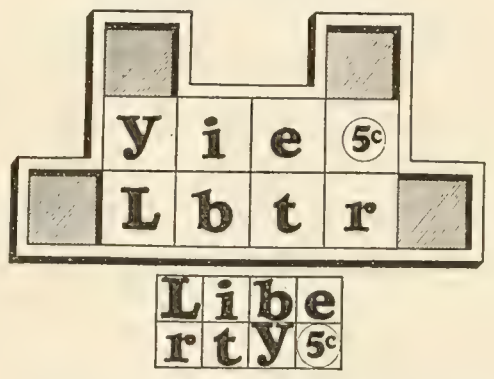
"Shoot."

"All right, here goes: Ike is one and a quarter times as old as the Bear was when Ike was ten years older than the Bear is today, and together their ages add up to exactly one hundred years."

It was a neat little puzzle, but prohibition came before the cowboy ever collected his drink on it.

Can you do any better and guess the ages of Ike and the Bear before LIBERTY publishes them next week?

Our Own Puzzle



ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE: The problem here was to move the letters in the upper diagram around one space at a time until they came out in the order shown in the lower picture, using only twenty-six moves. Here's how it can be done: Move L to left, Y down; I left, B up, T and R to left; 5¢ down, E and B to right, T up, Y right, E up, B and T right; Y up, R left; T down, Y and I right, L right, L up, R and T left, Y down, B left, and E down. It's easy when you know how.

Sam Loyd

Here is a way to sparkling loveliness

Youthful Beauty instantly

with these youthful shades of Pompeian Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

USED together, these two toiletries give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity and for its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. Like the rich warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares must be your very own.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out the coupon and mail it with Four Cents in stamps. You will receive samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box—powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.

New

SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
3210 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I should like to try the Powder and Bloom samples mentioned in your offer—enclosed please find 4c in stamps, as requested.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State _____

Powder shade wanted_____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

WHAT THIS SYMBOL MEANS TO YOU

—diversified public service—progressive, unified management

In over 3000 communities in 32 states this symbol of the Cities Service organization is known and respected. It stands for public services performed satisfactorily for millions of people—

1—Gasoline and oil supplied at retail and wholesale through stations and dealers in 25 states. Cities Service has 4000 wells, 1000 miles of oil pipe-lines, 7 refineries, 3000 tank cars, a fleet of ships and more than 800 service stations.

2—Electric light furnished for 1,600,000 people and electric power for factories, mines and other industrial enterprises.

3—Over 72,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas and manufactured gas supplied yearly for cooking, heating, lighting and for industrial use.

4—$10,000,000 of appliances supplied yearly to gas and electric customers of Cities Service properties.

The symbol of Cities Service is your assurance of the highest type of service, rendered by a vast organization—one with $500,000,000 of diversified properties and 20,000 trained employees.

That Cities Service has won an outstanding position among the country's great public service enterprises is evidenced by the fact that the organization now has more than 275,000 security-holders, including many customers of the various Cities Service properties and many insurance companies, banks, trust companies and other institutions.

"Serving a Nation" is the title of an illustrated booklet describing the growth and activities of the Cities Service organization and its fiscal agents, Henry L. Doherty & Company. A copy will be sent free upon request addressed to Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Goldman Band Concerts are broadcast by Cities Service Company Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Standard Time and 7 p. m. Central Time, through the following stations: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WGN, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions will be republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—How did the word assassin originate?

2—What is the origin of the bow on the band inside a man's hat?

3—When did the United States have three different Presidents on as many days?

4—When and by whom was the adhesive postage stamp invented?

5—Which is the largest of all bears? Which is the most ferocious?

6—What is the lowest age at which a girl may marry with the consent of her parents?

7—What was the largest diamond ever found?

8—What river in South America is named for a former President of the United States?

9—Can a city segregate its inhabitants according to race?

10—Is the earth really round?

11—What city in America had the first subway?

12—In what sex does the greater percentage of appendicitis cases occur?

13—What birds are most abundant in the United States?

14—How many shells did the American, British, and French armies use during the last year of the World War?

15—What ordinary business message is it illegal to send on a postal card?

16—What body of water in the United States is below sea level?

17—What is the length of the American-Canadian boundary line from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

18—How many vessels sail the seas, not counting the navies of the world, and how many are wrecked annually?

19—What foreign country has the largest quota under the restricted immigration laws of the United States?

20—Which of the Great Lakes is the most treacherous, and why?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered

1—What has been the average number of children in the families of the Presidents?
A.—The average is 3.76. President Tyler, who married twice, heads the list with fourteen, while Presidents Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, and Harding had none. Buchanan was a bachelor.

2—Which State of the United States has the most diversified boundary?
A.—New York is bounded by two lakes (Erie and Ontario), one foreign country (Canada), five other States (Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania), and one ocean (the Atlantic).

3—Who ranks higher in British nobility, an earl or a marquis?
A.—A marquis.

4—What gave rise to the custom that a man walking with a woman should take the side of the sidewalk nearer the street?
A.—In former times water and refuse fell from roofs and upper windows into an open ditch between street and sidewalk. Women therefore were given the side farthest from the ditch.

5—How much paper money is there in the United States?
A.—On February 28, 1927, there was $5,746,386,844, according to Treasury Department figures.

6—What is the longest bridge span in the world?
A.—The span over the Hudson River—Bear Mountain Bridge—three miles north of Peekskill, New York. Length, 1,634 feet.

7—Which is farther south—the tip of Florida or the tip of Texas?
A.—The tip of Florida.

8—What was the pen name of the famous American humorist, Charles F. Browne?
A.—Artemus Ward.

9—Why is the morris chair so called?
A.—Because it was invented by William Morris, the famous English artist and craftsman.

10—What is the size limit for a parcel-post package?
A.—Length and girth combined, not more than eighty-four inches.

11—What is the probable origin of the gypsies?
A.—Ethnologists believe that gypsies are remnants of a tribe from Egypt.

12—What is the fastest time ever made by a sailing ship crossing the Atlantic?
A.—Twelve days, by the clipper Dreadnaught in 1859.

13—What pitcher of the National League pitched in forty games in one season and never started one?
A.—Louis North, St. Louis, 1921.

14—What is the average number of thunderstorms daily throughout the world?
A.—Science calculates that there are about 40,000.

15—Which team won the championship of the National Professional Football League in 1926?
A.—The Frankfords of Philadelphia.

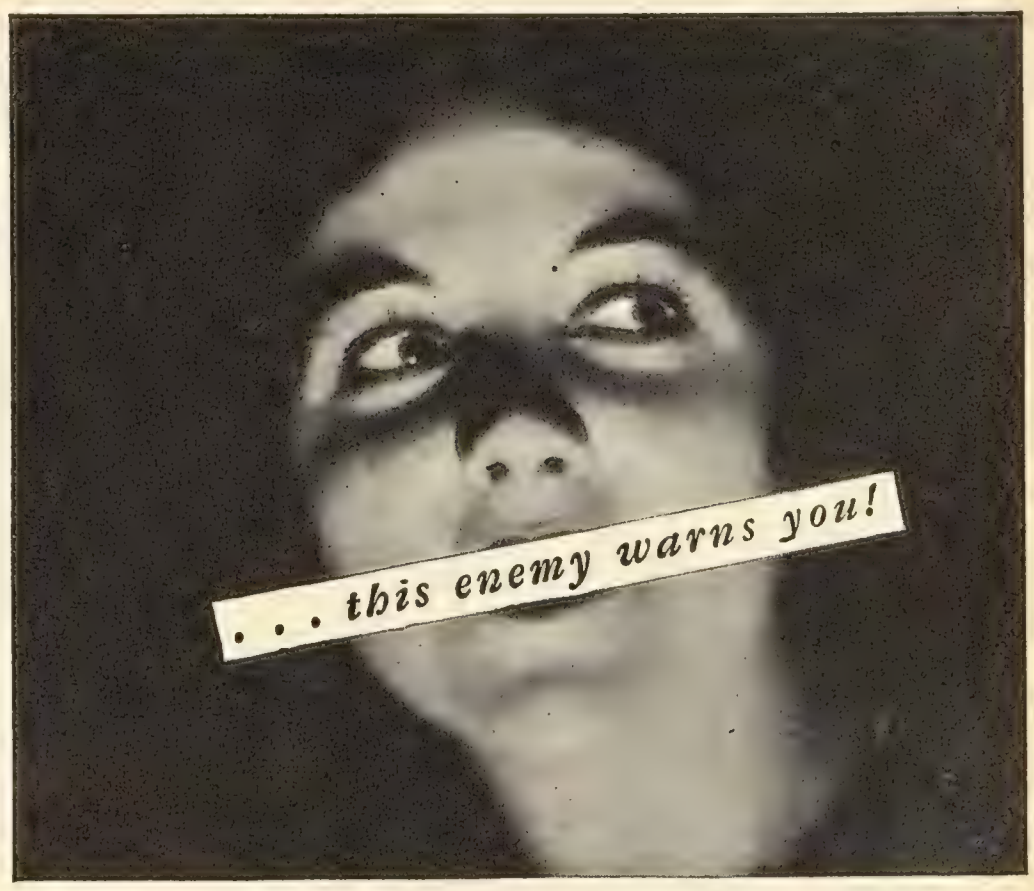
16—Is the United States an agricultural or a manufacturing country?
A.—Census reports for 1925 show that 26.3 per cent of those employed in gainful occupations are in farming; 30.8 per cent in manufacturing.

17—What is the difference between plate glass and window glass?
A.—One is rolled and the other blown.

18—Does any animal hide its head in the sand when threatened?
A.—No. The ostrich has been supposed popularly to do so, but there is no evidence that such is the case.

19—What are the commonest diseases spread by house flies?
A.—Typhoid, diphtheria, and tuberculosis.

20—What American scientist is known as the father of the Weather Bureau?
A.—James Pollard Espy (1785-1860), author of The Philosophy of Storms.



4 out of 5 start too late

Among the people you see today, four out of five past forty (and many younger) are victims of Pyorrhea—simply because they started too late to protect teeth and gums.

Pyorrhea starts with tender, bleeding gums. Unchecked, it undermines youth, health and beauty. Too often it results in loss of teeth, neuritis, ulcers, rheumatism or other serious diseases.

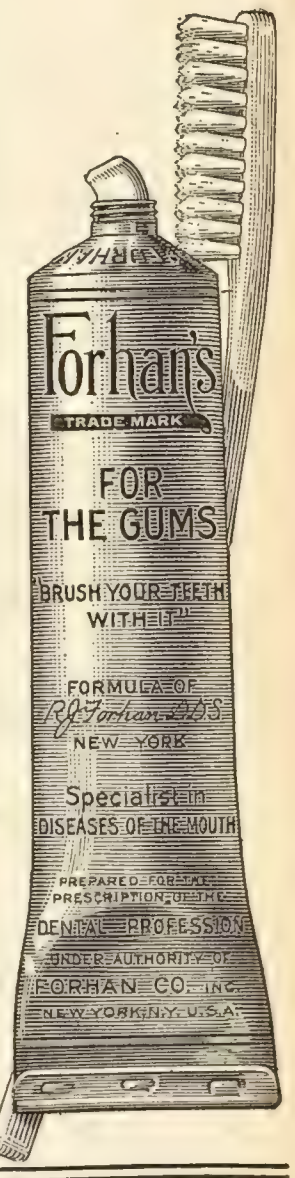
But have no fear. If you start in time, you can check the vicious inroads of Pyorrhea. If your gums are spongy or bleeding, see your dentist at once for examination. And start now using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's thwarts Pyorrhea or checks it. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., a recognized specialist for years in Pyorrhea.

Forhan's firms the gums, keeps them healthy. It protects teeth from acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white. It guards your youth and health.

Don't gamble with your health. See your dentist twice a year. And start the Forhan morning-and-night habit, now. Teach your children to use it, too, as health-insurance. Play safe. Get a tube today. At all druggists 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

You can be sure of this

Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it. All druggists, 35c and 60c.

COME *to My* HOUSE

The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love

A Serial by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"IT would be rather brutal of me to insist on marriage, wouldn't it?" she said lightly.

EVERYONE said of Floyd Bennings that he was "a strange young man." Joan Century they found charming, with a dash of gallantry—and nicknamed her "Johnny." When these two were presented to each other at a conventional Long Island party, Floyd's first words were:

"You are perfectly beautiful and I would rather kiss you than any woman I ever met."

The girl was amazed, then resentful as he followed this up with: "Listen. When the party's over tonight, I'm going straight home. I live in the house on the crest of the New Danite Road. You can't miss it. I'll be waiting for you." Then he turned away, and during dinner devoted himself to Elenor Doyle, the most modern of flappers.

After dinner, out in the garden, Murtaugh Pell proposed to Johnny. Murt was a good catch and a good sort. Johnny had always liked him, and when he caught her in his arms she thrilled—to her astonishment—and accepted him.

Back in the house, Murt shouted out his good luck. Jimmy and Renée Parsons, their week-end host and hostess, were delighted. Everybody, in fact, was delighted and Johnny was at least—content.

But that night, as she lay in bed, the pale face of Bennings thrust itself under her eyelids. She rose, dressed, went downstairs, and backed her roadster out of the garage. After all, she wasn't *married* to Murt.

On the crest of the New Danite Road, Johnny Century lived through one hour of ecstasy, then fled back to the Parsons home. But her driving was blind; she grazed another car, driven by a man she had never seen. There were apologies.

The next morning she made two discoveries: Floyd Bennings had left the house on the hill, and the second occupant of the car she had struck was Elenor Doyle! Johnny stared blankly as she learned this shattering fact from the lips of the girl herself. Gossip was in the wind!

PART THREE

BENEATH Johnny's gaze the younger girl moved uneasily. "Don't look at me like that," she said, forcing a laugh.

Johnny Century emerged from the fog of horrified thought that hemmed her in. "Like what?" she asked.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

© 1927, Carnation Milk Products Co.

A delicacy to those in the secret—

the *white sauce!* For tomorrow's appetizing lunch—creamed chipped beef: and let Carnation Milk make the sauce. A sauce so richly smooth that only the double-creaminess of Carnation can explain it: that and the fact that this milk is "homogenized"—the cream globules broken up into tiniest particles and evenly shared by every drop . . . For sheer *quality* of cooking results, the best bottled milk must yield to Carnation.

Carnation Creamed Chipped Beef—¼ lb. chipped beef: (for white sauce) 2 tbsp. butter, 2½ tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. salt, pepper, ¾ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ¾ cup water. Cut beef into small pieces, cover with hot water, let stand 10 minutes, then drain. Cook white sauce as follows: melt butter, add flour and seasonings, mix thoroughly. Add diluted milk gradually, stirring constantly till smooth and thick. Continue cooking 2 minutes. Add beef; serve on toast points or with mashed or baked potatoes. This serves four.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
538 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
638 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

Save Hours with this Guaranteed Lacquer

"Rogers" dries hard in 30 minutes
Just brush it on!

Everywhere, people are amazed and delighted at the speed and ease with which Rogers Brushing Lacquer works.

No tedious preparation is needed. "Rogers" goes on *right over the old finish.* This saves a lot of time. Then it does not require long, expert "brushing out"—because it covers readily and spreads easily. You merely *flow* it on with a full brush. This, too, saves time. "Rogers" forms a beautiful, tough, colorful film that sticks tightly to any new or old surface. Then, it

Dries while you wait!

Dries in 30 minutes or less. *Dries* free from laps or brush marks. *Dries* before dust can spoil its lustrous sheen. *Dries* before damage comes to it. *Dries in time* for any urgent need. *Dries* to a smooth, hard, colorful finish that wears and *wears* and WEARS. Does not "*print*"—or gather lint.

Think what this will mean at housecleaning time—when you want things done well but quickly.

There are scores of uses for Rogers Brushing Lacquer in your home *right now.* A few are suggested on the opposite page. Every store, office, factory and building can use it in hundreds of practical ways. Many industries are employing it.

Dealers everywhere carry "Rogers." Comes in cans, mixed and ready for use. Your choice of 18 wonderful colors—also black, white and clear. For best results insist upon the genuine in the "Oriental" can. Read our publicly advertised "Money-back" Guaranty to the right.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, Detroit, Michigan
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

Our "Money-Back" Guaranty

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price

Also distributed and guaranteed by

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING
LACQUER

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

LACQUER IT

DRY IN 30 MINUTES

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY
BRUSHING
LACQUER
ONE QUART U S STANDARD MEASURE

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

Complexion - figure - eyes - hair - teeth

There's one beauty treatment that improves them all!

✿

CREAMS AND LOTIONS and powders on your dressing table. Ointments and tonics and washes and pastes on your bathroom shelf. Good, of course, as far as they go. . . . But what's on your breakfast table—and your luncheon and your dinner table? Until that question is answered in the right way, the cosmetics are up against a losing fight!

Poor body! Expected to keep its beauty—to take on added beauty—by means of chemical compounds applied *outside*. What it really needs is the marvelous working together, *inside*, of Nature's food elements. All of them—every one of them—every day. All are needed to take care of *all* the body—to make clear, fine skin; firm tissues and muscles; bright, young-looking eyes; thick glossy hair; sound teeth and healthy gums.

Beauty experts know it. The most famous ones acknowledge it frankly. "Health first," they say. "Careful diet." . . . Of course they tell you, persuasively, truthfully, that cosmetics are *aids* to beauty. But the really great beauty specialists will never, never tell you that cosmetics are a *basis* for beauty.

Begin at the beginning. Give yourself three beauty-treatments a day in the form of three perfectly balanced meals. A great many women have found Grape-Nuts a valuable aid in arranging such a diet. These crisp, golden kernels, served with whole milk or cream, supply the body with admirably balanced nourishment—and such delicious nourishment! Grape-Nuts has a wonderful flavor—nut-like with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. It gives you dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Because of the special baking process by which Grape-Nuts is made, this food is very easy to digest—and it is *crisp*.

This crispness is unlike that of any other food. It will make you chew—*really* chew. It will give your teeth and gums vigorous exercise—and your dentist will tell you that exercise may make all the difference in the world when it comes to retaining dental health and beauty.

Grape-Nuts is ready-to-serve. Get a package today from your grocer, and try it tomorrow morning . . . Or you may wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director. This book contains valuable information about diet, and some delightful menus and recipes.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

Post Health Products

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

G.—L.—5-7-27

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada,
Address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

Elenor Doyle shrugged. "Like a movie queen wondering whether she'll take the poison herself or slip it to someone else."

Johnny smiled; and if the smile was as forced as had been the other girl's laugh a moment ago, the fact was not patent to Elenor.

"I'm sure I don't feel like that. I can't imagine why I should look it."

"Oh, you might think me little Miss Gabby. But I attend strictly to my own knitting, and if somebody else drops a stitch it's none of my business."

Johnny felt degraded. Here was this girl, whom she barely knew, yet for whom she felt a slightly contemptuous disdain, promising to keep secret last night's visit to Floyd. Such a promise implied a suspicion. To let that suspicion live was unendurable.

"There isn't any reason in the world why you shouldn't say what you like," Johnny told her.

The coolness of her voice aroused faint resentment in the other.

"I didn't think there was—a minute ago," said Elenor.

The implication in the young girl's words was too open for Johnny to ignore. "I don't think I understand," she said coolly.

"I'm not sure I do," retorted Elenor. "But I kid you about having seen your car outside Floyd Bennings' house, and say that Murt Pell must be easy, to stand for that, and you go straight up in the air." She lighted a cigarette and in her eyes appeared a gleam of malice. "Maybe Murt, for all you have him sunk, would rise to the surface spluttering like a porpoise if he knew about last night's date."

"If you like," said Johnny, "you may be present when I tell him."

"Oh, don't be a sill!" exclaimed Elenor. "Didn't I tell you that I can keep my mouth shut? Lord, maybe I don't want it shrieked abroad that I was out having my week-end petting."

"You needn't worry about my mentioning that," said Johnny.

"If I'd thought there was any need of my worrying I wouldn't have been so frank about it," declared Elenor. "I've noticed that when people worry they usually have what seems to them a pretty good reason. Tell Pell or not; I don't care."

Then, suddenly, her manner completely changed. She leaned eagerly toward Johnny. "Listen, I talk too much," she said. "And I'd hate to think that any loose talk of mine made you do something you didn't want to do, or made you do it before you were ready to. It's none of my business that you were at Bennings' house last night. I should have kept my mouth shut. And I didn't mean the nasty things you think I meant. And if I did mean them I'd not hint them to anyone else. My boy friend never saw you before, and if he sees you again he won't recognize you. I'll forget it."

"That's just it," Johnny told her. "You don't need to forget it."

ELENOR rose to her feet; she dusted cigarette ash from her skirt. "Tell Renée I dropped by to tell her that mother and I can't lunch with her tomorrow." She held out her hand to Johnny. "I'm a dub when it comes to expressing myself. I guess my manner was fresh or it wouldn't have got your goat. Shake?"

Johnny took her hand. It seemed to her, as she released the slim, strong fingers of the younger girl, that she had ratified a mean and unworthy compact. Curiously she watched Elenor as that young woman leaped into her car and with a gay wave of her hand drove off.

She was just the sort of person who could have dark suspicions and not gossip about them. The contemptuous disdain she had felt for the girl was replaced by unwilling admiration. Yet in the same moment she felt a huge contempt for herself. She had tacitly accepted the girl's promise to observe silence about last night's events. This in itself justified Elenor's suspicions. Had she, Johnny, been actress enough to keep any fear from her manner, Elenor's suspicions would have died a-borning.

Pell must be told of her visit to Floyd Bennings, but she had wished to choose the time of telling. No, she must be honest with herself: she had not definitely decided to tell Pell. The disappearance of Bennings had completely changed her plans. Until she had an understanding with Floyd she could not tell Pell.

Unfair to Pell? Of course it was! But when had men been fair to women? Weren't there incidents in Murtaugh's past that he would keep scrupulously secret from her?

If men made a code, women had the right of necessity to evade the code. Murtaugh Pell, last night, had proposed to her. No matter what Pell, or anyone else, might think, she was the same Johnny Century to whom Pell had proposed. If men chose to consider certain things blemishes upon the objects of their affections, then women were justified in covering up those blemishes. She was going to tell Pell at the first opportunity. With one string to her bow apparently gone, she would cut the other.

Then, big and bluff, radiantly happy, Pell himself joined her on the veranda. His hair

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

She patted the arm of the chair in which she sat. "You come right here and sit by me, Floyd," she ordered.

—for adequate security

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

You may be sure that the security back of every National City bond in your strong box is a known quantity, having been carefully measured by an organization with world-wide fact-gathering facilities, and 115 years of financial experience. Each issue appearing on our investment lists has passed rigid tests and is recommended as a good investment in its class. Our May circular furnishes a well diversified selection—it will be sent upon request.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES.
INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

was still damp from the shower; about him was an aura of physical, mental, and moral well-being. There was pride in his eyes as he looked at her.

It would be so darned *mean*. To tell him now would shatter the forgivable complacency that enveloped him. She realized, with honesty, that without Elenor Doyle's assurance of discretion she would not do it. That she was permitted silence by the grace of Elenor made silence seem a debasing and obscene thing.

She put up her hands to fend off Pell's kiss, but weakly lowered them. As she did so she understood that she had committed herself to a course of deceit. A flush of shame spread over her face, and Pell laughed gayly.

"Still blushing, sweetheart?" he asked. "It's your shyness that's the most attractive thing about you. I love it."

"Suppose I weren't shy?" she asked.

"Then I would find something else to love," he laughed. He meant to kiss her again, but this time she evaded him.

"Don't, please," she said.

He looked about them. "No one can see us," he assured her.

She shook her head. "It isn't that. It's just—suppose I weren't the shy kind at all, Murt? Suppose I weren't nice?"

His great laugh boomed exuberantly. "I can't suppose the ridiculously impossible." Then he eyed her with sudden anxiety. "Haven't changed your mind, have you?"

She evaded his seeking eyes. "Perhaps I'm not exactly the girl you'd want to be in love with."

"You aren't worried about me; you're worried about yourself: about whether or not you're really in love with me. Well, I showed you last night, taught you to find out; I'll show you again now."

HE swept her up in his arms. Strangely, considering that she was mad about Floyd, the imminent passionate kiss of Pell was not distasteful. But the *reason* for the kiss was distasteful. He was going to prove again that because she enjoyed his caresses she must love him. It was so *earthy*.

She fought him off, not with the struggling violence of hysteria, but with a firmness that made him yield almost instantly.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "We're engaged, aren't we?"

"I don't know whether we are or not," she replied.

The look of hurt surprise in his eyes was replaced by one of concern. "I'm sorry; of course you're all upset. I'll wait until you want me to kiss you. I'm not going to make you do anything you don't feel like doing."

THE arrival of Renée and the emerging from the house of her husband put an end to the scene. Renée was in her usual bubbling-over mood.

"The Darrows and all their crowd are coming over for a buffet supper," she announced. "Afterward, we're to have bridge."

This gave Johnny the excuse she wanted. As long as there were but the four of them, she hated to deprive Jimmy Parsons of his week-end bridge. But if other guests were coming, it made her departure less marked.

"I'm sure you won't mind if I run into town right away," she said.

"I thought you were going to stay until Monday morning?" Renée arched her eyebrows in surprise.

"Meant to, old thing," said Johnny, "but I really ought to be in town the first thing in the morning. And I hate night driving."

"I'll drive you," volunteered Pell.

She shook her head at him. "I just won't drag you away from the party."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Renée. "The poor boy would be miserable without you. He'd look upon us as jailers. And I know how it is: if you've shopping to do in the morning, you want a decent night's rest beforehand."

"You're a dear," Johnny told her gratefully.

Pell looked at Renée. "You won't mind my going, too?"

Renée patted his cheek. "What a brutal fing I'd be to separate you from your booful one," she said.

Johnny brusquely turned away. She was under tension enough without being compelled to listen to Renée's baby talk. She half-ran upstairs and, entering her room, hastily packed her bag. She had almost finished when Renée, as usual without the formality of knocking, opened the door and came in. Her shallow blue eyes held a worried expression.

"Nothing gone wrong between you and Murt?" she asked.

Johnny shook her head. She snapped her bag shut and straightened up. She pecked her hostess upon the cheek and trotted downstairs. Quickly as she had packed, Pell was before. She could not say to him that she wished to drive in by herself; it would be too obvious a rebuff. And yet it seemed so cheaply, so vulgarly dishonest, to take a two-hour ride with him, considering the purpose of her ride.

Truth and falsity were roads on which one could never stand still. Having set foot upon either of them, one must continue along the path.

She, hurrying into New York because she hoped that there she might get into quick communication with Bennings, must endure for two hours the love-making of Pell.

But he showed a tact that she had not suspected him of possessing. Not only did he show tact by not forcing his affection upon her, but he talked intelligently, interestingly, about business, about politics, and made shrewd and amusing comments upon things and people. She had only one awkward moment with him and that was when he wanted to come up to her apartment. But he gave in very gracefully to her refusal. He offered to drive her little car around to the public garage where she kept it, and didn't even try to win a kiss from her.

"DINE with me tomorrow?" She hesitated a moment. "Let me call you up," she suggested.

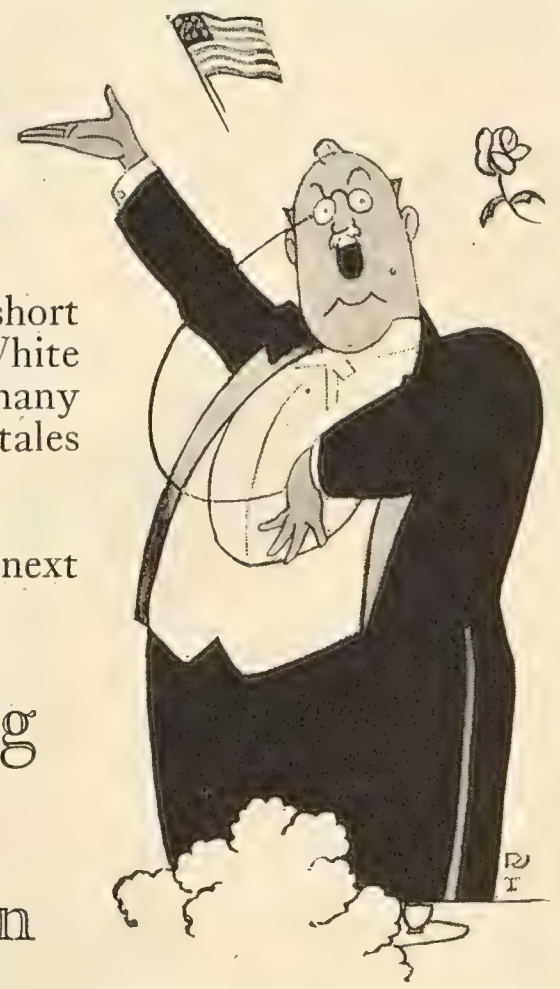
His eyes clouded faintly. "Can't we make it definite? There is a little matter of a ring, you know. Unless," he laughed a bit uneasily, "you meant it when you said that you didn't know whether we were engaged or not."

They were standing on the curbstone in front of her apartment on East Sixty-third Street. The uniformed doorman had already conveyed her bag inside the building. Pell was so decent, so understanding, that she felt an almost irresistible impulse toward complete honesty.

She hated herself because she would not yield to the impulse. But she was not sure that she loved

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Why One Orator Swore Off Making Speeches



Here is a delightful short story by Elliott White Springs, author of many thrilling LIBERTY tales about war aviators.

You'll like it. Watch next week's issue for

The Ringing of The Welkin

MORE MEN AND WOMEN ARE USING COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

A flash of CLEAN beauty

A glance in the mirror, the admiring looks of others, tell you that your teeth look more beautiful after using Colgate's. The sensation of tingling health, the fresh feel of your gums and teeth—these tell you that your mouth is cleaner.

Dual Cleansing Action

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; removes the causes of decay.

Normal, healthy mouths need no drug-filled dentifrice. Just visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. And don't worry over mental dental ills!

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213 E1, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream that most Americans use.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

MAN O' FASHION

$50

Give him the best

The Man O'Fashion watch, the last word in style and quality, makes the ideal gift for "him".

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE. It may be when you graduate from school—it may be a birthday anniversary or a promotion in business! Whenever it is, nothing is more appropriate for 'her' to give 'him' than this handsome Man O'Fashion watch. It fits the wrist! The Man O'Fashion is the first American made watch with the curved case and is made entirely by the largest complete watch factories in the World, located at Canton, Ohio. The Man O'Fashion is the most fashionable and up-to-date watch of any man's watch on the market and the demand for the Man O'Fashion is far superior to all the wonderful expectations we had when we put this watch on the market a year ago. For over sixty years, the name of Dueber-Hampden has stood for unexcelled standard of quality, the most skillful craftsmanship and reliability. It is this time-honored, time-proven quality you get in the Man O'Fashion. Finest movements, accurate time keeping and a life time of service at a price possible only because of our long experience and the economies due to our vast resources and facilities. Your home town jeweler will be glad to show you this, the highest development in the watch making art.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN

CANTON, OHIO—ESTABLISHED IN 1865

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

Bennings, for now, as she looked at Pell, she felt toward him exactly as she had felt when she had responded to his kiss last evening.

"Oh, I don't know what I meant. Don't make me answer now," she pleaded.

"I've told you that I'd never make you do anything you didn't want to do," he replied. "*I'm* engaged to *you,* anyway. We'll let it remain at that."

JOHNNY turned into the apartment, hating herself. She must be loose; must be indecent and low. Only a loose woman could fail to know which of two men she loved. No, this wasn't so. But only a loose woman would enjoy the caresses of two men. Or perhaps women were no more monogamous than men, but only pretended to be so, in adherence to a convention imposed upon them.

Anyway, not what she was, but what she was to do, was the vital thing to know. Feverishly, in her apartment, she ran through the telephone book. She found the telephone number of Bennings' law office at 54 Wall Street, but he had no residential telephone.

Somehow it did not seem possible to her that he had gone anywhere else than to New York City. But he might be at any one of a score of hotels or of half a dozen clubs.

Well, there was nothing else for it but to telephone his sister, Aimée Bennings. She hated to do this. But she swallowed her pride.

"This is Joan Century," she said.

The woman at the other end of the wire laughed pleasantly. "My brother has been scolding me," she said. "It seems, Miss Century, that I've done a very cruel and unsisterly thing in keeping my acquaintance with you a dark secret. He came in here this afternoon and hauled me over the coals because I hadn't introduced him to you long ago. What have you done to the boy?"

A weight seemed lifted from Johnny's heart. Evidently she had entirely misread Floyd's abrupt departure from the little house behind the white palings on the New Danite Road.

"You're too flattering," she replied. "But I wonder if you could tell me his telephone?"

"He hasn't any at his flat. As perhaps you've discovered, he's not a bit usual. He lives down on Eighth Street, and threatens to move away from there if any more of his friends move to Greenwich Village. He tried living in that ridiculous little farmhouse of his, but had to give it up except for week-ends, because commuting was too much for him. But he won't have a telephone put in because he's too unsociable. I do hope you can bring him out of his shell, Miss Century."

Johnny almost gasped. Aimée Bennings was quite as unconventional as her brother. She asked, diffidently, for Floyd's exact address, promised to dine with Miss Bennings in the near future, and hung up.

She wanted to sing, to dance. Floyd Bennings' abrupt departure from the little white cottage had by no means meant that he was indifferent to her.

Floyd Bennings was not usual, his sister said. Were circumstances any other than they were, Johnny would have left to Bennings' initiative their next meeting. But there was Murtaugh Pell to be considered. Also there was herself. She wanted to know, now, instantly, if she loved Bennings, or if last night had been a unique moment which could never be repeated. She left word with her maid to tell her mother that she'd be home later, and left the apartment.

Blackmail! The thing she'd read about in newspapers now threatened her.

SHE was doing something that she had never thought it would be possible for Johnny Century to do: she was pursuing a man. She smiled wryly as she stepped into a taxicab. Was she intending to ask a man to do the right thing by her?

She could not have told whether she hated or loved him when, in response to her ring, he opened the door of his apartment.

II

IF he was surprised, he gave none of the usual indications. He said, "Hello!" as casually as though they had parted half an hour ago. He stepped aside and she entered the room.

A cold supper was laid upon a table. Beside it, unscrewing the cap of a cocktail shaker, stood a pleasant-faced young man of about twenty-five. Lounging in comfortable chairs, or standing by a fireplace in which, for some strange reason, a couple of logs smoldered, were two other men and three girls.

The men were all of the prosperous-young-broker type; the girls, all of whom seemed in the very early twenties, were less easily classified. They might have been debutantes of two or three years ago, or they might have been actresses. It is so hard to tell—in these days when every woman dresses fashionably and, apparently, expensively; when every woman smokes cigarettes, drinks cocktails, and laughs gayly at risqué stories—from what stratum in society any particular one comes. The kept woman, and the woman who does the keeping herself—no casual glance can differentiate them. When the fast woman gave up her age-old effort to look respectable, her virtuous sister decided to look fast. Chorus girl, business girl, society girl, and light o' love: the same rouged lips; the same hard, appraising eyes; and, of course, the same sort of clothing.

Bennings introduced her casually. She didn't catch a single name, so amazed was she at finding this group here. This was the man who, according to Renée Parsons, was a notorious woman-hater. This was the man who, by his own sister's statement, hated the society of other people so much that he even refused to have a telephone in his apartment. Yet in this very apartment were all the ingredients of a gay party — food, liquor, and pretty girls.

For the girls were undeniably more than good-looking. One, a dimpled blonde, might even be considered beautiful. Evidently she thought she was, for she pouted at Bennings in the manner that only flattered beauties dare use.

She patted the arm of the chair in which she sat. "You come right here and sit by me, Floyd," she ordered.

"Listen," said Floyd brutally; "I can sit beside you any time I want, but a Century arrives only once in a hundred years."

It was a good-natured group, and Floyd's execrable pun was greeted with jeers and hisses. The blonde took her defeat gracefully.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

. . . the sniff you'd love to hush

. . . . always snifflin'

THE evening starts up as a riot and ends up *rotten* —and this is why. He looked like a wow when they first met, but that was out where the traffic roared.

Indoors, away from the noise, the awful truth begins to dawn. His velvet line is drowned out . . . . always snifflin'.

Poor egg, he has that schoolboy affliction—excess lubrication of the adenoids and flappety tonsils.

And you just know she hears 'em.

Find *yourself* in this picture . . . . and don't go by sex. A she sniffler is just as much a sore thumb as a *he* one.

That's the invidious thing about *always snifflin'*, you think it's somebody else. He knows it's you. Chances are *both* of you are right.

When you're alone, all by yourself —listen. There you go . . . . *Schliff! That* isn't two other fellows.

As a matter of fact, sniffles are too much with us. And so needlessly. They can be stopped, *short.*

Rinex is the answer. And we don't mean maybe. Here's the proof: Sign that coupon. Mail it to us. We will crash in with a genuine free 24-hour treatment.

We're willing to leave it to Rinex. Now what could be fairer than that? You're right. Nothing *is.* And nothing's better for what it's good for, than Rinex. Even if it isn't *your* sniffles but a boy friend's—we'll send the free-for-nothing sample just the same.

Coupon along, kid; coupon along.

All sorts of sniffles—weepy eyes and inflamed nostrils, mild catarrh, chronic catarrh, ***head colds, rose fever, rose colds, summer colds,*** *hay fever, hay asthma—respond magically to Rinex. Try it! Sure, safe, easy to take—not habit forming. No bad after effects.*

Full size packages, $1.00 at druggists in the United States and Canada. 5 shillings at all chemists in England.

Ask me another!

SNUFLYN SHIVER, the noted cakeater answered every question in this list in record time, or a little less.

Mr. Shiver....32

IMIZ BABIE, another wisecracker, said she didn't care but when it comes to snuffin' out Snifflin' she certainly hands it to Rinex. *Miss Babie*....18

1. What started the expression, "It runs in the family?".....

2. What is perpetual motion?....

3. Who is Coryza? .....

4. What do the British call a midshipman?.....

5. For what was Cyrano de Bergerac noted? .....

6. Who discovered Pollenosis?

7. Explain "won by a nose."....

8. What have these in common —Man O' War, Tennyson's Brook, a summer cold? .....

9. Where is Rhinopharyngitis?...

10. What is the difference between a hay fever nose and Zev, the famous race horse?.....

11. What is a nosographer? .....

12. What is the difference between a case of the snuffles and a cold in the head?.....

Don't peek at these answers:

1. The Hapsburg nose — what's *your* family name?
2. Something that runs forever—"it's always sniffling."
3. You mean who *has* it?
4. Behave yourself, this is strictly a family magazine.
5. He was nosey.
6. The first bozo that had it (hay fever).
7. No—*you* do it.
8. They all "run on forever."
9. Everywhere—that's just a high hat name for the sniffles.
10. Zev can run faster, but the beak will run longer.
11. You're wrong.
12. About three doses of Rinex.

DR. PLATT'S
Rinex
PRESCRIPTION

At Druggists

Snuffs out Sniffles *Cuts out Colds*

The Clinical Laboratories Co.
1200 West 9th Street
Cleveland, Ohio.

Send that 24-hour anti-sniffling test treatment in a plain unlabeled package to

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

She smiled pleasantly at Johnny. "Make the most of it," she advised. "It's the first time he's ever shown the slightest preference for anyone. It probably won't happen again till another century comes around."

JOHNNY sat down in a big chair with broad arms upon which she rested her hands. Bennings dropped into a chair opposite her.

"This crowd is leaving right after supper," he said quietly.

The others were busied with their cocktails.

"I'm afraid I'm intruding," said Johnny.

His black eyes glared at her. "Don't use phrases like that. You sound like the wife of a rich banker."

He rose suddenly and ordered his guests to the table. "Hurry up and eat," he directed; "I want to get rid of you all in a hurry."

The dimpled blonde pouted. "Scurries all over Greenwich Village to find us, drags us over here, and then, because better company arrives, he wants to get rid of us."

Bennings nodded gravely. "I couldn't have told it better myself."

One of the young men took pity on Johnny's embarrassment. "Don't mind him or any of us, Miss Century," he smiled. "We're all rehearsing a sketch for the Seven Arts Ball, and he knows we must be out of here by eight o'clock."

It was a very good cold supper, but Johnny ate little. One moment she burned with resentment at Floyd, and the next she hated herself for having come down here. These young people might think nothing of it—obviously they didn't—but it was not the sort of thing she did. She was grateful when the supper ended, even though she suffered a moment of excruciating embarrassment when they all said good-by and departed. As Bennings turned back from the door she stared at him angrily.

"So you're the woman-hater, eh?"

He sat down quietly and lighted a cigarette. "I didn't ask you down here; I didn't know you were coming. Be angry at yourself for your embarrassment, not at me. Though why the deuce you should be embarrassed, I can't see. This isn't your rotten upper East Side, where everyone loves to think the worst."

She shrugged. "If they did think the worst they'd be right."

"Not going to weep, are you?" he asked.

"Are you being deliberately rude to me?" she inquired.

"I don't dare be anything else," he replied.

She knew what he meant, but she wanted to hear him explain. So she asked him.

"Isn't it plain enough that I'm afraid of you? You ought to know that. Why else would I run away from the country? Why else would I be so afraid of being alone that I herd a crowd of dumb-bells in here?"

This was better. The jagged edges of her nerves seemed suddenly rounded off, smoothed, anointed.

"Afraid?" She tilted her head until it touched the back of the big chair; she crossed her knees and pointed one toe, describing little geometrical figures in the air. "Why?"

"I don't want to marry you," he told her. "I don't want to marry anyone. My God, what sort of a husband would I make? Imagine me trying to be interested in what the cook said to the gardener. Imagine me caring a tinker's dam whether or not the baby had a new tooth. Slavery! That's all it amounts to. It's hard enough to find any freedom in this life even if you're single. But to be compelled to regulate your every action, your very *thoughts*, with reference to somebody else—I won't do it."

"I haven't asked you to marry me," she said coldly. She tried to hide the sick anguish that possessed her.

"Not yet in words; you haven't had time. But what did you come down here for?"

"Perhaps to be kissed," she replied.

He leaped to his feet and with outstretched arms came toward her. She shook her head denyingly.

"And perhaps I don't want to be kissed," she told him. "Anyway, I'm not going to be."

HE paused a yard from her; there was something ludicrously pathetic in the hurt expression of his eyes.

"Then it *is* marriage?"

"Is that such a fearful price to pay for me?" she demanded.

"That's just the point! Why should we pay prices for things that should be gifts?" he raged.

"Because there are some gifts that should be too precious to be lightly accepted," she told him.

"You must have lifted that line from Laura Jean Libby," he jeered. "In the name of common sense, what's precious about you or any other woman? You're all two-legged carnivorous animals, just as we men are. Because you're softer than we are, and pleasanter to touch, you set perfectly absurd valuations on yourselves. Every time a so-called good woman yields to a perfectly natural instinct of self-gratification, she's too dainty to accept the facts, and insists that she's done all the giving. And then, having given, she wants to be paid."

A moment of insight was granted Johnny. "Perhaps that's because a woman knows that it's impossible to have any relation that isn't founded on barter and sale."

"So that's what love is, eh?" he jeered.

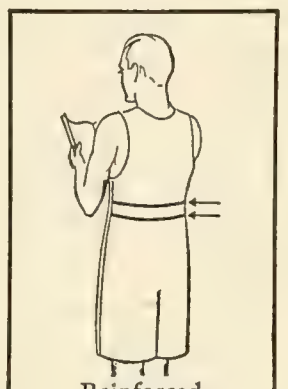
"Perhaps," she admitted.

His black eyes glowered. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dollar Topkis

Greatest value this season



Reinforced at Waistline

Nine threads, instead of one, sew the materials together, forming the Topkis Flatlock seam that is the strongest part of the garment.

Be comfortable all summer. Wear fine underwear—and save money! Your dealer is ready, with Topkis union suits for this season.

New patterns! Fancy or plain. White or color stripe. Silk stripes. Fine weaves: Cool! Soft to the touch. But only fabrics woven for long wear!

No skimping! Big in the chest, back, armholes, legs. Walk, run, dance; play leapfrog,—Topkis hardly lets you know it's on. And Topkis tailorwork and finish do stand laundering.

Easily your biggest dollar's worth!

Ask for Topkis Underwear

Men's Union Suits, $1; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each. Boys' Union Suits, 75c. Children's Waist Union Suits, 50 and 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50

Write for free illustrated booklet

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.

General Sales Offices: 93 Worth Street, at Broadway, New York

— Look for this label

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

A Penny Hack Saw is Good Enough — for Cheese!

IF you wanted to cut steel you'd buy a *good* hacksaw. You wouldn't be interested in the five-for-a-nickel kind. You know that cheap saw-blades would mean unnecessary waste of your good time and money.

For similar reasons big fleet owners and millions of individual motorists never think of buying "just any old patch" for their tube repairs. They insist on Seal-Fast, the one and ONLY patented, self-vulcanizing rubber repair, for their punctures and blow-outs! They expect repairs (Unavoidable sooner or later) to STAY repaired. They know that having to "fix" the same puncture three or four times with the cheaper patch costs far too much in temper, time and money.

Bowes Seal-Fast Tube Repair Kits are sold everywhere by dealers who do not care to stock "penny hacksaws." There are four sizes; 50c (good for 25 punctures), $1, $1.50 and $4.50 at your dealers, or postpaid.

DEALERS: Your customers appreciate being told that you carry Seal-Fast Products. Let them know by prominent display of the Seal-Fast Dealer Sign, counter-display, etc., Dealer-helps FREE for the asking!

Bowes SEAL FAST Corporation
Bowes Bldg. Indianapolis

EXPORT DEPARTMENT:
1133 Broadway, New York City
Cable Address: "BOWRO" N. Y.

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

dark hair that slanted across his white forehead made him, in this moment of earnestness, grotesque.

"I didn't sleep last night," he said. "I came in town to get away from the nearness of you. I dropped in to see my sister and found myself babbling about you. I came down here and couldn't bear to be alone. And now you're here and I can't bear to be with you."

"Then I'll go," she suggested.

"Damnation, no! I don't want you here and I can't let you go. I want loneliness and privacy and no clutching fingers on my spirit, on my mind, remodeling it, shaping it so that it will conform. I tell you, I don't want marriage; I never have wanted it; I could never endure it."

The victory was definitely hers now. She knew it as instinctively as babies know when they are hungry. A thousand generations of ancestresses told her that he had surrendered. And because she was mistress of the situation she became mistress of herself.

Coolly she lighted a cigarette and surveyed its glowing tip. "All this being so, it would be rather brutal of me to insist on marriage, wouldn't it?" she said lightly. "Well, I won't insist."

He stared at her. "That's the devil of you women. You do something to a man. You rob him of something. You weaken his will so that he asks for the very thing he despises. Don't you see? I hate marriage, but I want to marry you."

WELL, it had been easy. In less than fifteen minutes he had yielded completely. And now, when doubt should have resolved itself into certainty, she was more bewildered than she had been at any time in the last twenty hours. Her confidence in herself, or her charm, or her effect upon Bennings, had been justified.

Last night she had not felt tawdry or ashamed. Love itself, or passion, or whatever one chose to term it, was decent and fine. But the consequences were cheapening and belittling. The minute you made the terms, insisted upon them, or yielded to them, love suffered the degradation that haggling and bartering inevitably bring.

"Well," she said lightly, "you've done the honorable thing. You've offered your hand in marriage and the girl's good name is saved."

"I haven't considered you at all," he told her. "Questions of honor don't enter into the matter at all. I'm perfectly selfish. I want to marry you because it's the only thing that will satisfy you."

"How do you know?"

"Why did you come here? You didn't come to be kissed, to be made love to. You came to arrive at some understanding with me."

She shook her head. "Not with you—with myself."

He looked at her blankly. "What are you driving at now?"

"Have you forgotten that last night I became engaged to marry Murtaugh Pell?"

"Well, that's off now," he said.

She smiled maliciously. "But last night you were telling me that my fate was foreordained; that it was easy to read the horoscope of a girl like myself."

"That was before I knew I loved you," he told her.

The hand with which she struck a match was perfectly steady now. "Do you know, this is the first time you've talked of love. A minute ago you were being perfectly selfish," she charged.

"I'm just as selfish now. Love can't be anything but selfish. But let's not talk abstractions any

longer. I want to know when you are going to marry me."

"Never, I think," she answered.

"But, good Lord, you can't mean that! Why, what on earth did you come down here for?"

"To learn something about myself."

"But don't you love me?" His air of dejected surprise was almost laughable.

"No more than I love Murtaugh," she replied.

His mouth opened in bewilderment. "But you can't love two men," he protested.

"Perhaps I don't love either," she said.

"But last night—" he began.

"Before that I thought I loved Murtaugh."

"But now that you're here, with me, don't you feel what I feel? Why, we're made for each other!"

This was unguent to her pride, so sorely bruised by his flight this morning from the New Danite Road. But she shook her head decisively.

"I'm going now," she told him.

She would not even permit him to accompany her in search of a taxi. There were plenty of them down the street by the Brevoort. And when his seeking hands groped for her she evaded them. She had never felt more completely in control of herself and her emotions than as she walked down the one flight of stairs leading to Eighth Street.

YET, what was the use of being mistress of oneself if one didn't know what one wanted to do with oneself? If she only knew! If there were only someone of infinite understanding to whom she could turn for enlightenment as to herself! But there was no such person. Her mother, if the facts were laid before her, would only be able to express horror and to insist that she do the obvious thing and marry Floyd.

The obvious thing. But wasn't there another thing that was obvious? Floyd Bennings had been allowed the right of choice; she had allowed herself the right of choice. But Murtaugh Pell was allowed no choice at all. Pell unquestionably thought that he had been permitted to select the girl he wished to marry, but his thinking so didn't make it so. If Murtaugh later learned of her relationship to Floyd, Murtaugh would be the first to deny that he had been permitted to choose.

Wasn't it the obvious thing to do, then, to go to Murtaugh and tell him about last night?

Endless circles of repetition. She arrived home long after the dinner hour, to find that her mother had telephoned that she would remain at Southampton until Tuesday morning.

PROBABLY, reflected Johnny cynically, her mother had found the bridge at the Dennisons', her hosts, not merely good but profitable. What a shoddy sort of existence they both led! Enough money to be comfortable, but not nearly enough to be fashionable. Poor enough to be compelled to accept invitations that promised luxurious surroundings and tiresome folk.

Those young women she'd met at Floyd's apartment tonight. What about them? They weren't worried, one could be sure of that. Whether they worked or whether they idled, they weren't bothered with keeping up appearances, to the end that they'd achieve a successful marriage.

When they fell in love, they married, but, while they kept weather eyes open to the main chance, they didn't have to weigh a man from so many angles.

She would not have looked at either Pell or Bennings—and she admitted this—had either of them failed to possess the things that were important—family position and social eligibility, as well as means.

What a mess to be in! She couldn't keep Murt—what was the phrase people used?—stringing along. It was unfair to him to render him undignified. As for Floyd she couldn't make up her mind.

The ringing of the telephone cut short her purposeless musings. She had undressed and had slipped into a suit of pajamas of heavy brown Chinese silk. Lithely she crossed from the couch, where she had curled up, to the telephone on the wall.

"This Miss Century?" a masculine voice inquired.

"Yes."

"You don't know me, Miss Century, but I guess that doesn't make any difference. I'd like to see you about something pretty important."

"Who are you?" she asked.

A queer faint feeling of fear rendered her voice a bit unsteady.

"Well, names don't mean much of anything, Miss Century, so what's the use of telling you mine? I want to see you."

She should have hung up instantly; but the fear that had come from nowhere, that was unreason-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

It never interferes with the traffic

Let 'em go it—for before all of the stair-treads are finished with Laca the first ones are dry. In half an hour the stairway, the floors—any surfaces, in fact—are ready for use again. ' ' And beautifully and lastingly finished, too—in rich, solid colors, in transparent colors, or clear effect. You'll find many satisfying uses for Laca in your home. Use the coupon opposite or see your Laca dealer.

Laca

DRIES IN THIRTY MINUTES

The GLIDDEN Companies

EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING

PAINTS • VARNISHES • LACQUERS • ENAMELS

Adams & Elting Company - - - Chicago	The Glidden Company of California San Francisco
The American Paint Works - New Orleans	Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company - Chicago
T. L. Blood & Company - - - St. Paul	Nubian Paint & Varnish Company - Chicago
Campbell Paint & Varnish Company St. Louis	Twin City Varnish Company - - St. Paul
The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co. Cleveland	The A. Wilhelm Company - - - Reading
The Glidden Company - - Cleveland	In Canada: The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

There is only one

Laca

—there is no substitute

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES
National Headquarters, Cleveland, O.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps, for which please send me a 40-cent sample can of Laca in the color checked below. Also a copy of "A Garden of Color in Your Home" and Laca Color Chart.

My Dealer's Name is _____

His Address is _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Check color here. Solid colors: Old Ivory, Golden Yellow, Orange, India Buff, Mist Blue, French Gray, Lettuce Green, Shantung Blue, Mandarin Red, Apple Green, Rich Blue, Bright Red, Jade Green, Golden Brown, Dark Green, Buff, French Yellow, Light Gray, Drab, Oak, Slate, Black, White. *Transparent colors:* Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Dark Mahogany, Clear.

Mother's Day

SUNDAY, MAY 8TH

MOTHER devoted her life to us. *Let's give her back a day.* One little day to call her own. One day when each of us shall say again those things that Mother never grows weary of hearing.

Let *flowers* carry your message to Mother. For they know the highway to her heart. Each bright blossom will whisper tender thoughts that words cannot convey—and Mother will understand.

CARNATIONS are Mother's own flower. Wear them Sunday in her honor. A cheery red one is for you who know the joy of Mother's presence; a pure white one, if her glad smile is but a cherished memory.

Say it with Flowers

Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers.* Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.

The service of telegraphing flowers was instituted by an organization known as the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association, comprising thousands of bonded members in the United States and Canada who send flowers to all parts of the world.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

ing and unreasonable, forbade her doing the proper thing.

"See me? What for?" she asked.

"Oh, just to talk over a little matter, Miss Century—about last night."

"Last night?" Her heart was beating furiously now.

"Sure. I guess you know what I mean, all right. And you don't want a lot of loose talk spilled about the little visit you made to the New Danite Road last night, do you?"

"Why—why—I don't understand! What do you mean? Who are you?" she cried.

Blackmail! The thing she'd read about in newspapers, and wondered at, puzzled that people should ever yield to it. And now it threatened her. Oh, why hadn't she *told* Murtaugh?

Then, it flashed through her mind that not only Murtaugh, but *everyone*, might be told by a blackmailer whose demands were refused. But no one would believe a blackmailer's tale. She could be sure of that. Her name was too well known, her character too well appreciated, for folk to lend ears to tales about her.

Maybe. But only maybe. She jiggled the receiver frantically up and down. The connection had been broken.

Broken! The connection with the evil voice—the connection with her one mad hour. Broken, but not dissolved! Johnny is facing the fact that the past lives always in the present—facing it with a desperate courage that grows more and more thrilling. Don't miss next week's installment.

Shopping for the Trousseau

Sandy Visits No Man's Land During Lil's Bargain Hunt

The Story of a Wild Afternoon in LIBERTY'S Humorous Cover Serial

For the Love o' Lil

By Leslie Thrasher

"DO you need anything downtown, Ma?" Lil called. "Sandy and I are going shopping."

"I *crave* some lime drops!" Ma called from her window when she saw Lil and Sandy outside.

Lil tucked her hand under Sandy's arm. "In less than two months we'll be married, dear," she said.

"Got many errands?" he asked, wishing he and Lil were headed for a nice hike in the country instead of a shopping tour.

"Yes," she told him. "I want parchment for lamp shades, and we must look at some rugs."

"Don't buy any rugs yet," Sandy said. "We don't know what size rooms we'll have. But we ought to look at trunks."

They joined the great shopping parade on Main Street. At Flynn's, the town's best department store, Sandy followed Lil into the same section of the revolving door, where they enjoyed a brief romantic sojourn.

"We'll get the parchment first," Lil said. And using their elbows as oars they battled the crowds.

There was a feminine mob scene at the handcraft counter. Sandy watched women sew tassels on lamp shades, cover couch cushions, and embroider huge strawberries on tablecloths.

"Lil," Sandy begged, "how about some ice cream now?"

"I want to get a dress first," she replied. He meekly followed, apprehensive of the women's gown department.

He reviewed proceedings from an uncomfortable camp chair, awaiting the proper moment to whisper a treatise on economy. Lil disappeared several times behind a curtain—reappearing beautifully gowned.

"Did you get the blue one?" he asked, when he'd been handed the box to carry.

"You'll see on our honeymoon," was her reply. "Let's look at trunks!"

The luggage display gave them each a sudden attack of "roving foot." Sandy posed as a ten-times-round-the-world traveler, and Lil watched him examine locks and straps with the air of a bored de luxe cabin passenger. Then she thrilled to hear him say:

"Mark it L. M. J.!"

"We must buy some foreign labels," she told him as they left.

Suddenly Lil sprang into an aperture at a bargain counter, leaving Sandy butting the flood of shoppers in the aisle.

"Just what I want for an evening dress!" she called to him, grabbing one end of a rich yellow remnant.

"*Pardon* me, that's mine!" A shopper tugged at the other end.

"Pardon *me*, I had it first!" Lil replied.

Sandy, behind her, fought to keep his hat on in the mad feminine rush around the counter.

"Gosh," he gasped, "Gimme air!"

(To be continued next week)

from a little Swiss village came a world wide industry~

IN an Alpine valley, Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate half a century ago. Unknowingly Peter created a great industry which from its start in a little Swiss village has spread all over the world.

Today in America Peter's is made exactly as Daniel Peter himself made it. Peter's is the favorite of all who love full-strength chocolate taste.

And then these same expert craftsmen developed a second blend for the thousands who prefer a mild creamy flavor—Nestlé's. Fresh pure milk with all its cream is used in Nestlé's—until it is the creamiest of all milk chocolates!

You can get both Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars, plain or almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N. Y.

Richest in Chocolate

The world's finest cocoa beans, carefully roasted, impart a rare flavor, rich in chocolate. Today, it is still made by Daniel Peter's original formula and blended by Swiss methods

Richest in Cream

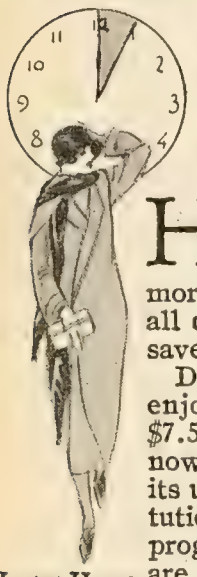
No other milk chocolate is as rich in cream as Nestlé's. Mellower, milder this rare blend, too, is made from an old Swiss formula — blended by the world's most renowned chocolate experts

The outside casing is steel finished in gray enamel with a good lustre. The 2-Gal. oven and vessels are pure aluminum polished and sunrayed. RockWool insulated. Size 13½x10¾ in. D. Guaranteed for one year. Fully equipped with vessels, etc.

Cooking Slavery Ended!

Sensational New Electric Cooker Prepares Meals in Your Absence—Tender and Delicious—Pays for Itself in Food-Saving—Costs Only 3c a Meal to Operate—Now Sold at a Record-Breaking Low Price

Only $7.50 Complete Ready to Use



Leave Home at Noon

HOW would you like to banish forever 80% of your cooking labor and disappointments? To leave home in the morning and return at night to find dinner all cooked for you and ready to serve? To save $150 to $200 a year without sacrifice?

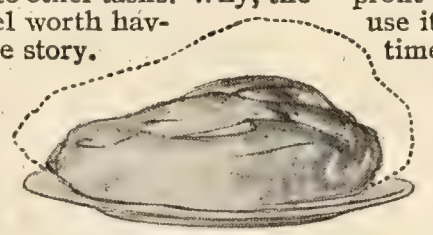
Does it seem incredible that you could enjoy all these wonderful benefits for only $7.50? Yet these are established facts. For now electric cooking has been perfected and its uses broadened. Domestic science institutions advise it. The most progressive housekeepers are adopting it. And now it adds economy—both in first cost and upkeep—with Excel Electric Cooker. Here's how you benefit:

How it Works

Excel Electric is easy to use and install. It comes complete with cord, ready to cook! Simply plug into any wall or lamp socket. No extra meter or wiring. And it burns no more current than your electric iron. It cooks a complete meal at one time—roast pork, browned potatoes, baked apples and creamed peas. For it has a large two-gallon oven, with two extra removable pans that fit easily and snugly into the oven. You can set it at HIGH heat for quick cooking and LOW heat for keeping food warm all day. And its seamless pure aluminum oven concentrates and evens the heat—thus insuring appetizing meals every time you use it. No room is too small for it. It weighs little and can be set on your table. Its paneled steel casing is beautifully finished in blue-gray enamel; the pure aluminum oven and vessels are highly polished and sunrayed. And think! No dirty pots and pans to wash. No bending over a hot stove. You can get out of your kitchen and go to the movies, to business, or attend to other tasks! Why, the convenience alone makes Excel worth having . . . but that's only half the story.

Startling New Facts About Food Waste

Did you know that old fashioned cooking methods cheat you out of 20 to 35% of the money you spend for food? That most of your food's strength building elements (vitamines and minerals) are poured down the kitchen sink or left in the frying pan? That most of the heat you use is waste—an unnecessary expense? These astounding facts have been revealed and proved by noted domestic science institutes. This loss ends the day you install Excel. Its containers are of pure aluminum and heat is sealed in. Aluminum holds heat longer so it requires less fuel. It heats evenly and requires very little water—the moisture being furnished by the food's own natural juices. Thus evaporation and burning are eliminated. The food retains all its vital elements and is more tasty and delicious.



A 4-lb. roast, cooked in ordinary ovens, shrinks a pound; the same roast in Excel shrinks nothing

Pays for Itself in 90 Days

You really pay nothing for an Excel. Its low price is quickly absorbed by its many economies. Your food goes further; conservative estimates place the saving at 15c to 20c a meal. You burn less fuel—three cents will cook your dinner. You can now buy the less expensive meats—yet serve appetizing meals. In three months or less Excel will have paid for itself—and start paying you a profit every time you use it. It lasts a lifetime. It's absolutely guaranteed.

Used and Praised by Thousands

Excel is approved by New York Edison Co., Gimbel Bros. (famous New York department store) Underwriters' Laboratories, and many others. All over America thousands of progressive women cook this new easy way. And now you can test it without risk. *Visit your dealer today* and ask to see the $7.50 Excel Electric Cooker. If your dealer does not have the genuine Excel Electric Cooker, order direct from factory with coupon below.

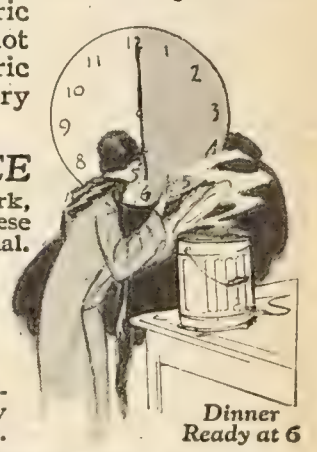
6 WAYS TO SAVE
With Excel Electric Cooker

1. Saves $150 to $200 on food bills by ending shrinkage.
2. Saves work—no sooty pots or pans to watch or wash.
3. Cooks while you're away—saves time for other things.
4. Saves fuel bills by requiring less heat.
5. Cooks less expensive cuts more tender and tasty.
6. Cooks entire meal at one time.

How to Test Excel—FREE

Excel is guaranteed to save you work, time and money. Excel will prove these facts conclusively by a ten-day free trial. If it doesn't, your money will be refunded instantly.

Complete instructions accompany every cooker. They answer every point you need to know about Excel Electric Cooker. Simply deposit $7.50 with coupon below—or pay your postman when package arrives. Your money back if not satisfied. Mail coupon now.



Dinner Ready at 6

Excel ELECTRIC COOKER

Made by THE EXCEL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. E-10, Muncie, Indiana

DEALERS unique merchandising plan, low price and high quality of Excel are breaking sales records for dealers everywhere. A South Bend store sold 103 in 45 minutes, a Brooklyn store 1100 in two days. Many other big records. Write for confidential bulletin.

TEN DAYS COOKING FREE!

THE EXCEL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. E-10, Muncie, Indiana

Yes, I accept your 10-day free trial offer. Send me an Excel Electric Cooker. I promise to let you take it back in 10 days if I am not delighted, and you will return my deposit in full—including shipping charges both ways. I enclose money order for $7.50 (or pay postman).

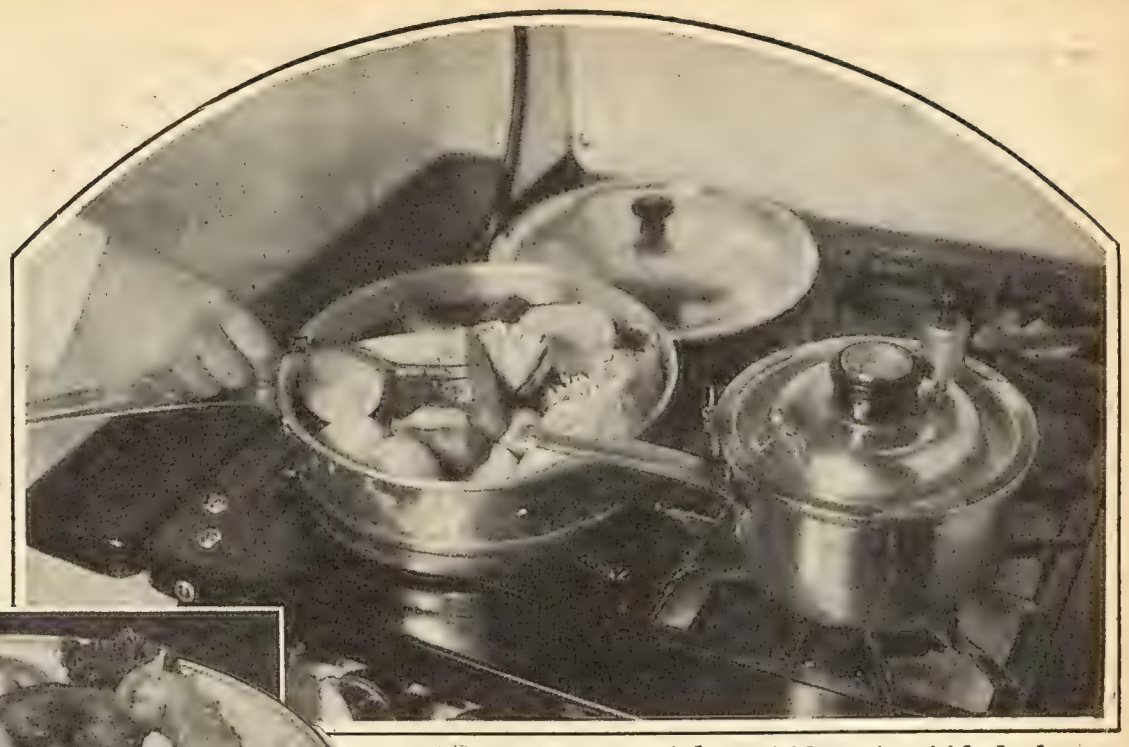
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

One-Piece DINNERS for Busy Days

By ETHEL SOMERS

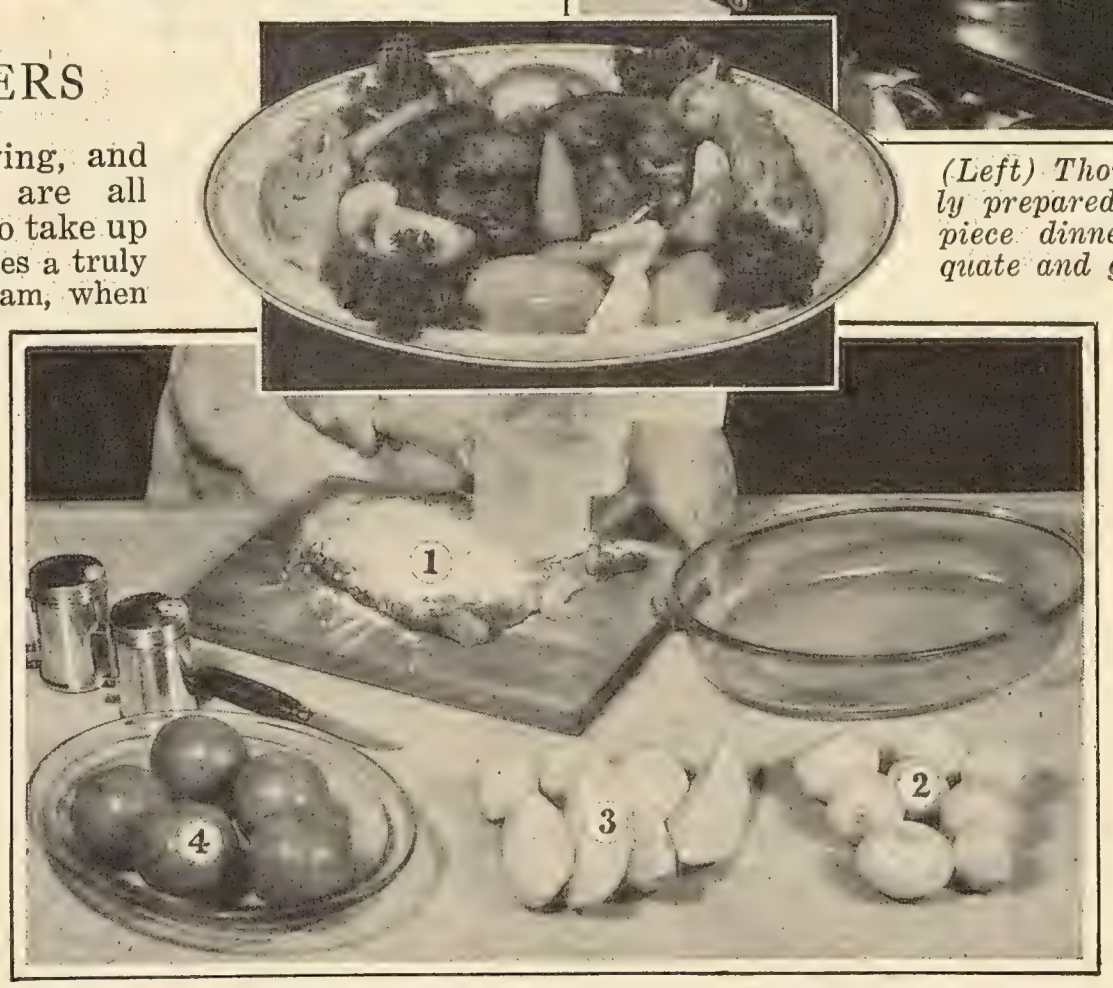


(Left) Though quickly prepared, the one-piece dinner is adequate and gratifying. (Above) Aided by a pressure cooker, the one-piece dinner may be served in a half-hour.

MOVING, housecleaning, sewing, and other springtime duties are all crowding in at this season to take up the busy housewife's time. It becomes a truly "crowded hour," in fact almost a jam, when the hungry family appears on the scene for their 6-o'clock dinner. Often the home has little besides a tasty meal to cheer the home-coming toilers. The extra evening activities incidental to the strenuous home program demand that the family be in particularly good spirits and especially energized. Despite all handicaps, the kitchen must fulfill its mission effectively. At such a time the busy-week menus become very important.

The one-piece dinner comes ably to the rescue as an adequate and gratifying means of feeding the family. Whether the dinner be pot-roasted over a low blaze, slowly oven-cooked, or quickly pressure-cooked depends on the home facilities.

All three methods are featured for the one-piece dinner menus herewith, in an effort to help the busy housewife solve the inevitable mealtime problems of her busy spring-cleaning weeks.



The meat (1), being the slowest to cook, is placed on the bottom of the casserole, the onions (2) next, then potatoes (3), tomatoes (4), and so forth.

Lamb, Veal, or Beef Stew

- 1 pound mutton, lamb, beef, or veal
- 3 cups carrots or string beans
- 3 cups white turnips, rutabaga, or cabbage
- 1½ onions
- 6 or 7 potatoes
- 3 or 4 stalks celery, chopped, or
- 1 head cabbage cut into sixths
- 1 head cauliflower, if desired
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper

SHOULDER cuts for stew give the best meaty pieces, though chuck cuts, breast, and shin may be used. Remove the fat and gristle and cut the meat into 2-inch cubes. Using the suet from the meat, or any other fat, brown the cubes of meat and the sliced onion quickly. Add 1 quart of hot water. Cover tightly and let *simmer* for 1 hour. Do not boil. Add all of the vegetables except the cabbage and cauliflower, if used. Cook from 30 to 40 minutes. Add the cabbage and cauliflower and continue to cook until all of the vegetables are tender, or about 20 minutes longer. Water may be added at any time, as needed. At the end, the gravy should not quite cover the meat and vegetables. Thicken the gravy by pouring a smooth paste of 1 tablespoon of flour mixed with 1 tablespoon of cold water for each cup of gravy to be made. Add the salt and pepper. Boil from 5 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly. For variety, the potatoes may be cooked separately and mashed and spread over the top of the stew and browned in a moderate even. This is known as shepherd's pie.

Oven-Cooked. Prepare as above, except that when the meat is browned, the meat and vegetables and seasonings are packed in a casserole or other covered baking-dish, putting in the vegetables in the order described under center picture. Cover the casserole and place it in a slow oven (250° F.) from 4 to 5 hours, or in a slightly hotter oven (275° F.) for 3 hours.

Pressure-Cooked. Brown the meat and onions in a heavy kettle in which the vegetables are to be cooked. Remove the meat when browned and place on a rack in the pressure cooker. Add from 1 to 2 quarts of hot water to the browned fat in the kettle in which the meat was browned. Add the vegetables, salt and pepper, placing the vegetables in the order described under center picture. Cover tightly and boil until tender—from 20 to 30 minutes. Light the fire under the pressure cooker containing the meat. Cover and seal. When the steam appears at the valve, close the valve and run the pressure gauge up to 15 pounds. Continue to cook at this pressure for 15 minutes. Turn out the gas, but *do not* release the steam. Thicken the gravy as for stew, and when it is cooked (5 to 10 minutes), arrange the vegetables and gravy on a platter about the meat, which has been removed from the pressure cooker. Care should be taken to release all pressure before opening any pressure cooker.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME.....

STREET or R. F. D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

5-7-27

Braised Swiss Steak

- 1½ to 2 pounds round steak, cut 1½ inches thick
- 1 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 cups water or tomato juice
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 3 cups stewed tomatoes, if desired, or an additional 1½ cups water
- 2 cups macaroni, rice, or
- 6 potatoes
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 6 small onions
- 6 carrots or turnips
- 2 cups celery, shredded cabbage, or cauliflower

POUND the flour into the meat first on one side, then on the other, using a heavy saucer or a meat scorer. Brown the meat in some of its own suet or other fat. Sprinkle the salt over the meat, add the water, tomatoes, and other vegetables, also the parboiled macaroni if used. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender—about 2 hours. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. Added flavor may be given by the addition of 6 peppercorns, a bay leaf, and a few sprigs of parsley. If desired, thicken the gravy as for stew.

Oven-Cooked. Prepare by the above method, being especially careful to put the vegetables into the baking-dish in the proper order, putting the tomatoes on top or cooking them the last 40 minutes of the cooking process in a separate baking-dish. Cover and bake in a slow oven (250° F.) from 4 to 5 hours, or at 275° F. for 3 hours.

Pressure-Cooked. Follow the method given for stew.

Pot Roast

- 3 pounds chuck, rump, or shoulder roast
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 6 potatoes
- ½ pound leek or okra cut into 1-inch lengths
- 2 cups diced carrots
- 3 cups celery
- 2 cups soaked apricots
- 1 quart hot water

CLEAN the meat and tie or skewer it into shape. Dredge the meat thoroughly with the flour mixed with the salt and pepper. Melt some of the meat suet and, when hot, sear the roast on all sides. This will take about 20 minutes. A good rule is to add water to about one-fourth the height of the meat, which keeps the roast from burning without soaking out its flavor. *Cover closely* and cook slowly for 45 minutes to 1 hour for each pound of meat. When the meat is half done, turn it over so that both sides may be steeped tender. Thirty minutes before serving add the apricots and vegetables.

Oven-Cooked. Pot roast may also be cooked in an oven, using a slow oven (250° F.) from 4 to 5 hours, adding the apricots and vegetables at the start or preferably only for the last 1½ hours of cooking, or at 275° F. for 3 hours.

Pressure-Cooked. Prepare as for stew, holding at 15 pounds pressure from 35 to 40 minutes.

"Men Worthy of Dogs"

"Ring," a fox hound, was trapped by a cave-in. The whole community of Woodruff, S. C., turned out to save him.

The New York World says: "It was a real story because men worked to save a dog. It would have been commonplace had a dog saved a man. In the case of a dog, there is never a question of his being worthy of the friendship of man. There is evidently real stuff in the men about Woodruff, S. C."

If you own a dog, you know this is true. He is worthy of your care.

Fleas make your dog's life a torment and may cause serious skin troubles. Use Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder as directed on page 42 of Polk Miller's Dog Book

Care for Your Dog

Yearly, thousands of valuable dogs suffer and die because their masters do not know what to do for them. Yet it is easy to know how to care for your dog and treat his diseases. There are effective remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them. You need only write for this information.

Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Proper treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

Famous Dog Book, Free

Don't delay in writing for Polk Miller's Dog Book containing the experience of fifty years. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding and tells the symptoms of dog diseases with full directions for the best treatment of each, written in clear, non-technical language. A unique Symptom Chart makes it easy to tell what's the matter with your dog. This famous book, familiar to millions of dog owners, is revised yearly and kept strictly up to date. It is saving the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. A free copy will be sent anyone who thinks enough of his dog to write for it.

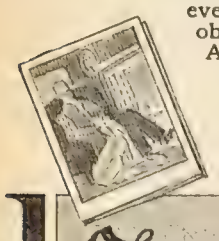
Many a dog that had only Running Fits has been shot for mad. Do you know the symptoms and treatment? See pages 37-39 in the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Run-Fit Medicine.

Expert Advice, Free

We urge you to write us if your dog develops a condition that puzzles you. State fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our skilled veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, full instructions for care and treatment.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1463 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.



Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

Make Your Face Behave

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

SHE had just met the delightful-looking woman with whom she was playing bridge. So when she glanced up after dutifully returning her partner's lead, she gasped in surprise. Her partner was having an acute attack of face colic. Eyebrows and nose twitched, forehead wrinkled, mouth worked, and eyes winked furiously. Here was an extreme case of nervous disorder.

Every woman at the table had an ugly habit. In one case it was a deep frown carved between the eyes; in another, a squint; the third wrinkled her forehead, and the fourth constantly moved her mouth. Indeed, almost all of us have some such nervous distortion of our good looks that we could correct if we would!

Remember that no muscular action is habitual unless it becomes subconscious. Therefore, to cure a bad habit, one must first learn to realize every time it is demonstrated. Of course, also, one has to picture in all its ugliness this unpleasant affection. Granted, however, both realization and desire for a cure, much can be done.

In the case of a frown or a squint, a primary measure is to visit the oculist. Perhaps some defect of vision makes you screw up your eyes. When that has been corrected, purchase some court-plaster. With pieces of it stuck between the eyes or at their corners, you can neither draw together your brows nor lift the cheeks in a squint without knowing you do it. When all by yourself, put on these plaster mentors. For if day after day in private they help you check your contortions, you'll soon be able to suppress their public appearances.

Follow such plaster parties by a gentle massage with cold cream, and that by an application of ice. Remember always to use a rapid upward tapping of the fingers and always to keep the ice rotating constantly. One mental trick that helps prevent lines between and around the eyes is to cultivate a feeling of looking calmly, steadily, far ahead.

You see, the way to get your face over its muscular faults is to make it learn corresponding virtues. If your forehead tends to wrinkle, smooth it lightly up and down from nose to hair, plaster it when you can, and when you can't, tip your chin and pretend someone is pulling your head back by the ears. Moreover, you who furrow your forehead must take special care of this part of the skin. Use an astringent freely to remove from those fine seams the particles of dust that tend to gather there and form blackheads.

Nervous movements of mouth and lips are equaled in ugliness only by that slackening of muscles which results in dropping the lower jaw. Such unconscious self-expression must be discouraged. Here discipline of nerves and muscles is largely a matter of mental hygiene.

First of all, try by a little self-analysis to find out why you do these things. A dreamy inattention may slacken the jaw and a hidden desire for general sympathy may twitch the lips. Now, sit down before the mirror. Let your fingers rest lightly on the corners of your mouth and place your thumb under your chin. See how long you can keep an unmoved countenance. If you resist these unattractive habits ten minutes a day you'll soon overcome them.

PROBABLY it will help to control facial muscles if you give them daily gymnastics. Exaggerated chewing motions are good to check flabbiness of chin and throat. Puffing up the cheeks helps to make firm, rounded contours. Moreover, this exercise, together with swinging the jaw from side to side, offsets the tendency to downward lines from nose to chin.

Also, we must learn to rest the face whenever possible. Naturally, the spirited, intelligent woman would rather have an eloquent face with a few lines than a faultless mask unadorned with expression. But, remember, the facial habits we're discussing interfere with spontaneous expression.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y. **38**

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

Viola Dana, Beautiful Photoplay Star, recommends Maybelline

Eyes that Charm!

BEAUTIFY YOUR EYELASHES WITH

Maybelline

A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes, their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. Perfectly harmless.

MAYBELLINE may be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Black or Brown. Price 75c. AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear this out *now* as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO.
4750-10 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

OUT OF SIGHT —OUT OF MIND

Last night's bridge party leaves no jarring reminders in unsightly, unsanitary open ash trays when all smoking refuse has been dropped into the

No-Odor
Ash Receiver

Cigar and cigarette stubs disappear from sight and smell—smothered instantly in the weighted base, which may be conveniently emptied at infrequent intervals.

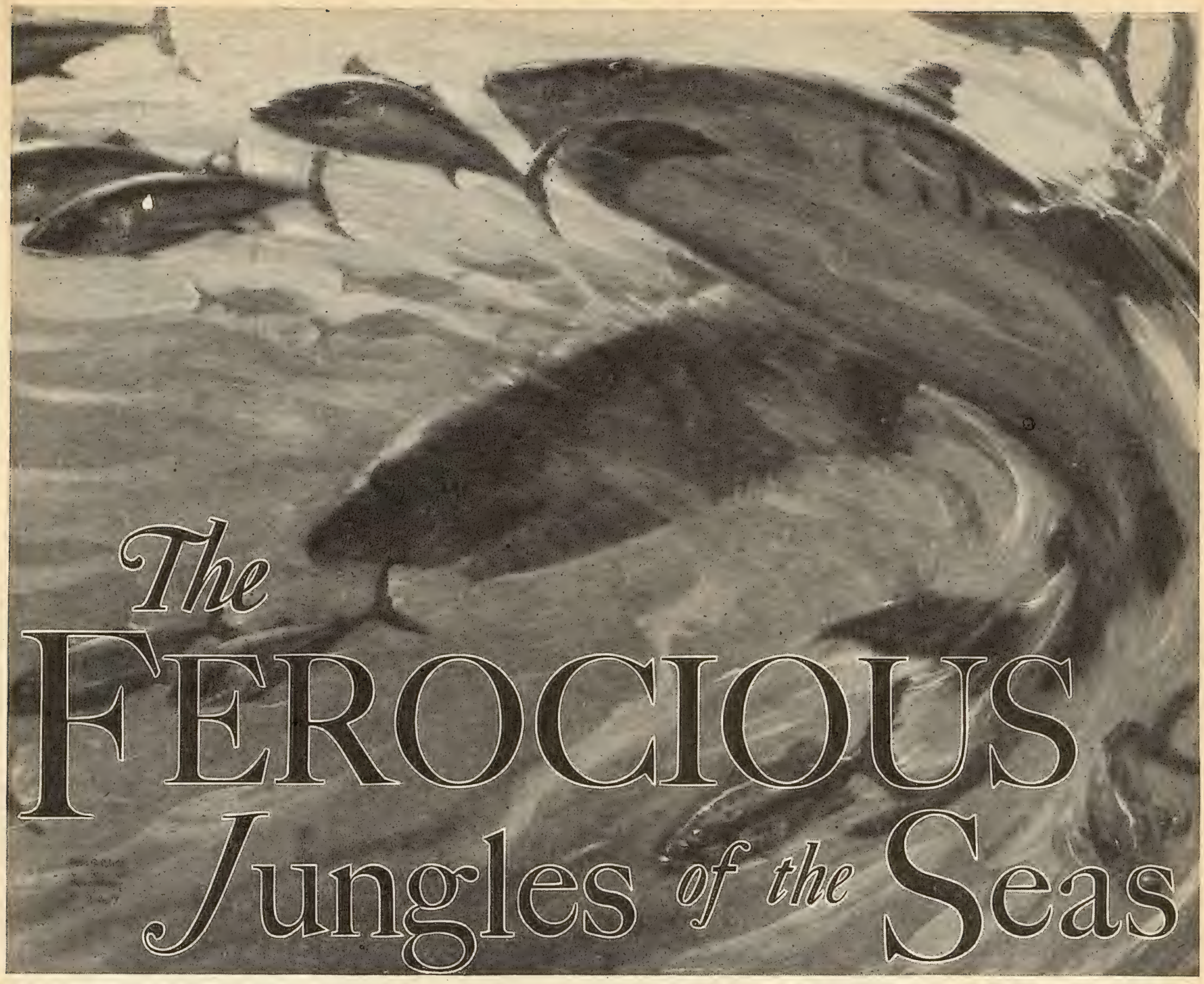
Fire insurance companies approve of the No-Odor. So do housewives.

Five Attractive Duco Finishes: Mahogany—Walnut—Mottled Green—Shaded Green—Shaded Red.

Make the No-Odor a part of the home or office furniture. If you cannot conveniently get it at the store, simply tear out this ad and mail with your name and address.

No-Odor will be sent at once C. O. D. for only $9.00, postpaid. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Specify color.

THE RISDON MFG. CO.
Department L-2, Waterbury Branch
WATERBURY, CONN., U. S. A.



The FEROCIOUS Jungles of the Seas

IT is one long, ruthless struggle of blood, ferocity, and death. Sharks and blackfish devour the tuna, and everything that swims the waters of the earth dreads the killer whale.

Perils and Thrills of Big-Game Hunting on the Ocean

An Article by MACK SENNETT

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mack Sennett, famous producer of film comedies, is almost equally renowned as a hunter of big game on both land and sea. Mr. Sennett does not fish simply for the thrill of "hooking a big one." He has made an exhaustive study of ocean life. He has even perfected a motion-picture camera that can be operated under water. His movies of gigantic and queer creatures of the deep are important contributions to science. This amazing story is a record of his personal observations on many trips to the tropical ocean off the tip of Lower California.]

NOWHERE else in this living world is life so cruel and pitiless as it is in the sea jungles off the coast of Lower California. These waters are infested by veritable fiends of the deep. The jungles of the land know nothing like their insensate ferocity. The fiercest wild animals of Africa observe, in a certain measure, the doctrine of live and let live. Even the rattlesnakes of the desert go their way and leave other life unmolested except as they defend themselves or seek food. But these sea monsters kill in a frenzy of wanton slaughter.

Their lives apparently consist in continuous bloodthirsty slaughter of the weaker by the more powerful species and in the attempts of the former to escape such slaughter.

During the week that I spent in those waters on a recent fishing trip, I was the spectator of the most terrible drama I have ever witnessed. It is one long, ruthless struggle of blood, ferocity, and death. The flying fish feed on the smaller swimmers; the yellowtail devour the flying fish, but retreat in panic and terror from the tuna; sharks and blackfish devour the tuna; and everything that swims the waters of the earth dreads the terrible killer whale. This beast is the undisputed heavy champion of the heavy seas, and if he has an enemy I have never heard of one. The whole scheme is a veritable ladder of death. Everything that swims is an Ishmaelite: his hand—or anyhow his fins and his teeth—is against every man.

Not only do the stronger species attack the weaker, but fish of the same species attack one another; parent fish eat their young; big tuna kill little tuna.

They are earnest adherents of the Nietzschean theory. A fish that is sick or exhausted is the equivalent of a dead one.

As a sporting adventure this trip was beyond comparison.

IT makes me laugh when I think of the fishermen who come from all over the world to Lower California in the hope of catching a tuna. I know an English gentleman who for twenty years has had a standing order with his boatman to cable him in London whenever the tuna are running. The last time I heard of him, he had still to win his tuna button, al-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No. 1728

No. 1439

Here are good pipes. So sweet, so mellow, so *mild* is Milano that every tobacco seems finer when the smoke rolls out of Milano's stem.

For Milano is made of century-old Italian briar — hand-fashioned into a bowl of supreme beauty.

Scores of shapes. Smooth finish, $3.50 up—rustic finish, $4.00 up.

"INSURED"

Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy". And the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

It's a W D C
WD C TRADE MARK

[THE FEROCIOUS JUNGLES OF THE SEAS
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

though he had been trying for two decades.

Where we fished, off Cape San Lucas, the tuna are so plentiful and so bold that they follow the boats and leap out of the water, trying to snatch even rags fastened to the end of a string.

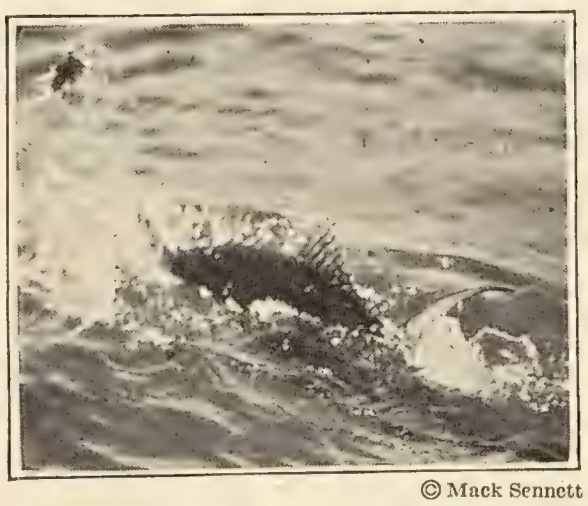
We sailed from San Pedro in a little fishing boat named the Loafer, commanded by Captain W. O. Clover, a naturalist and fisherman of note. The boat seemed to our eyes rather small to take a voyage through such restless waters, for the Loafer is only thirty-seven feet long. But now I am convinced that she could make a voyage around the world and ride down any seas that the storms could kick up. She was an odd-looking little craft, being constructed, as I learned later, after the models of the Norwegian lighthouse tenders. These little ships laugh at bad weather.

There were nine of us in the party. We were equipped with regulation tackle, prescribed by the Tuna Club. We had sixteen-ounce rods and twenty-four-strand linen lines, which break at sixty pounds dead weight. We also carried heavier tackle.

The voyage down the Mexican coast was pleasant but not very eventful. We went ashore several times; once at the placid little Mexican town of San José, where we were charmingly received. We stopped also at Magdalena Bay. We caught a few fish there, mostly those known locally as the cabrilla.

It was not long before we reached Cape San Lucas. There we found fish with a vengeance.

San Lucas is the southernmost tip of Lower California. There the land comes to an end in three or four huge rocks, which look like enormous loaves of sugar that have been bitten off from the mainland. Before we had been there long we found deep-sea monsters that looked as if they had done the job.



© Mack Sennett

The water churned as the tuna leaped half into the air and pounced upon the bait.

Making the voyage in a small craft, you come suddenly upon the fish. It is as if they were in a giant aquarium. There are so many of them that they become a menace to the commercial fishing interests.

The fact is, the San Lucas fishing-grounds are not so favorable to commercial fisheries as the swarming myriads of fish seem to promise.

FOR one thing, the water is too deep and the fish tend to scatter rather than to school. Net fishing is perilous. Big sea monsters like the killer whale, the maritime swordfish, sharks, and even the larger tuna, rip the nets to shreds if they happen to run in after the surrounded fish. They tear through a heavy net as through a cobweb. Since those nets cost from $15,000 to $20,000 each, few commercial fish companies care to take the risk.

The San Lucas grounds are fished continuously, however—most successfully by Japanese, who use hand lines. The fish companies often send fleets to these waters—a large three-masted power schooner, known as the mother ship, with supplies and refrigerator tanks for the smaller power boats.

TO illustrate the plenitude of commercial fish down there, when we went ashore for bait one day, four of us had caught so many fish on hand lines within fifteen minutes that we didn't know what to do with them. There were sirius, rock bass, queer-looking rooster-like fish, and I don't know how many others.

It was blazing hot and the water was like velvet. Having got the bait, we decided to take a swim over the side.

The next morning we saw a Mexican fisherman throwing some heavy lines overboard. When we asked him what he was fishing for, he told us that he was after sharks and swordfish.

It makes me shiver to think what might have happened had the sharks seen us. The next time I go to San Lucas, I shall take my baths out of a teacup, if necessary; but I shall not go in the same bathtub with any more sharks.

The shark is coming to be regarded as a fish of great commercial value. The hide of some varieties is very useful. Down in those southern waters, however, they are sought chiefly for the liver. The shark's liver is to it what the hump is to the camel—its savings bank, its store of fuel, food, and power. At certain seasons of the year, however, shark-fishing almost ceases; not on account of the sharks, but through fear of a monster far more deadly and terrifying, about which I shall tell later.

We went out to see what our bait would do. The tuna seemed to know that we had arrived with something to eat, and they swarmed around the boat in schools. It was like looking down at goldfish in a tank.

We started the Loafer's engines and began to troll. The bait went dancing and slashing along through the whitecaps for a little way. Then something happened. Something came through the water, cutting the foam like the prow of a torpedo boat.

There is nothing subtle about the tuna. It is the tiger of the seas. The water churned as it leaped half into the air and pounced

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Put a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts in your desk—slip them in your pocket. The biggest, tastiest peanuts you ever saw. Sold only in glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Company
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Amazing New Glare Shield Banishes All Fear Of Night Driving

Newspapers every day report fatal accidents caused by glaring headlights. Amazing new invention now permits motorists to drive in perfect safety. Read details below.

$10-$25 A Day to Agents

DAZZLING lights at night . . . the terror of every motorist . . . the most frequent cause of accidents . . . need be feared no longer! An astonishing little device—the Lee-See Glare Shield—shades the eyes and kills the glare, yet permits full vision ahead. No wonder agents make big money, since it can be installed on any car in five minutes. Secret process makes it a perfect rear-view mirror by day—two vital necessities for the price of one. Test on your own car at our risk. Mail the coupon for full details.

Sell Life Protection

Help to reduce the staggering total of deaths caused last year by blinding headlights—and make big money quick! Motorists everywhere realize the need of this protection. 30-second demonstration closes sales at once. Big season now starting. Rhanney sold $140.40 worth in one day! Darnell, *working evenings only*, showed over $226 profit in a month! George Smith cleared $82 his first week! The coupon brings full details and special discount prices to agents. Mail it today!

THE LEE-SEE CO., Dept. 105 Kewaunee, Wisconsin

The Lee-See Co., Dept. 105, Kewaunee, Wisconsin
Please send illustrated matter covering the Lee-See Glare Shield, with details of your no-risk trial offer and special agents' prices. This does not obligate me in any way.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

upon the bait. Almost instantly it felt the pull on the line, then turned and ran for it. That was the beginning of the fiercest battle I ever saw.

We were fishing from a specially constructed seat in the stern of the boat. A heavy sea was running, and so fierce was the pull on the line that for two hours a sailor had to hold the fisherman in his seat while the battle with the sea tiger went on.

I veritably believe that a tuna is the gamest creature that inhabits the earth or the waters of the earth.

These fish are built for power and speed. When you examine one closely you find that its body has the lines of a speed boat or a racing automobile. They are all stream lines, having no point of projection to check the rush through the water. Each fin contributes to the swimming power. Our skipper and other sea naturalists of apparent reliability tell me that they have repeatedly seen a tuna chase a flying fish until the latter took flight, or follow its course until the fish dropped exhausted into the waiting, hungry jaws.

Photo by the author

There were queer-looking rooster-like fish.

The tuna would dive to the bottom of the sea, the line running out on the reel until it sang and smoked. Then it would come up and try to shake the hook by a long run just under the surface of the water. Sometimes the fish would come up almost under the boat, and the rod would bend almost double with the effort to keep it away from the propeller.

BUT what impressed me was not so much its incredible speed—rather, it was its tremendous endurance. When you remember that a trained athlete can only endure three minutes of spasmodic effort, like boxing, without rest, and that even those three minutes are not continuous violent effort, you can imagine the power of this fish to keep up a frenzied, unceasing battle for two solid hours.

The lion or the tiger is exhausted with one short spurt of from fifty to a hundred yards. The highly trained race horse can keep up an extreme effort for only three or four minutes at the most. There are no mechanical engines that can stand up under two hours of absolutely top speed.

Fishermen maintain that the tuna can develop a speed of sixty miles an hour when swimming in a straight line. I don't know that this is true, but I have no reason to doubt it.

I saw many evidences of their terrific power. One day I was fishing with a sailor in a small boat. I had a strike from a big tuna. It towed me more than fifty miles, with the sailor backing water on the oars as long as he could stand it.

Another time this fisherman caught a tuna on heavy tackle. He fastened the end of the line to a fifty-gallon distillate tank and tossed it overboard. You may imagine the resistance of so large an air space for submersion. Yet the tuna dragged the tank under water so far that it was out of sight, and kept it under for fully five minutes.

One day we took part in a tragedy of the sea. We had noticed sharks that morning, and every little while we could see them swimming languidly and gracefully in the deep water under the bow.

One of the party hooked a big tuna from the side of a small boat. After a long, hard fight, the fish was brought exhausted to gaff. Just as they were bringing it in, there came a terrific rush through the water. It was one of the sharks.

The fishermen tried to fight it off with an oar; but the shark made one blinding rush, there was a fearful tug on the line, which nearly tipped the boat over, and then a figure glided away through the water like a wraith. When they pulled in the tuna, they found that the entire middle part of its body had been bitten out, just as a boy bites a hole in a slice of melon.

Afterward we caught one of these sharks. We cut off the jawbone by way of experiment, and spread the jaws apart. One of the biggest men of the party put his entire body through it, and the circle of the jaw barely touched his shoulders. In the jaws were rows upon rows of teeth as sharp as fine needles.

This was a rare tragedy. The shark seldom attacks a tuna, the shark being slow and sluggish—so slow, in fact, that it is often pounced upon by schools of tuna, which attack the shark exactly as a flock of blackbirds will attack a cat; and the result is that inverse chastisement is very rare. Fishermen tell me that they have seen sharks with their blue-black flesh nipped white in patches by the teeth of the tuna.

Some of these tuna are very large, one tipping the scales at 319 pounds. It is those of the smaller type that are caught for the market. Fishermen fight shy of the big fellows, as I have said, because of the havoc they wreak with the nets.

THE thrills the tuna gave us were mild compared with the terrible ones provided by the swordfish. The Marlin swordfish

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"The Palmer Institute would have saved me years of labor." Jim Tully

BE AN ALIVE WRITER

"I RECALL writing my first short story," says Jim Tully, author of the brilliant novel, *Jarnegan,* and of work in *Pictorial Review, Vanity Fair, American Mercury, Liberty.* "It was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton, president of the Palmer Institute, gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' I am certain had I known of the Palmer Institute sooner, it would have saved me years of labor."

An alive writer! . . . The Palmer Institute specializes in aliveness and in sureness. It can help you give your stories a modern twist, unexpected, spontaneous — help make them sell! Your own special talents are aroused to highest writing strength.

Palmer courses are also endorsed by Carl Clausen, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Jesse Lynch Williams, Gertrude Atherton, Katharine Newlin Burt, Rupert Hughes, Julie M. Lippmann, Alex McLaren, Charles Kenyon, Frederick Stuart Greene. Use the coupon.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal. 64-S
CLAYTON HAMILTON - - - *President*
FREDERICK PALMER - - *Vice-president*
Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.
☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression
☐ Photoplay Writing
Name_____
Address_____
All correspondence strictly confidential
No salesman will call upon you

[THE FEROCIOUS JUNGLES OF THE SEAS
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

is the most magnificent creature that inhabits the deep.

I don't pretend to have any special knowledge of natural history, so I will not attempt to lay down any general truths about them, or about any fish. I can simply tell the facts as we saw them.

We found that they did not bite so boldly as the tuna. The tuna took the bait with a rush that made you think of a runaway freight train hitting an automobile. It was our experience that the swordfish bit more cautiously.

I had always supposed that they used their swords to stab their prey. I found that they use them as a policeman does a billy club. Every time that they took the bait, they gave it an almighty smack with this clublike snout before they tried to grab it. We could always see the mark of the terrific blow.

I find that the best-informed fishermen doubt the stories about swordfish ramming boats with their snouts. Admitting that such accidents happen, they put them down as accident or coincidence. The swordfish are natural leapers.

They come up from the depths with a blind rush and go straight into the air. This may be in play, but it is more likely to be an effort to shake up the parasites that cling to them, making their lives a misery and a torture.

In hooking a swordfish, we had to let it take the bait and run before we tried to hook it. Once hooked, the swordfish puts up an awe-inspiring battle. Its fight for life is magnificent. Again and again it will leap clear out of the water. It isn't the long, curling leap of the tuna or the porpoise, but a leap straight up in a writhing, tremendous effort.

MANY that we caught were from ten to twelve feet long. If you can imagine this twelve feet of fish leaping straight out of the water like a rocket, then you can conceive of some of the thrill we got looking at them.

The most amazing thing about this leap is the length of time it lasts. The swordfish does not always fall instantly. For an appreciable length of time—I dare say a second or two—it seems to be standing straight up in the water, writhing and twisting exactly like a frenzied horse on its hind legs.

The tuna, in its fight for life, shows a great deal of ingenuity, and seems to have some kind of a settled plan for eluding the monster that it imagines is holding it. The swordfish, on the contrary, goes crazy. Its movements, when hooked, can only be described as absolute frenzy. The result is, it does not last so long as the tuna and becomes exhausted by the gaff much sooner.

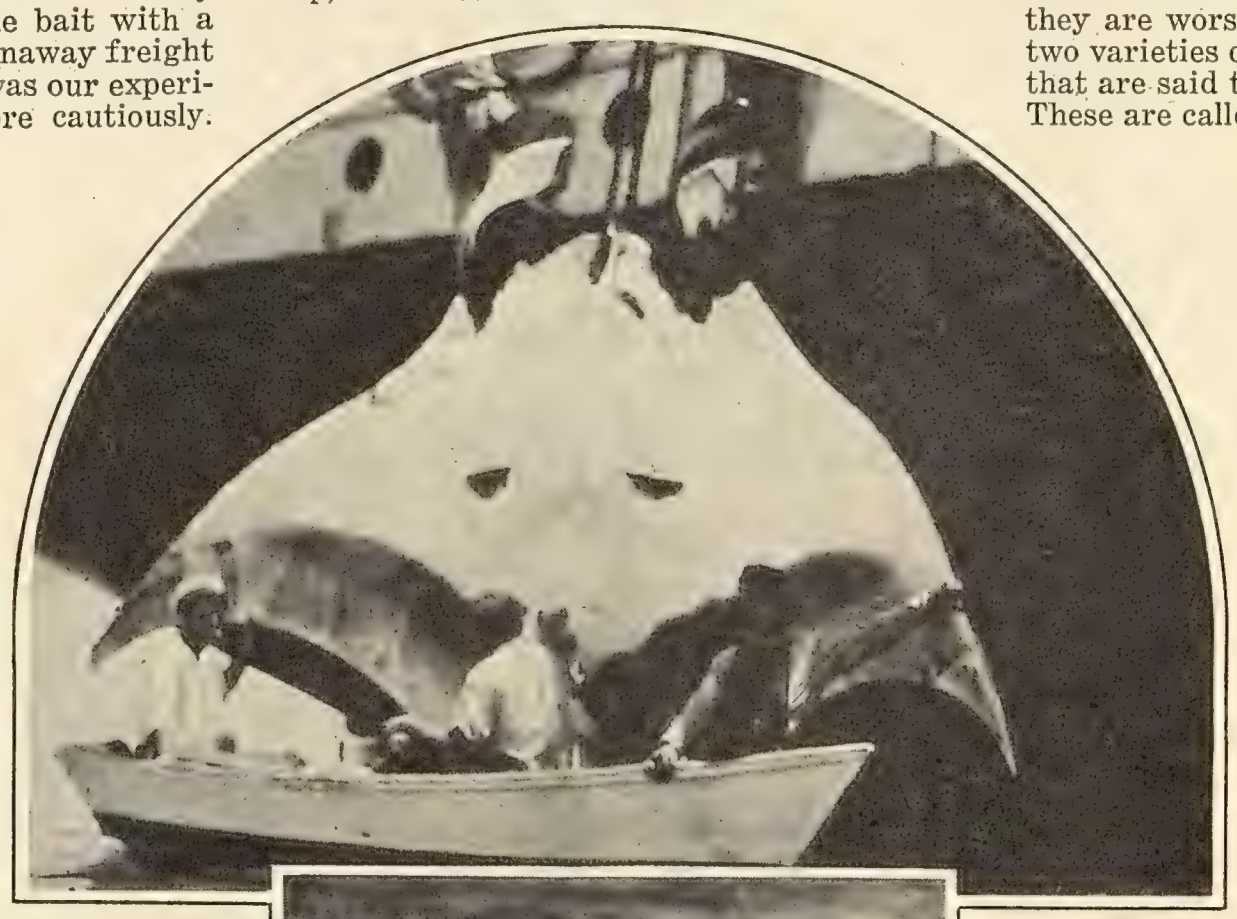
We had an encounter with another monster, if possible more terrible than any of the other giants of the sea jungle. This is the monterey, said to be from *monto reya*, Spanish for "cloakfish."

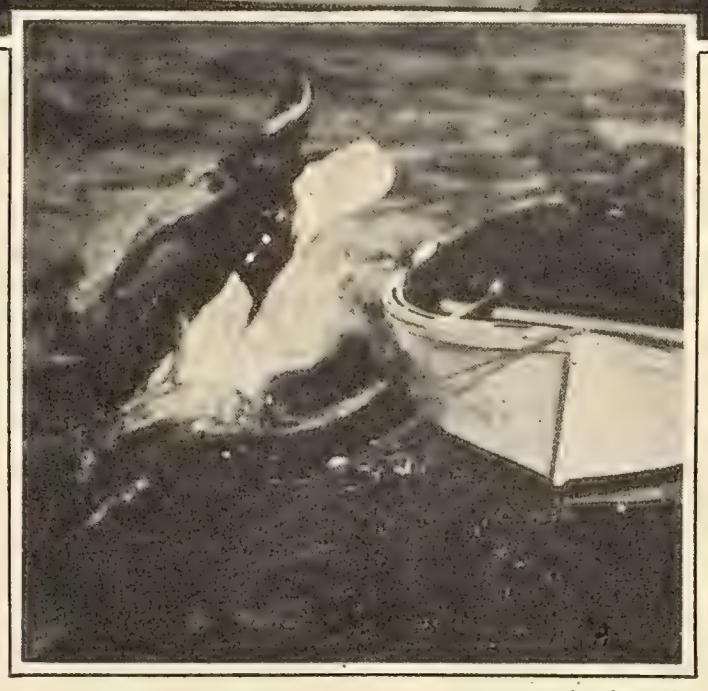
This demon of the deep is like the stingray, only infinitely larger. In tropical waters it grows to a width of twenty or thirty feet across the wings. We caught one that was estimated to weigh seven tons. It looked like a monstrous bat.

It is a pulse-quickening sight to see a monterey get its prey. It leaps clear out of the water, with giant wings outspread, lands on its prey, and envelops it in the terrible wings. Holding it thus in a death clutch, the monterey devours its victim alive.

The monster has a peculiar jaw that is like a narrow slit between two huge planks. It is at the top of the head, and in one that we examined was four feet wide along the lip line. At either side of the mouth are two short, flexible arms, almost like small elephant trunks. No fish that swims ever feels the grip of these arms and lives.

Last winter a party of eleven Mexicans were fishing for shark from a large canoe. One of the men was lying flat across the gunwale, tinkering with a line, when he was suddenly grabbed by a giant monterey. As he yelled for help, the other fishermen attacked the creature





Photos by the author

THE monterey is more terrible than any other giant of the sea jungle. The monster (above) fought a mighty battle until exhausted and did not die for twenty-four hours. At another time we caught a monterey (below) from a rowboat. This one succeeded in getting one wing over the boat.

with oars. They had lances and harpoons in the boat, and with these they jabbed and fought. But the cruel arms held on, fastened on the hips of the helpless Mexican.

Finally two or three fishermen began to hack at the clinging arms with their heavy machetes. Not until they had almost hacked them in two did the fish let go and disappear. The flesh was torn to shreds on the Mexican's bones. He died that night.

Within the last five years three men from the little town of San Lucas have been caught and devoured by montereys.

During the breeding season, when the bulls are particularly ferocious, it is impossible to persuade a Mexican to go out in a small boat.

The monterey that we caught fought a mighty battle until exhausted, and did not die for twenty-four hours after we had it moored to our boat.

Later we hooked one that got under the keel of the yacht, and, reaching its wings upward, tried to crush the hull. No doubt it was surprised when our boat did not crack to a helpless pulp, as all other swimming things it had met had done.

At another time we caught a monterey from a rowboat. This one succeeded in getting one wing over the boat, and the prospects of our ever getting to land alive began to drift into the offing. Finally we riddled it with bullets and then beat it to death.

It is said that these monsters are the real man-eaters of the sea. There is no doubt that they are worse than sharks, though there are two varieties of shark in these southern waters that are said to relish man as an *hors d'œuvre*. These are called locally the white tiger and the black tiger.

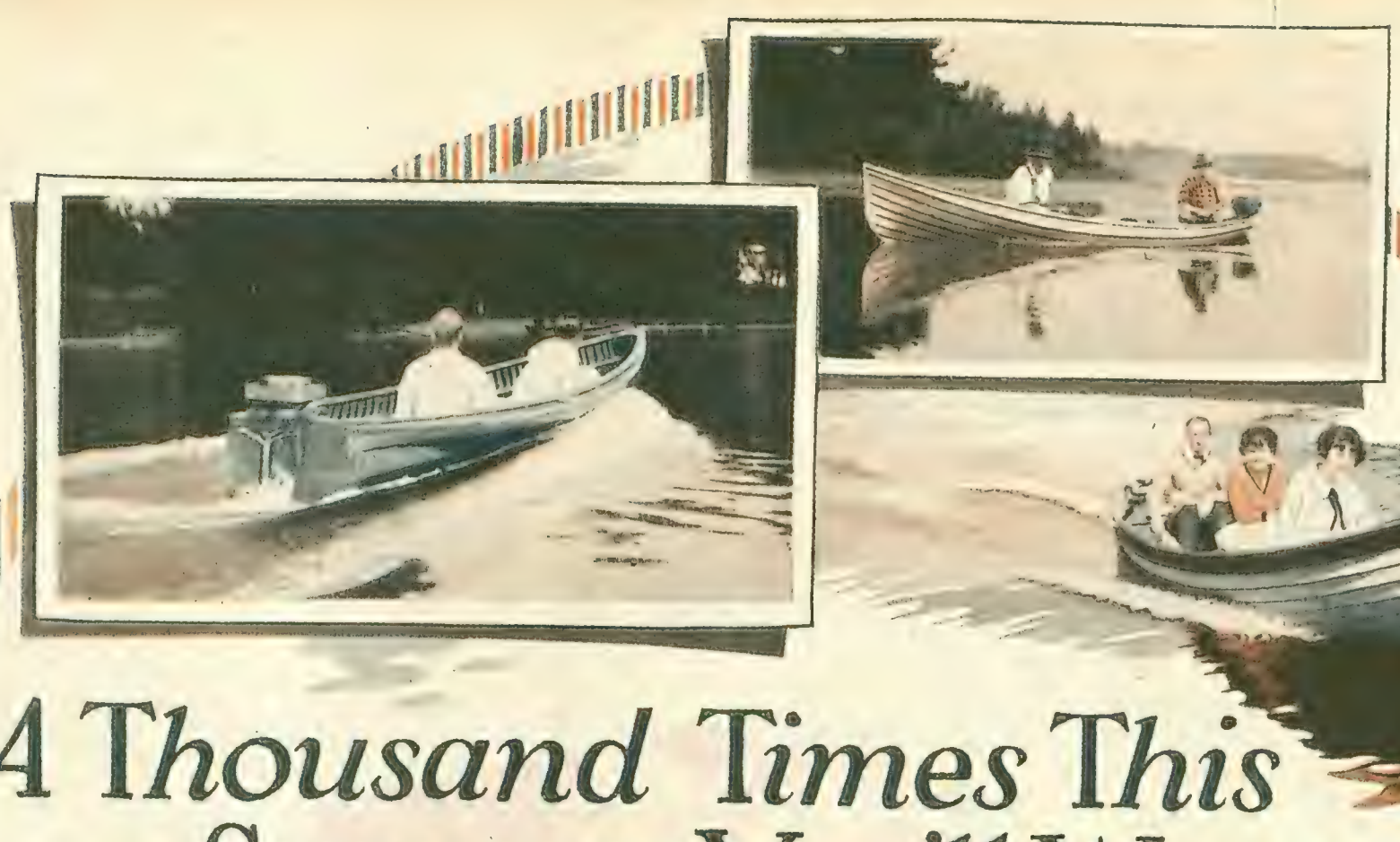
Contrary to all the novelists who tell of the hero's terror when he sees a fin cutting through the water toward the heroine, it is a fact that sharks seldom swim on the surface. They are very deep swimmers.

These sharks are perhaps the most voracious eaters in tropical waters. Our skipper told us that on one occasion he found no fewer than five large turtles in the stomach of a shark caught by Captain Guy Silver—the largest weighing 150 pounds.

A THIRD variety of shark, found nowhere else in the world, is the little known whale-shark. Fate smiled upon our fishing party in permitting us not only to come upon this rare monster, but to photograph it with our motion-picture camera. It is sixty-five feet long and ten feet through, with a belly circumference of thirty feet—hence the name whale-shark. But, unlike its brothers, the whale-shark is supposed to be comparatively harmless. It has never been known to attack a man—its worst offense being the destruction of a rudder now and then

THE author with a 319-pound tuna, caught on a twenty-four-strand line. Off Cape San Lucas the tuna are so plentiful that they follow the boats and leap out of the water.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]



A Thousand Times This Summer You'll Want an Elto!

YES — a thousand times — for the Elto adds a thousand joys to outdoor days!

At your wish it takes you to new, enchanting places .... to the picnic cove .... to the clean washed sands of the bathing beach .... through misty dawn to far-away lily pads where the "big ones" bite .... to hotel dance under the opal moon .... to the quietness and beauty of winding stream or placid lake.

New pleasures! Downright joyous fun for everyone. The Super Elto is your Seven League Boots of wave and spray! It attaches instantly to the stern of any row boat! Never an oar to blister a hand! Only exhilarating, effortless speed to wherever you wish to go—on the water!

First Comes Easy Starting! You're certain — *positive* — your Elto will start on an *easy quarter-turn!* No strength needed. A little girl does it with her fingertips — it's *that* easy. It's as easy as pushing the starter on your car! And remember, please, that this easy quarter-turn is an *exclusive* feature of the Super Elto. That's one reason above all others that you'll be thankful your motor is an Elto and none other!

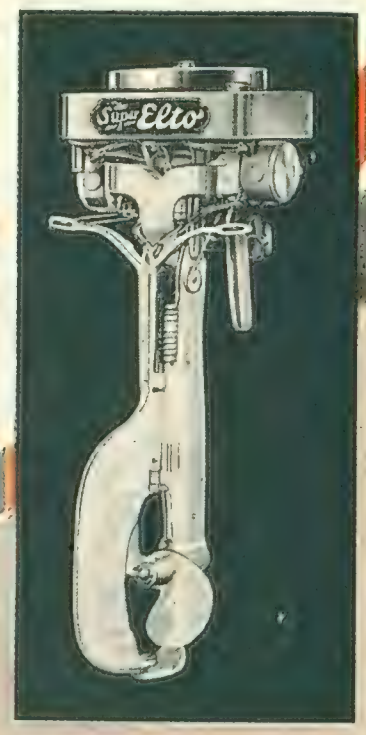
Rudder Steering Too! That means a safe turning radius under all conditions. That means your boat will hold the course without need for constant steering — means that you can steer by vibrationless tiller lines from any part of the boat, balancing your boat on an even keel! Rudder steering lets you forget the motor and enjoy the water!

Power for Any Boat! Here is abundant eager power for any boat — capable, reliable power for the heavy, steady safe family boat! Surging, leaping power for thrilling speed on light craft! Power for any current—waves—wind or storm!

Here Is One-Hand Lightness for Easy Carrying, yet with tremendously sturdy construction and bearings generously large to give you years of eager trouble-free service! To give you enduring motor value!

Here is the famous Propello Pump — a cooling system without a moving part, eliminating *entirely* the mechanism of greatest mechanical wear. Here, in one standardized all-use motor, is concentrated all the skill and experience of the outboard pioneer, Ole Evinrude. Here — in the Super Elto — are a hundred features serving you enduringly! Here is *ability — dependability—beauty* and lasting *value!*

Handsome streamline design! Amazingly compact—rudder folds, motor fits snugly in small carrying case.



See a Super Elto—let us send you the name of a nearby dealer—let us send you an inspiring book on watersports and a catalog that is an informing guide to outboard motor values. ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO., Ole Evinrude, *President,* Mason Street, Dept. 53, Milwaukee.

The Super Elto

"Starts with a quarter turn"

Finger-tip Ease! — even a child starts it instantly — with merely a quarter-turn flip of the flywheel. The most valuable feature ever built into an outboard motor.

LIBERTY Selected Exclusively

by AMERICAN BLOWER CO. to carry their Vital Message to American Business

LIBERTY is the only publication in the general magazine field to carry the 1927 advertising campaign of the American Blower Company. Above is the first of the series of thirteen 2-color advertisements appearing exclusively in LIBERTY.

This advertiser, as may be seen in the letter from the President reproduced on the left, has "no doubts as to what the year's contract with LIBERTY will mean in increased business."

Big Business has been quick to recognize the unique advertising advantages of LIBERTY—advantages available in no other magazine.

During 1926, when LIBERTY was not even three years old, Big Business bought more lines of advertising in it than in any other general publication, with the exception of one.

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

by the swish of its tail. We learned of its presence in our vicinity from a little Japanese fishing-boat that had just suffered this mishap.

We started out at once to get a look at this new sensation. In a short time we were about forty miles inside the Gulf of California. We sighted a great black spot reflected from the water, and approached it cautiously. The giant fish was submerged about six feet. Our boat glided over the top of it and along each side.

We became bolder as the monster seemed unaware of our presence. One of the boys struck it with an oar, but either it did not feel the impact or preferred to ignore us.

THE whale-shark's speed limit is about two miles an hour. With our newly perfected underwater camera we were able to photograph it at our leisure, and traveled along with it some five miles to obtain the motion pictures. Because of its mammoth size it was impossible to get a "full shot"; but we ground on it from all angles. We even traveled in front of it and photographed its face. The eyes are small, about two inches in diameter.

The whale-shark is black, covered with thousands of white spots from one to six inches long. We thought these spots might be barnacles and attempted to knock a couple of them off with an oar. But we gave up this dangerous investigation, for fear of awakening the monster from its apathy and suffering the loss of a rudder—or worse.

There is a popular belief among the fishermen in that part of the country that tuna spawn on the whale-shark's back, but this has never been proved. However, tuna in great numbers are always to be found swimming near this mammoth of the sea. Twenty or thirty tuna were darting around our whale-shark when we came upon it; but they dived to the bottom at our approach, and remained in sight about seventy-five feet below the surface.

The whale-shark was the largest—and the most harmless—fish we encountered on our trip. We were interested and highly gratified to learn, upon returning home, that our motion-picture film was the first photograph ever made of it.

Dr. Gudgeons, bibliographer of the American Museum of Natural History, had been making a study of this sea monster for fifteen years; but he had been unable to complete a model for exhibition, owing to the limited existing information. We were able to supply him with most of the missing details, and to offer the motion-picture film for his study.

Among other things, we saw schools of porpoises that covered hundreds of acres of water. Although they are commercially valuable there seems to be no attempt to catch them.

From a distance we saw the most deadly fish that swims the sea. This is the killer whale. Shark, tuna, swordfish, each has some enemy that it runs from for its life—usually without success. But if there is anything that can lick the killer whale, I have never heard of it. This fish is the undisputed champion of the sea jungle.

The killer whale is the bulldog of the sea. Strictly speaking, it isn't a fish: it is an air-breathing mammal about thirty-five feet long. It has huge jaws and heavy fighting teeth. Its head suggests the head of a bulldog, as does its disposition.

It has a huge tail and a great dorsal fin. Nothing can escape it. What makes it more terrible than other big sea monsters is its great speed. A seal a hundred yards away looks as if it were standing still when it tries to escape from the killer whale—which closes in on it with one furious rush.

Reliable witnesses tell of seeing a killer whale toss a 300-pound seal into the air as a terrier does a rat, catching the seal in its jaw and swallowing it in a gulp.

The favorite dish of the killer whale is the succulent tongue of the real whale. Its method of killing the whale is curious. When the big fellow comes up to breathe, the killer fastens its jaws on the whale's blowhole and does not let go. Thrashing and flinging avail the whale nothing.

Finally, dying of suffocation, the whale thrusts out its great, agonized tongue. The killer nips this off and goes blithely on its way. It is a common sight to find a tongueless dead whale floating in those murderous waters.

Undoubtedly the killer slaughters just for the fun of it. All of these great tropical fish seem to do this. I have seen tuna and swordfish gobble up smaller fish until they were gorged, then vomit up their dinner and start again.

I have seen the giant blackfish, which is a smaller variety of whale, plunge into a school of tuna and kill until the waters were red with blood, then swim away without touching the meat.

We caught fish and fought fish until we were absolutely satiated with sport, and we were glad when we finally set sail for home.

When you come down to it, there was little waste in our killing. Nearly all these sea monsters are palatable. The meat of the tuna, of course, is famous all over the world. The flesh of the broadbill swordfish is even more delicious, being white, firm, and tender. The Marlin swordfish is good eating, but its flesh is pink, like that of a salmon, and hasn't the delicious flavor of the broadbill. Even the monterey is said to be good.

EVERY fisherman who reads this will no doubt ask where this fishermen's paradise is and how to get there.

To them I will say that it isn't a particularly hard trip if you are properly equipped. None should attempt it without a seaworthy boat, able to stand the sudden and violent storms of the tropics. Also, it is necessary to have a thoroughly competent fisherman and sailor along.

Although there is a myriad of big fish in Lower California, they do not run on train schedule. It is necessary to have a good guide who knows fish signs, just as in hunting you need a good guide who knows bear tracks.

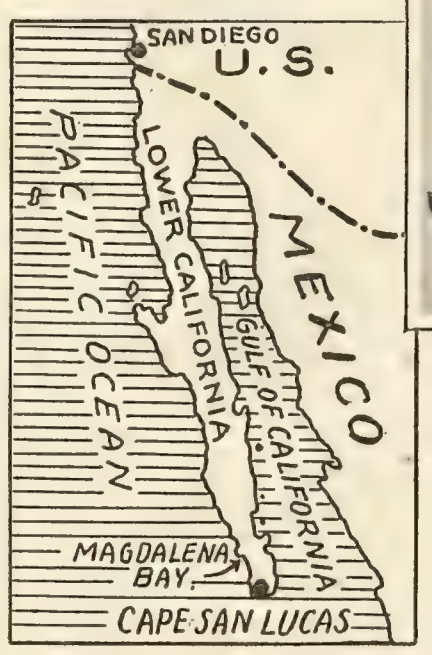
Also you must be prepared to stand heat. This is really fearful. If you go properly prepared, you will find sport and thrills enough to last you for a lifetime.

THE END

Mr. Sennett has promised to write another article on his adventures. Unlike most fish stories, those he tells are true, as well as thrilling and instructive. Watch for the next in an early issue.

Photos by the author

The shark made one blinding rush. The entire middle part of the tuna's body (above) had been bitten out. (Below) The Loafer could ride down any seas that the storms could kick up.



The sea jungles off the coast of Lower California.

How Little Rollo must have Suffered!

Encased in armor of starchy stiffness, he simply *had* to be good. But now Rollo has grown up and has a little lad of his own. He and Mrs. Rollo, remembering the early tortures they suffered in the name of Fashion, give *their* son freedom to act like a real boy.

Today it is stylish to be *comfortable*. That is why so many well dressed children wear easy Educator Shoes.

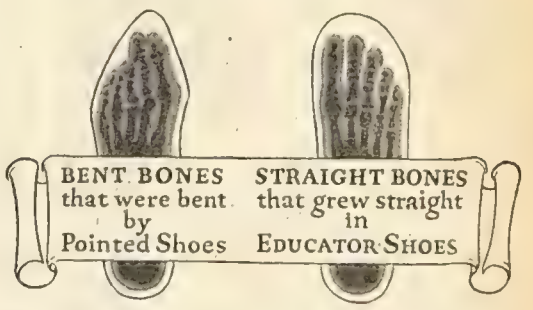
Educators are shaped to the natural foot, with generous freedom for five *straight* toes. *They let your child's feet grow as they should.* No pinch, no cramp, no rub, no bending of pliable bones. Room to play in, room to run in, room to hike in. Sturdy strength to turn aside the knocks.

Feet that grow in Educators will never know the pain of corns, ingrowing nails or other tormenting ills that breed in tight-toed shoes. They will grow up sound and healthy and you will be proud to see them so sensibly and smartly dressed.

Educators for boys and girls are fashioned in all the modish styles—in tan calf, black calf and patent leather — sprucely trimmed. The genuine bear the Educator stamp. If your dealer does not carry them, order from Rice & Hutchins.

Address: 12 High St., Boston, U.S.A.

Send for free booklet, "Comfort with Style"



Made for Every Member of the Family

The NEW EDUCATOR SHOE®

Black Gun Metal Calfskin Waistband Oxford. Also in Tan Russia Calfskin.

Also many other styles of boys' shoes

The gracious gift of France ·

Smooth Skin

By this very method the finest French toilet soap is made

"MAKE a new toilet soap just like French soap—but not so costly," you begged us! "One that will tend the skin as luxurious French soaps do."

So we made the soap you wanted—made Lux Toilet Soap—by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

For years the world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For beauty-wise France knew that her incomparable cosmetics lost half their charm unless the skin itself was smooth, exquisite. So Lux Toilet Soap is made quite differently from other white soaps you are used to.

Firm, fine-textured, satiny, Lux Toilet Soap is true *savon de toilette*. The instant bubbling lather caresses your skin giving you that delicious satin smooth luxurious feeling you adored after costly imported soaps. It tends your skin the true French way. Somehow you do feel more exquisite afterwards, delicately fragrant, luxurious.

YESTERDAY *50c for a French toilet soap*
TODAY—*the same luxury for 10c*

Instant lather even in hard water

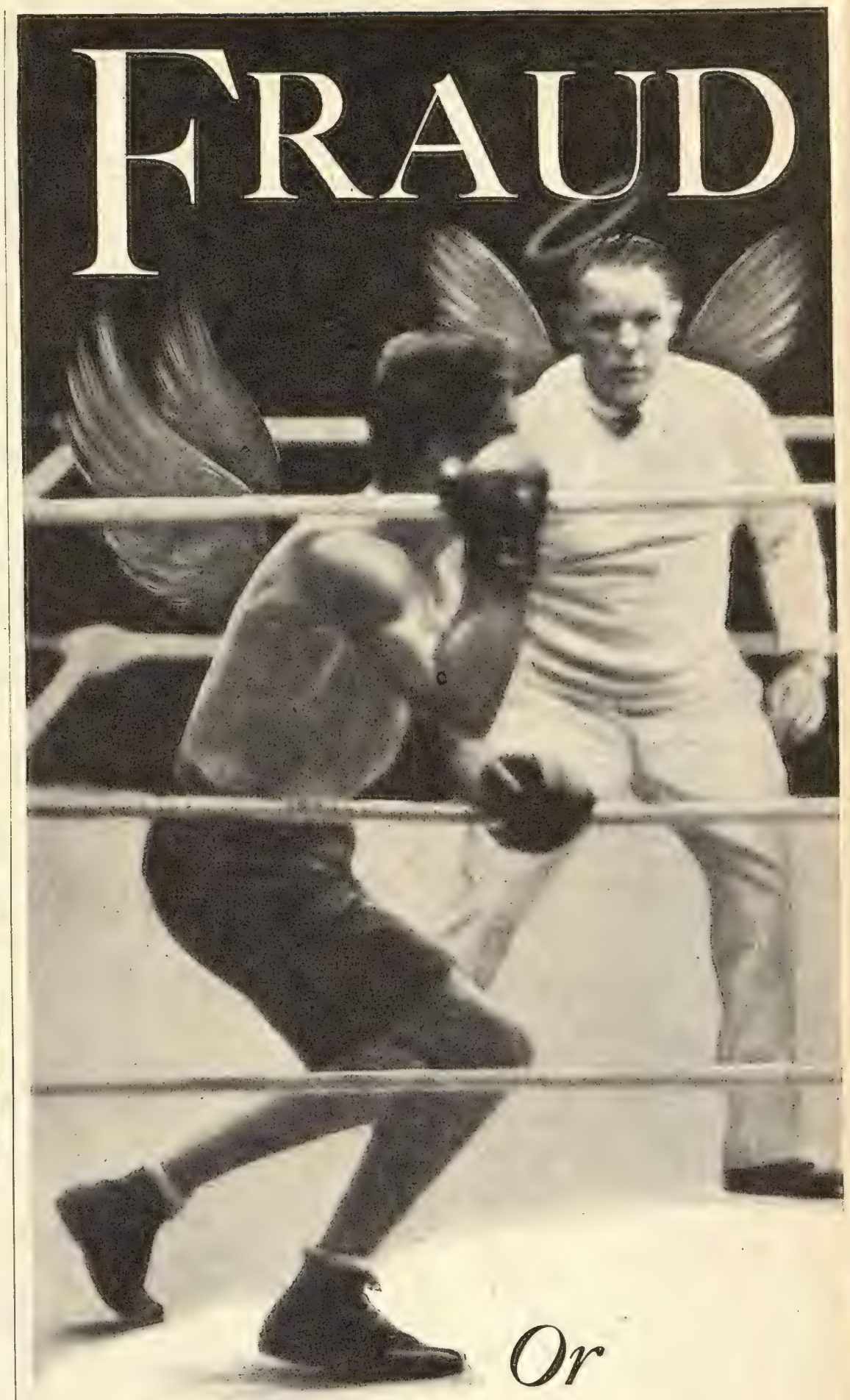
And you may use this new soap freely for both toilet and bath. France's passion for perfection—America's genius for achievement! Lux Toilet Soap, generous, long wearing, is just 10c wherever soap is sold. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Already America has bought tens of millions of cakes

10¢

LUX TOILET SOAP

FRAUD



Or

The Great Game of Pulling Them in at the Gate

An Article by

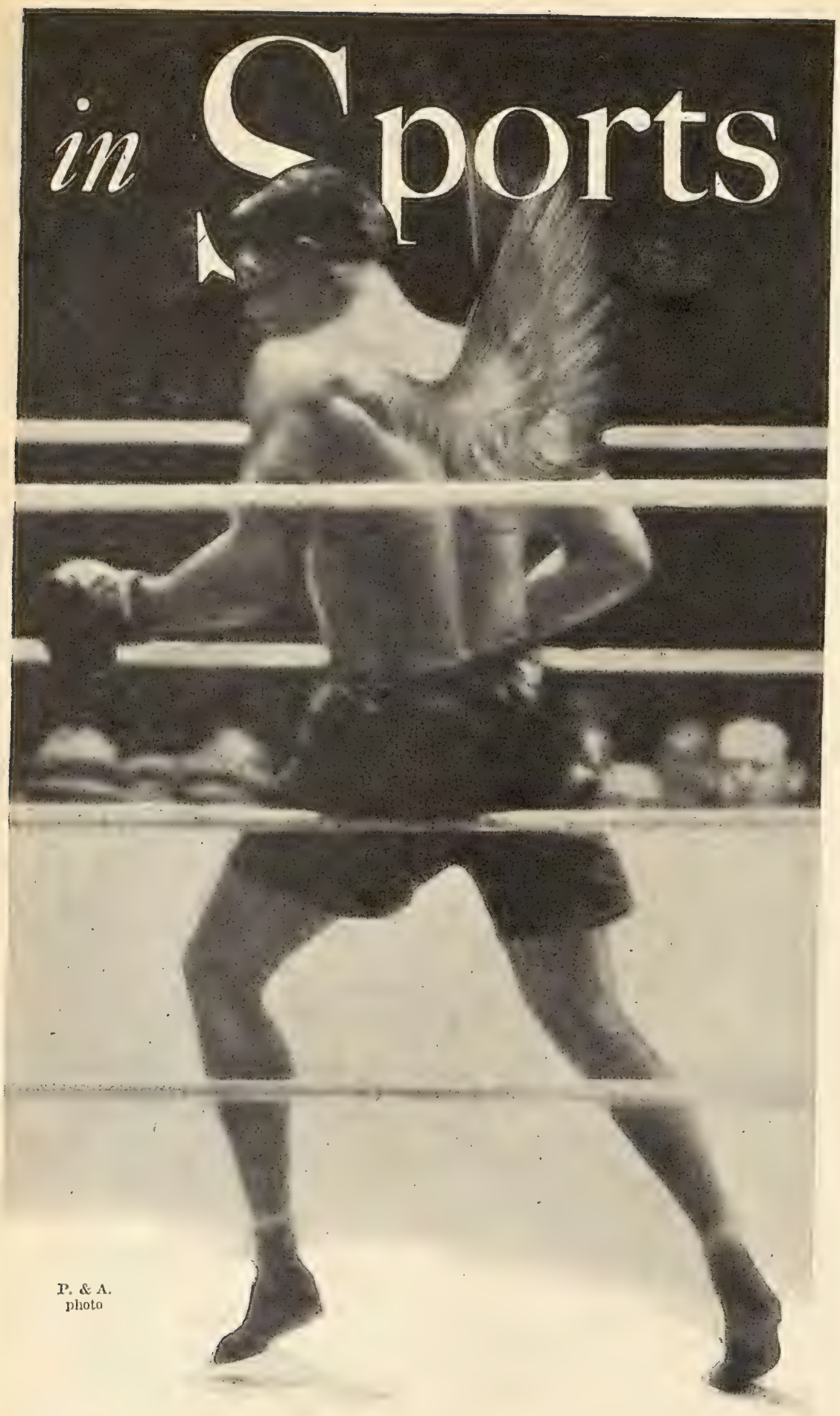
W. O. McGEEHAN

GENERALLY speaking, the percentage of fraud in sports is about that fixed by Mr. Andrew Volstead for liquid refreshment—less than one-half of 1 per cent. I will exempt three sports: foot racing (which is virtually extinct, professionally), wrestling (which no longer is taken seriously), and horse racing (which is essentially larcenous).

Still, the two greatest prize fights of our time, the Dempsey-Carpentier bout and the Tunney-Dempsey bout, were gigantic frauds, in a sense. I do not mean to say that they were fixed by those mysterious "gambling rings." I believe that both of them were fought and won honestly—with reservations.

The spectacular Dempsey-Car-

in Sports



P. & A. photo

WHILE he's transfigured with the hazy brightness of popularity every professional athlete is a demigod from paradise.

pentier fraud at Boyle's Thirty Acres, known as the Battle of the Century, drew gate receipts of more than $1,600,000 and gathered 90,000 customers who were willing to be defrauded because they were told in advance, by word of mouth and by newspapers, that they were to be defrauded.

With two exceptions, every boxing expert in the world wrote in advance of this bout that the frail Georges Carpentier had no chance against Jack Dempsey. The two exceptions were George Bernard Shaw and a lady writer who insisted that genius would play a part in the manly art and that Georges Carpentier had that quality to the *n*th degree.

Years after the Battle of the Century, Mr. Tex Rickard admitted the fraud. In a naive outburst of confidence, he told of going into Dempsey's dressing-room on the day of the fight and pleading with him not to knock out Carpentier in the first round. Dempsey assented.

If you remember any of the details of that fight, you will recall that it was apparent that Dempsey could have battered down the fragile Frenchman in the first round. Carpentier landed a right flush on Dempsey's jaw—and broke his hand. Even when Dempsey decided to make his kill, he seemed to be pulling his punches, as they say.

Of course this was a fraud; but it was one committed with the consent of the defrauded. If Mr. Rickard had entered that ring at Boyle's Thirty Acres just before the main event and made an announcement to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, Carpentier is no match for Dempsey, so those of you who want your money back may get it at the box office"—I am quite sure that no one would have accepted the offer.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

for Sport, Health, Economy!

Safe, Comfortable, Easy to Ride!

VACATION trips, the very ones you have promised to take "some day" —glorious week-end tours over back-country routes —you can afford them all with a Harley-Davidson!

Happy, carefree miles over winding rural roads, with the fresh country breeze in your face—that's motorcycling, the sport of a thousand joys!

It all costs you only *one cent per mile* with a Harley-Davidson Single. This new-type motorcycle travels 80 miles per gallon, and is safe and dependable. Any 2 x 8 foot space will park or house it.

Easy to buy, too. Ask your Harley-Davidson Dealer about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. Price, complete with 3-speed transmission and full electric equipment, f. o. b. factory, $235

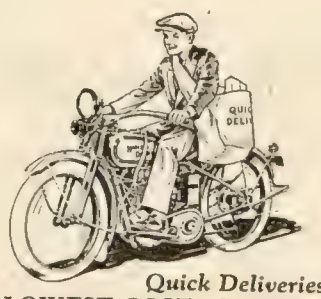
Mail Coupon for Literature.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
Department L. M. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

80 miles per gallon

The HARLEY-DAVIDSON Single
[New-Type Motorcycle]

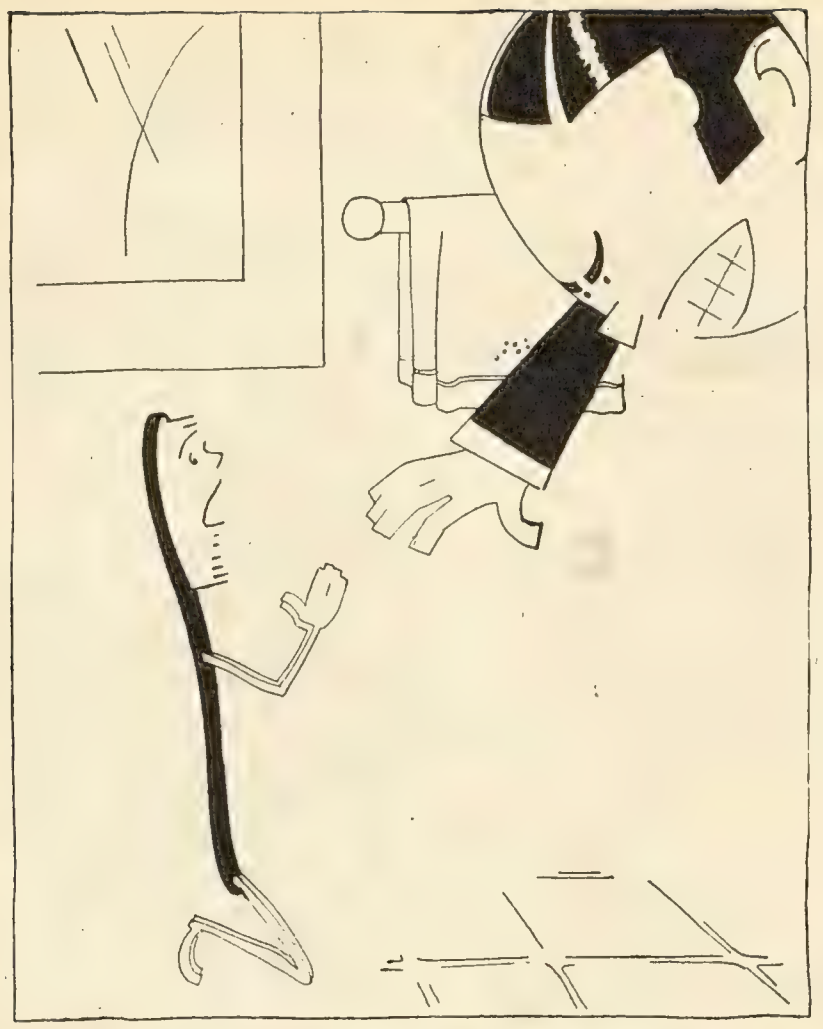
The Harley-Davidson line includes Single and Twin-cylinder models in a wide range of prices. Get our Catalog.



Quick Deliveries at LOWEST COST—for drug stores, collectors, inspectors, messengers, etc.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
Department L. M., Milwaukee, Wisconsin
☐ Interested in Single; send catalog.
☐ Interested in low-cost delivery service.
Name .....
Address .....

Mail this!



HAVE A HEART!

A tragedy re-enacted daily in millions of bathrooms

POOR old brush! Haven't you punished him enough? Weak—aged—decrepit—still you expect him to care for your teeth!

True, he doesn't *look* worn out. At a casual glance, he may even appear as good as ever. All the bristles are still there.

Yet, counterpart of millions of others in American bathrooms, he is probably but an empty shell—a poor wraith of his former usefulness.

We who go on using such brushes are neglecting our teeth just as surely as though we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Let's give our old brush a well-deserved vacation! Let's pension it off today! Let's start over again with a new Dr. West's Tooth Brush.

A Dr. West's—the brush that cleans inside, outside, and between the teeth. The brush with special bristles—firm, lively, vigorous bristles—that *polish as they clean!*

Faithful daily care with your Dr. West's will bring your teeth to a brilliant whiteness you may never have thought possible. Thorough brushing—*away* from the gums—four minutes a day—two in the morning, two at night.

And here's a secret! To get the full value from Dr. West's special polishing quality, never try to "wear out" your brush. Dr. West's is so long-lived that it is often serviceable for months after its polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have firm, *new* bristles always.

Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*

EVERY Dr. West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Thumb Brushers. *Samples* of each type are displayed for examination in the handy cabinet on your dealer's counter.

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

[FRAUD IN SPORTS Continued from Page Seventy-five]

There were no complaints against the fraud perpetrated at Boyle's Thirty Acres, and consequently Mr. Rickard was encouraged to promote the fraud that is known as the Battle of the Sesquicentennial. This one drew contributors to the extent of $2,000,000 in round numbers. But in this one Mr. Rickard fooled not only the majority of his patrons—he fooled himself.

With one of my colleagues, I talked to Mr. Rickard the day before the fight.

"Who do you think will win?" we demanded.

"I am only hoping and praying that Dempsey will let him stay a couple of rounds," answered Mr. Rickard. "That is the only thing that worries me at this time, with this big house and all of those fine people. It will be terrible if he knocks him out in the first round. It will be terrible for me, for the game, and for everything."

I do not know whether or not he once more pleaded with Dempsey to refrain from scoring the knockout too early in the game.

If he had, it certainly would have been one of the little ironies of the ring.

Again, if Mr. Rickard had announced that he was convinced that Tunney would not last a round, I doubt whether he could have induced a single member of that throng to leave the Stadium at Philadelphia. By this time Mr. Rickard must be convinced that his patrons love to be defrauded.

FROM a strictly ethical point of view, the conduct of Mr. Tex Rickard has been very reprehensible indeed; but after studying the business of prize-fight promoting for a quarter of a century, more or less, I am moved to repeat an epigram made by the late Willus Britt, who managed successively his brother Jimmy, Battling Nelson, and Stanley Ketchel.

Asked whether he considered a certain proceeding ethical, Mr. Willus Britt retorted: "Hell! There ain't no ethics in the fight game."

I always have felt that Mr. Britt, as they say, "spoke a mouthful."

Certainly the silence of Mr. Rickard in regard to the weak points of his shows was no less ethical than the silence of a grand-opera impresario on an off night. It is not yet recorded that any impresario in advance of a performance of La Bohème has come before the curtain and said: "*Mimi* has the croup, *Rodolfo* is not in voice, and *Marcel* is half pie-eyed. Those who would sooner have their money back than listen to a sour opera may get it at the box office."

Quixotic frankness is no part of the show business, and fight promoting most emphatically is a show business.

When it was revealed that the baseball World's Series of 1919 had been bought and manipulated by a gambling ring, there was more consternation and indignation than there would have been if, instead, it had been revealed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

USE IRON GLUE

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc., 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, Hardware, Drug and Grocery Stores, or 15c size by mail. In tubes and in bottles.

McCORMICK & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TO MEND BOOKS

If You Are A MAN

worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll bet you $50 that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for Managers. The "Wonder Box" sells on sight.

TOM WALKER

DEPT. 30 - PITTSBURGH, PA.

"DON'T SHOUT

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."

THE MORLEY PHONE for the

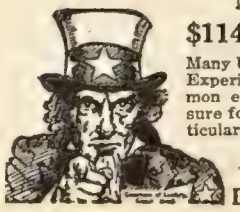
DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it.

Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 752, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

Get on "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll



Men—Women 18 Up

$1140 to $3300 A YEAR

Many U. S. Government jobs obtainable. Experience usually unnecessary. Common education sufficient. Write today sure for free 32-page book with full particulars and list of positions.

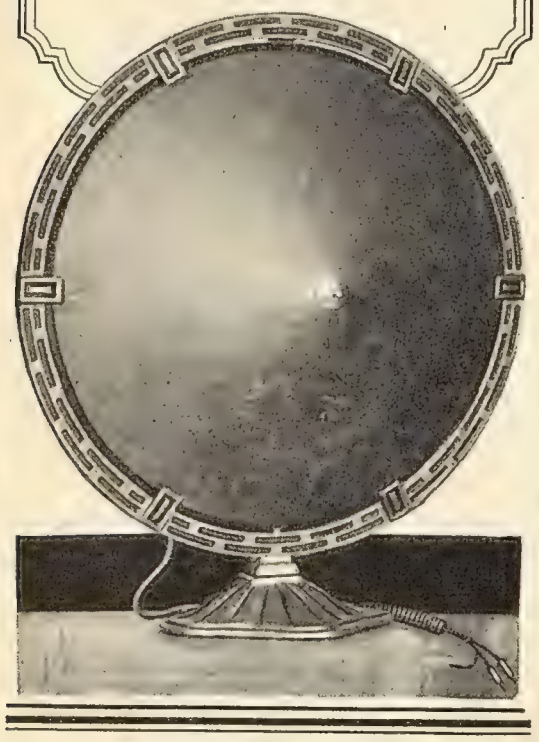
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. K-197 Rochester, N. Y.

The NEW Herald $12.75

A FREE-EDGED cone speaker, 18 inches high, with protecting metal frame. Compare this 1927 model Herald for volume and tone with any higher priced speaker at your dealer's.

HERALD ELECTRIC CO., INC.
29 East End Ave., New York



The Gate Women Don't Crash—

The story of Lois Weber, famous motion picture director, and why there aren't more like her. Including some new light on the art of making motion pictures.

By
Charles S. Dunning

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

that an entire national administration had sold out to a few trusts or even to some foreign power. The legendary "Say it ain't true, Joe," takes its place among great national sayings in time of stress with "Don't give up the ship" and "Thank God for Wilson; he kept us out of war."

Later we had a former Cabinet member and some prominent figures of a national administration charged with selling government oil reserves, and the indignation, if any, was subdued. In fact, the country seemed to be prepared for charges of this nature, whereas

Baseball Commissioner Landis doing his stuff while Ty Cobb grits his teeth and carries on.

the fact that the national game could be corrupted, and had been corrupted, caught us entirely unprepared.

The thought never seems to have occurred to anybody that the national game could not possibly be any purer than the national politics or business, or that the average baseball player should be expected to hold higher ideals than the average politician or business man.

Very ordinary young men with the physical qualifications to make them successful professional athletes are made into synthetic demigods, and when they reveal the fact that they have all the weaknesses of human beings their worshipers are shocked.

The latest scandal in baseball—which has developed into no scandal whatsoever, according to the last decision of Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis—followed a scandal at Washington which involved high government officials. But there was more agitation over the insinuation that Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker had been involved in the "sloughing" of one baseball game than there was over the charge that government officials had been involved in looting a few hundreds of millions of dollars in oil reserves.

It would seem that we are cynical and always prepared for the worst in our politicians and business men, but that we are popeyed idealists as far as our professional athletes are concerned. There may be grand larceny to the left of us and to the right of us in everything else; but the mere hint that there is a trace of petty larceny in our national sport causes us to view the situation with alarm and to wonder whither we are drifting.

When some remorseless historian, delving into the past, discovered that George Washington used strong language and strong drink on occasions, and seemed to imply that the father of his country was no better than he should be, the protests were mild. But when Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach, was on his way out of baseball

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It's safer to travel

YOUR luggage and contents are too valuable to expose to the unavoidable perils of travel—of accident, fire and theft—without protection against their loss.

Cover your personal effects against loss and damage with North America Tourist Baggage Insurance. It is inexpensive, easy to obtain and dependable, assuring satisfactory adjustment in the event of mishap.

Ask any North America Agent, or send the attached coupon for full information.

the North America way

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company" Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America
Sixteenth St. at the Parkway
Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. X-5
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Wants information on Tourist Baggage Insurance

Soothing
and Refreshing to Eyes after Motoring

When you return from a dusty ride with red, strained, irritated eyes, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as fresh as they look.

Murine is invaluable for refreshing eyes wearied by reading, sewing, business or movies. Women use it before going out in the evening to make their eyes more lustrous. Positively contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Begin its use today!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail to Murine Co., Dept. 86, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

ALASKA
CORK-INSULATED REFRIGERATOR

On guard!
to keep foods fresh

The "Cork-wall Window" is proof of cork-insulation

ADEQUATE insulation, as you know, has made home refrigeration the efficient service it is today. If you want a *good* refrigerator, you will demand satisfactory insulation.

But there is something else you should demand also—*visible proof* of adequate insulation.

You will find the "Cork-Wall Window" in no other refrigerator but the Alaska. You can actually *see* the cork-insulation. You *know* it is there. You *know* your foods will be kept fresh and wholesome. You *know* your ice bills will be reduced to a minimum.

Ask your Alaska dealer to show you the famous "Cork-Wall Window."

Note, too, the substantial construction of Alaska refrigerators. You are assured many years of dependable service.

You will find many types and sizes of Alaska Refrigerators to select from. If you do not know an Alaska dealer in your town, write to us.

The "Cork-Wall Window" is patented
It is an exclusive Alaska feature

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CO.
Dept. M-5, 68-198 Broadway, Muskegon, Mich.
London Office: 21 Ropemaker St., E. C.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

[FRAUD IN SPORTS
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

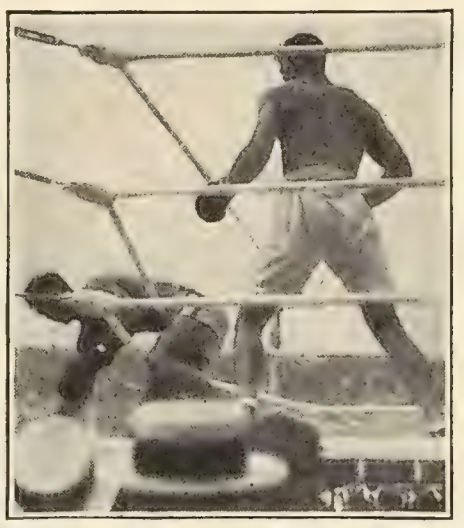
apparently under a cloud, there was a cry for the shaggy gray scalp of Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. It was very close to a national tragedy.

There are approximately 400 professional athletes in the big leagues. They come from a variety of environments. They have all the normal vices of their age. They come from the sand lots or the colleges to realize on their common talent, and to realize as much as they can in the shortest possible time; for the pace is fast and the life of a professional athlete is brief at best. There are few Cobbs and Speakers.

To the idealistic fan, baseball is a sport and something even higher: it is a sacred rite. But to the baseball magnate it is a business, and to the professional athlete baseball is a trade from which he must extract all that he can, in the way of payment, while he can. There are some players who really love the game, but these are in the minority. If you have traveled with a baseball club you will remember the joy in the faces of the athletes when they wake up and find that it is raining and that there will be no game that day. In midseason a baseball team has been heard to cheer a rainstorm.

Let us take the case of the best beloved of baseball players, Christy Mathewson. Lest the idealist fear that I am about to muckrake his memory, I make haste to say that he was a man, a whole man. But I resent this business of making one of those priggish *Sandford* and *Merton* heroes of Matty. He was human.

Matty took his drink with his friends. When the spirit moved him he could let rip a good wholesome oath. He was a good poker player. He was everything that would endear him to men, and was in no sense the prig that they try to make of him. For the game of baseball he had the same respect that any true man usually has for his life work.



Even when Dempsey decided to make his kill, he seemed to be pulling his punches.

He did not say of baseball, as did one magnate, that it was the "bull-works" of the nation. I have heard him say of baseball: "It is good work. It has paid me well and it has treated me well. It is worth while, and we players should be grateful for it and protect it." He did not regard himself as a demigod or a superman, and for that very reason he came as close to being either or both as any of the professional athletes.

BUT all of the young men of whom we make heroes are not blessed with the character and balanced mind of Mathewson. Despite the influx of college men into our national pastime in recent years, I should say that the aggregate intelligence in baseball is much lower than the aggregate intelligence that is found in politics or business. The college player does not uplift the sand-lotter. On the contrary, the sand-lotter rapidly makes the college player forget his campus and the old alma mater.

THE business of professional baseball is not conducive to the development of character. The contention that it is, constantly advanced by the magnates, is one of our national fallacies. Let us try to get at the state of mind of a baseball player who has participated in the "sloughing" of a game, or even of a world's series.

This player feels that he is being underpaid by his owner, who is his natural enemy. He is cynical with regard to his public because of their hysterical inconsistency. One day he will be cheered to the echo. On the next he will be referred to as a big bum. He has come to the conclusion that there is nothing in baseball except what he can get out of it.

He feels that the magnates have defrauded and oppressed him and that the fans never have appreciated him at his real worth. The newspapers have given him an exaggerated sense of his importance in the social scheme. He is ready to take any chance for the "easy money." He has no sense of any responsibilities to the "little dirty-faced boy in the street" in the preservation of the "national pastime"; nor has he any compunction about double-crossing the magnate who refused him a $2,000 advance in the spring. He is ready for the "sloughing."

The illusions that we build around the heavyweight champion prize fighter are blinder still. It is not enough that the heavyweight champion repeat the boast of John L. Sullivan: "I can lick any blankety-blank in the house. I can lick any blankety-blank in the world."

He must have the soul of a Bayard as well as the soul of an assassin. Now, to become heavyweight champion, a young man must have the reflexes of a gorilla and the will of the killer. Obviously, it is impossible for him to have all of the other virtues that have been wished on the holder of the heavyweight championship.

Once, when I was trying to get some line on the antecedents of a certain "logical contender" for the heavyweight championship, I asked an old-timer of the ring game whether he thought a particular gladiator really sprang from the line of ancestors claimed for him by his press agent. The Nestor of the ring responded promptly: "No. He is a good fighter, and all good prize fighters come from the gutter."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Drop
Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers, like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter where it is, how old or how painful. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." You will be delighted.

"GETS-IT"
World's Fastest Way

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers
LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858
Dept. N-437 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.

DIAMONDS
GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED
AT IMPORTERS' PRICES

Send for FREE Catalog
Over 2000 Bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Silverware and Gift Articles for every occasion. Catalog explains how to have any items shipped for your FREE EXAMINATION without sending us any money whatever! Write now for this big, valuable book—no obligation.

No. 849 A beauty! Solid 18-k white gold; brilliant, blue white Diamond. $97.50 $2.50 a wk.

Rectangular Wrist Watch
No. 16—14-k white gold, 15-J. $14.85
An exceptional bargain. $1.48 a month.

Wedding Rings
No. 824—The "Elite" $7.50
solid 18-k white gold. Set with 3 Diamonds, $22.50; 5 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

PREPARE FOR AN
ART CAREER

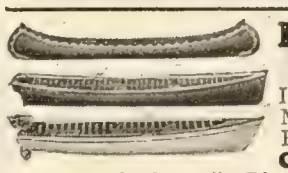
—thru the *only* art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Commercial artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as $10,000 per year. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 82 Chicago, Ill.

A taste you'll like
—in addition to remarkable cleansing and healing properties

The original iodine tooth paste keeps your teeth and mouth in best possible condition. Try a tube. Sold by druggists, or by mail postpaid, 50c. Iodine Products Co., Laurel, Miss.

ZI-O-DINE
The Perfect Dental Cream



Better Boats
At Lower Prices

Inboard and Outboard Motor Boats, Canoes, Rowboats and Dinghies.

Catalog Free! Save money—order by mail. Please state kind of Boat you are interested in. Two big factories. Prompt shipment.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (19)
225 Ann St., PESHTIGO WISCONSIN (*Write to either place*) 125 Elm St., CORTLAND, NEW YORK

VENUS PENCILS

The largest selling Quality pencil in the world

17 black degrees—3 copying

Try VENUS B—a soft pencil for general use.

Plain ends, per doz. $1.00
Rubber ends, per doz. $1.20

At all dealers

Unequalled for writing or drawing.

American Pencil Co.
216 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Makers of UNIQUE Thin Lead Colored Pencils
12 colors—$1.00 per doz.

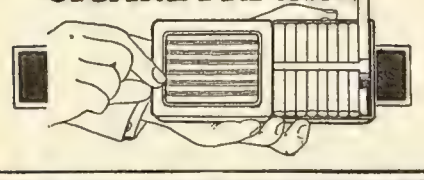
The Cigarette JUMPS to meet you!

One Hand does the trick

No need to let go the wheel when you want a smoke. Draw your trusty EJECTOR—press the lever and out pops a cigarette to meet your lips. There's no case like the EJECTOR for convenience—for cleverness—for smart appearance. Price $1.50 to $25.00.

The LYONS MFG. Co., Mt. Carmel, NEW HAVEN, Conn., U. S. A.

EJECTOR CIGARETTE CASE



Music Lessons UNDER MASTER TEACHERS At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail With accredited school. Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our *Free Catalog* with details of course you want. Send *now*.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
388 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

SANFORD'S PASTE

Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

This may shock those who cherish the fond illusions that have been built around our heavyweight champions, particularly since the prize fighters have literary rights to sell and are made to talk about the refining and uplifting influence of the straight left and the right cross upon the youth of the land. It may be a bit exaggerated, but not nearly so much so as the notion that all prize fighters are Galahads.

As a matter of fact, the modern prize fighters have deteriorated even in that essential—the killer instinct. If a modern champion adopted the policy of John L. Sullivan, touring the world with a standing offer of a reward for any man who would stand up to him for a certain number of rounds, they would suspect that he had become permanently punch-drunk. The modern fighter gives the minimum of fighting for the maximum of gate receipts, and that maximum has grown beyond all proportions.

Jack Dempsey, the ex-champion, crawled from under a freight car into the ring over which he ruled for so many years. He did not pretend to be anything but a prize fighter seeking to batter what he could out of the world with his two fists. But the hero-worshipers discovered in him qualities that he himself never knew that he had. Naturally, after continued insistence, Jack Dempsey was forced to believe that he really did have them.

WITH his background, this was not Dempsey's fault. He was a hobo, and made no bones about it; but they discovered that he was a demigod and they made him accept the rôle.

It is not charged openly that Dempsey ever "sloughed" a prize fight. This would hardly have been profitable. It would have involved too much money.

Considering the fact that pugilism is so cluttered up with larcenous spirits, it is my notion that the "sloughing" of prize fights, the out-and-out faking with the attendant cleaning up by gamblers, has been remarkably scarce of late years.

In fact, the percentage of corruption in professional sport is reasonably low since the breaking up of the Maybray gang.

It was this ancient organization that made professional foot racing extinct. They carried a troupe of athletes and they finished according to the betting. Of course it is easy to throw a foot race, and nobody can prove that it has been thrown. There was also a wrestling troupe, and the results of the wrestling matches always suited the betting arrangements.

The prize fighters in the gang always arranged their bouts according to schedule. It is a little more difficult to make a prize fight that is faked seem realistic if there are experts in the house. But the Maybray gang, with the addition of a little wire-tapping, did fairly well until the Federal authorities felt that they were doing entirely too well and set

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

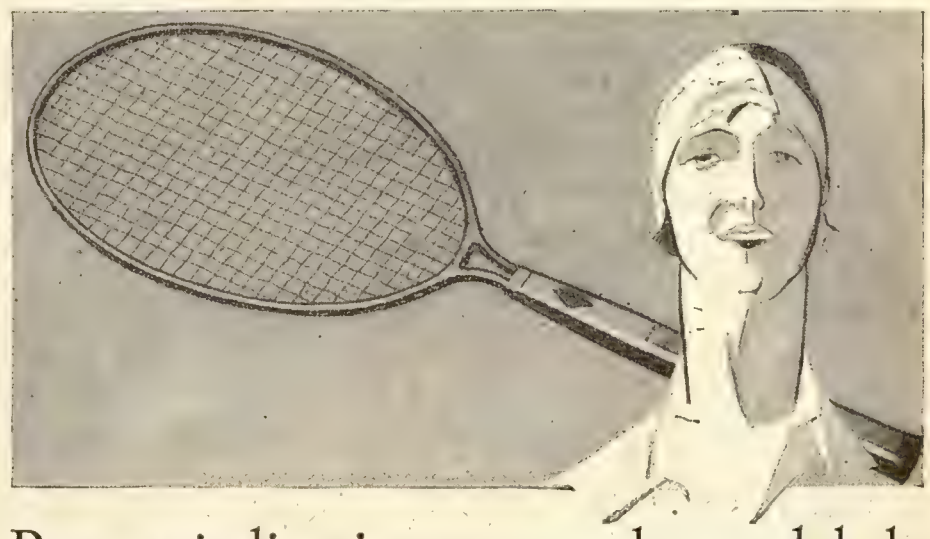
FLORSHEIM SHOES

are friends you'll never forget

Men who choose Florsheim Shoes go right on wearing them. Quality *holds* the attention that Florsheim style *attracts*.

Most Styles $10 *The* WALTON, *Style M-239*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO



Put prejudice in your pocket and help yourself to a better game

TENNIS is a game of exact timing, of careful change of pace, and of accurate placing of the ball. For the best game, the racquet used should always give the same reaction to the same stimulus.

Because it is not affected by changes in temperature or moisture, a Dayton Racquet always gives the same response to the same stroke. It does not warp, or spring, or twist out of shape. Its stringing does not fray, does not loosen nor contract from day to day, but always has the same sharp percussion and exhilarating liveliness. At any time a Dayton Racquet will have the same inspiring resiliency and masterful strength that it has the day it leaves the factory.

Buy and play a Dayton Steel Racquet and you will gradually become aware of a growing confidence, a surer handling of the ball, and more accurate stroking.

Investigate the Dayton *De Luxe* which is priced at $12.50—the peak of the Dayton line; the Dayton *Blue Ace* for $10.00—less expensive because of the method of stringing and rust proofing; the *Dayton* 7—the most racquet that $7 ever bought. These racquets come in all the standard weights and grips. And behind each is our guarantee of satisfaction. The Dayton Steel Racquet Co., Dayton, Ohio.

New DAYTON RACQUET

CANDY
for Mother's Day

Remember....

that mother is always eighteen in some corner of her heart. She likes to remember sweetheart days in which candy played its part. Make her realize that she is still somebody's sweetheart.

Mother's day is an ancient custom. Teach your children to observe it. The love of a mother for her child is the strongest, most unselfish love on Earth; the love of a child for the mother is the noblest.

Give mother candy on Mother's Day, May 8th, as a symbol of your love. Be sure that she is included in the Mother's Day candy custom. Don't disappoint her.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Mother is a judge of candy for experience has taught her that it is made up of nuts, milk, sugar, butter, molasses, eggs, gelatine, corn syrup, malted milk, fruits, chocolate and other pure, health-building foods.

Candy nourishes. It gives energy. It relieves fatigue.

Mother deserves more than one annual treat. She likes candy in the home for Sunday. Remember there are other Sundays in the year and give her the pleasure of the Sunday candy custom.

© 1927 N. C. A.

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, 1627 LOCUST STREET ST. LOUIS, MO.

[FRAUD IN SPORTS Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

some investigators to work, eventually breaking up this incipient sporting trust that took its customers coming and going.

There have been no frauds as bald since that time, but the prize ring does not hold the soul of fairness and integrity that the promoters and those who live on it contend. There remains fraud of the second and third degrees.

I am thinking of the careers of two prize fighters, both Negroes. There was the case of Joe Gans, the lightweight, whose record, as the race-track expert would put it, contains some "startling reversals of form." Now, real reversals of form in the prize ring are scarcer than hen's teeth. In all of the history of the prize ring there was only one champion who, after being knocked out, came back and knocked out the man who knocked him out.

It was only when Joe Gans had been abandoned by the parasites who had clung to him when he had his health that he really began to fight. When he staged that fight with Nelson at Goldfield, Nevada, he was in the advanced stages of tuberculosis. At the last he showed that there was no man within ten pounds of his weight who could have stood against him if the prize-fight game had been what its followers claim it to be.

P. & A. photo

Tex Rickard—the man who builds them up and puts them over.

THEN there was the case of Sam Langford. It is my conviction that Sam could have beaten any fighter of his time, black or white. But Sam never was a champion.

There are those fights that are known as brother acts: the combination of Leonard and Dundee and of Britton and Lewis. Every time the customers gathered to see either of these pairs, they were lured by the chance of seeing a knockout. But, somehow, Dundee and Leonard never reached that point, and Lewis and Britton refrained from any knocking out until their managers differed on money matters. But, as they say, they gave a good show, and if the customers were defrauded of the knockout they always came back for more. It would appear that the patrons of professional sports never would be the victims of fraud or near-fraud unless they enjoyed it to a certain extent.

Twenty years or so ago Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, in a fit of remorse and melancholia, sat down and gave out a series of confessions in which he admitted that some of the thrilling battles in which he had participated were prearranged. I recall that he admitted rehearsing the one with Al Kauffman in a barn before the real event. This was because Mr. Kauffman, a simple and sincere soul, did not have any artistic sense about pulling a punch.

The revival of the fight game in California brought about the celebrated fake fight between Fred Fulton, the plastered plasterer, and Antonio Fuentes. But it did not discourage the promoters and it did not discourage the customers. Hope springs eternal in the breast of the customer.

Summing up, there is bound to be a certain amount of fraud in all of our professional sports, just as there always will be a certain amount of it in our national life. Fraud in sports hurts more and causes the greater concern because we idealize sports and make demigods out of our professional athletes.

IT is my idea that when we can look at them as mere human beings, possessed only of some exaggerated physical attributes, we will be less prone to shock and great mental anguish when one of them shows that he is no less human than a politician or a business man. When we get that sane point of view we shall be in the position to realize that the proportion of fraud in sports is no higher and perhaps not nearly so high as it is in other lines of endeavor.

THE END

Poems, Verses, or What Have You?

The Author.

ARE you a versifier? As announced in last week's issue, this column has been set aside for poetic contributions by LIBERTY'S readers.

Send in your work. If it is deemed worthy, it will be bought at the customary space rate and published.

The only stipulation is that your poem be original and not more than sixteen lines in length. People like to laugh, so make it light or satirical, if possible.

Here's a sample, written by our youngest and smallest office boy:

* * *

Never Settle Down

Lord, let me never "settle down"!
Though failing riches and renown,
  Keep forever alive in me
  That joyous curiosity,
Which keeps us young and all aglow
To see, to feel, to hear, and know!
Whether fate grin on me or frown,
Lord, let me never "settle down"!

By GEORGE GAMBLE.

Among the most sought-after girls

NATURE was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology.

Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way.

They do it with color. Carmined lips — a splash of color on one's hat — a bag that's like the sunset.

Yet — if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat.

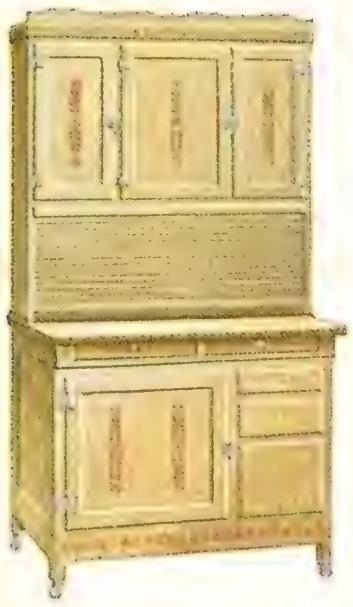
Drab, mousy hair is not exactly — er — stimulating, is it? Still — it needn't stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days.

Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will reappear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

It's not a dye — it's a glint o' gold for blondes — a bronze sheen for the darker heads. And one feels so — right! 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct.* * * J. W. KOBI CO., 634-D Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo

— that magic lustre for every shade of hair



COLONIAL

SPANISH

New style cabinets bring *beauty* and *color* into the kitchen

HAVE you sometimes sensed a monotonous, depressing *sameness* about your kitchen?

Other modern women have, thousands of them. In fact that is why we have added to the Sellers line of modern kitchen cabinets and installed units this wonderful

new—stylish—Sellers KITCHENAIRE*!*

Here you have a kitchen cabinet. But look! It is clothed for the first time in the style, the color of period designs.

Here are gay, artistic effects of the Spanish type! Here are fascinating examples of Colonial and Modern-American (*Klear*Front) design! And each the conception of a distinguished European designer—offered exclusively by Sellers for those whose tastes run to color.

Yet beneath this modern, stylish exterior is the famous Sellers Kitchen Cabinet—the favorite kitchen helper—the time-saver—the labor-saver supreme—in millions of homes.

Nor are these colorful art models high-priced. Every taste and every income can be suited.

In addition there are the beautiful *standard* models of the Sellers—used in millions of homes—preferred by many to whom the pure white, immaculate kitchen is still the ideal.

See your local dealer

At the local Sellers dealer's store you can see the new Sellers KITCHENAIRE. Go by all means. See the beautiful models. Learn the prices. Be prepared to discuss this latest idea.

OUR KITCHENAIRE BOOK FREE

But in the meantime write for our latest booklet—"Apostles of Style." In it are actual *color reproductions* of the new KITCHENAIRE models. There is no charge for the book. Just send your name and address. We will include name of a Sellers dealer near you.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., *Elwood, Indiana*

The SELLERS Kitchenaire

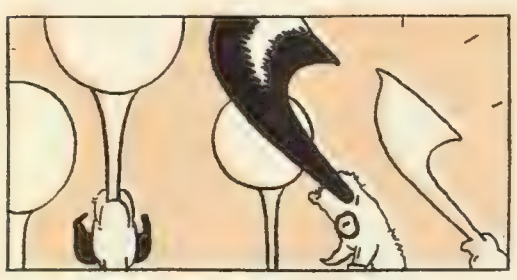
VOX POP

The Chameleon

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There is an old song, The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be. The same goes for your magazine. It has changed from a story magazine to a current-event tabloid.—*Richard V. Darcy.*

Loud-Speaking Dogs

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—In your article, The Wildest Balloon Ride, by Walter Hinton, he writes that they



prepared to land the balloon when they heard a dog barking. Then he adds that it took eighteen minutes to valve out gas enough to drop from 6,000 to 1,200 feet.

Allow us to observe that dogs in Canada must be equipped with loud-speakers to be heard 6,000 feet up in the air. Amen.—*Tex.*

Expert Testimony from a Sub-Deb

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It was very amusing to read the articles on College Morals in your bright little weekly. Ho, hum!—some points were very much "off," but you hit the mark quite a few times. Whoever said that, if he were to describe things as they really are, the older generation would probably die from shock, certainly let loose an earful. I thought you might be interested in getting a few facts from a Sub-Deb who surely should know. I've been running around and about with collegiates from a large Southern college since I ever thought about coming out.

Are we better or worse than our mothers and dads? I wonder! There are no morals, everyone stays tight half the time; co-eds *don't* rate with college men; hazing and gambling are favorite indoor sports; the best girls neck; everyone loves to dance and does at every possible moment; the pace is enough to kill a bronze image. *Fast?* The collegians have *arrived.* The code is to be careful, and don't talk; studying is considered mid-Victorian; we are all quite, quite mad, but very gay; just dance and laugh, and think only when we have to. *That's* Southern college life!!! I mean the leaders, the regular fellows, of course. The "Barbs" are rather pure, poor things!

Nevertheless, I'm going on the Big Adventure very soon, now. I have everything planned so it will seem an accident, and am just waiting a good opportunity to slip away and kick out. That's no kidding, either—I am truly going to die.

Why shall I commit suicide? Ho, hum, I don't know. I'm just very, very tired, and rather bored with living. I may be dead when you print this—if it is printed.—*A Sub-Deb.*

Snap into It!

WESTFIELD, N. J.—What's the matter with your magazine lately, anyway? I used to consider it one of the snappiest weeklies published, but now—*ooh!* Cut out some of the stuff about women with red hair, and silk stockings, and framed baseball, and put in some snappy short stories.

How about some more stories like War Birds and The Fear of God?—*Lillian.*

Try and Make Them Do It

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Your editorials seem to me, at times, to be very unsound—for instance, your recent one: Shucks!—Let 'Em Fight!

After giving your opinion of Mr. Brisbane on this subject, you continue and say that the pugilistic instinct is primitive and therefore worth while. I do not agree with you in this. It is by overcoming base primitive instincts, and supplanting them with high ideals, that we have come to our present state of civilization.

How much better it would have been had the crowd that attended the Maloney-Delaney fight first gone to a gym, taken some good wholesome exercise, then spent the evening reading a work on philosophy.—*Lawrence Carleton.*

We Didn't Expect This in the Spring

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Can't we have something besides love stories once in a while?—*A Reader.*

Facing the Truth

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Commenting on The Bar Sinister in Abraham Lincoln's Life, I note where M. A. Musmanno of Pittsburgh takes exception to the fact that the subject was ever discussed. He doesn't believe a word of it; therefore, of course, no one else does either.

It stands to reason that no article would appear in a magazine as prominent as LIBERTY that had absolutely no shadow of truth, and if the article was based on rumor, there's an old saying, "Where there is smoke, there must be a little fire."

After all, we are all human in this world, and the best of us make mistakes. And the majority of these mistakes, if analyzed, I feel sure, would point to the heart and not to the head.

The mother of Nancy Hanks, no doubt, was confronted with the same problem that thousands of young girls who live in this day and time must face. But, after all is said and done, *what difference does it make?*—*B. E. S.*

A Versatile Ten-Year-Old

FALL RIVER, MASS.—I think the article, Our Fightin'est Fighter, is great stuff. Print more like it. I am only ten years old, but I read For the Love o' Lil and the Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg.—*An Interested Reader.*

They Were Surprised

AUDUBON, N. J.—Your article called Riding the Winds on a Bubble, by Lieutenant Walter Hinton, contained a story about an observation balloon that broke away from the battleship New Jersey, off the Atlantic coast. He stated that the balloon drifted *inshore,* hanging up in some bushes near Hagerstown, Maryland, and was followed by a detail in a sailing-boat.

This must have been *some boat.*

If you will look at a map you will see that Hagerstown is at least 150 miles *inshore* from the Atlantic coast and is not on any body of water.

The folks in Hagerstown certainly must have been surprised to see a sailing-boat sail up to their shores!—*W. A. Kofke.*

Look Below and See—

ST. LOUIS, MO.—You publish a good magazine. Your articles are highly entertaining, but—why publish such trash as Love's Greatest Mistake? Somebody slipped when they allowed this to get into your weekly.—*H. C. Grosskop.*

What Nellie Thinks

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Love's Greatest Mistake! It's a corker! Hope when it's finished that it will be followed up with an equally good one.—*Nellie.*

'Ray for Crabs!

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Why don't you pick out the crabbiest of the Vox Poppers and pay him to write a

lengthy article on how rotten LIBERTY is?

I have gotten more laughs out of those knocking letters than I have from the regular comedy stories.

May the hammers grow larger!—*A. C. Mack.*

From a Stooper

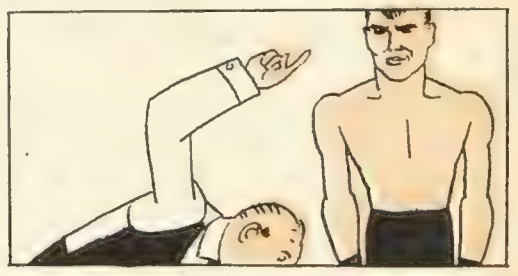
MEMPHIS, TENN.—I have submitted a number of articles to several periodicals. All have been rejected. It seems that I shall yet have to stoop to LIBERTY. It publishes *anything.*—*Thomas P. O'Brien.*

Here's a Haymaker

KITTANNING, PA.—I am convinced, after reading the knockers' letters in Vox Pop, that in some particular cases Darwin insulted the monkey.—*J. S. Fry.*

Telling Us Something

WAKENBURG, COLO.—So, according to one of your editorials, you wouldn't go to see a fight unless it was Tunney or Maloney? Well, let me tell you something! If either one of



those *clowns* ever gets in the ring with Jack Dempsey, he'll go down like beer at a Dutch picnic.—*F. Packard.*

Curdled Criticism

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Aren't there brains enough in your organization to get up some cover designs besides that Sour Milk Series you have been coming out with?—*M. E. Cronin.*

A Good Place to Work

PATERSON, N. J.—I really can't begin to tell how much Leslie Thrasher is appreciated around our office. The first thing we all look for is the weekly story about Lil.—*E. H. Simpson.*

Classifying Knockers

CHICAGO, ILL.—Perhaps the knockers in Vox Pop are in the same class with "the man who was so fond of an argument, he wouldn't even *eat* anything that *agreed* with him!"—*L. A. D.*

A Lesson in History

URBANA, ILL.—*Re* Mr. G. B. Reina's letter in which he says that "old-fashioned Americans never coveted to control everything from the Canadian border to the far side of Panama," let me recommend him to take a good course in elementary American history. In refutation of his statement, allow me to quote Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Professor of History at Harvard University:

> Like the two Democratic Presidents who preceded him, he (President Buchanan) urged upon Congress a policy of tropical annexation. . . . It seemed logical to Buchanan that "Manifest Destiny" should now direct the march of the American people southward. He predicted in a message (to Congress) of 1858 that Central America would fall to the United States by the natural course of events "at no distant time." In 1858 and again in 1859, he urged that the United States assume a protectorate over northern Mexico, and in the latter year he asked for authority to invade that country, to restore order.

The agitation over slavery at that time prevented any action on the matter.

Mr. Reina probably means well, but he is woefully inaccurate.—*H. F.*

The Heart of Nanette

By SAX

Pictures by
WILL FOSTER

GLIBLY, as if born of long familiarity, the words leaped to my tongue: "Hands up!"

I SUPPOSE that at some time during his life every man who has anything of the boy left in him has thought that he would like to take a fling at the great adventure of Secret Service. I feel called upon to assure these aspirants that a comfortable armchair is the better choice.

Accident, or that higher power which the Arabs call Kismet, had cast me in the path of Edmond O'Shea. He had honored me with his friendship, but had quite failed to recognize that I was a man of lesser stature than his own. Hitherto I had been inclined to look upon the Secret Service as a job for highbrows rather than for soldiers.

This error was to be corrected.

Conceive a large room filled with enemies of established order—fanatics whose collected scruples would have left a thimble empty. Conceive that O'Shea and I, posing as members of their bloodthirsty organization, were among them as spies, pledged to bring about their ruin. Now conceive that a "Comrade" who knows us and who has fared ill at our hands is suddenly announced.

Perhaps I shall be forgiven when I say that I remembered with gratitude how Edmond O'Shea had rallied a company of Guards during the great retreat, how his presence of mind and consummate self-possession had helped historians to chronicle Cambrai with pride rather than with humility.

O'Shea edged up beside me. I saw him fumbling for his monocle, and saw his change of expression when he realized that he had left it behind; then:

"Get near the door," he murmured. "My fault, Decies, to have let you in for this."

Macalister came into the room.

He was in dinner kit and he smoked a cigar that, to my disordered vision, appeared to be decorated with two bands.

"Take the left," said O'Shea to me.

Unerringly, instinctively, Macalister's glance settled upon us at the moment of his entrance. He had advanced no more than one pace beyond the butler, and his mouth was agape for excited utterance, when O'Shea's revolver covered him.

Overwhelmed with a sense of utter unreality, I covered the group of four on my left, which included the formidable Schmidt.

Glibly, as if born of long familiarity, the words leaped to my tongue: "Hands up!"

The command was obeyed. I have since thought that in these matters violent men are more tractable than are men of peace. Assessing human life lightly, they credit the brain behind the gun with compunction no greater than their own.

"By God!" I heard Macalister say—and I hope I shall always find time to take off my hat to a good loser—"I had you wrong all the time, Major!"

Schmidt looked dangerously ugly.

"Line up!" said O'Shea sharply. "Jump to it! Fall in on the left of Schmidt."

Came inarticulate mutterings; but without other audible protest the group obeyed, forming a line having Schmidt at one end and the saturnine butler at the other.

"Now," O'Shea continued, "if any man lowers his hands I shall not argue with him. Decies, will you go down to the street door and whistle? Pass behind me. Keep a sharp lookout; I don't know who else is in the house."

There was no one on the stairs, and no one in the long glazed passage that led to the street. This gained, I ran the length of it, and, throwing open the double doors, beheld a seemingly deserted Porchester Terrace.

I whistled shrilly. The result was magical. Men appeared running from right and left. This was the raid squad from Scotland Yard.

Everything was carried out in a most orderly manner. The members of S Group were arrested without unnecessary fuss. A six-seater car appeared from somewhere or other, in which the gang was packed as neatly as canned sardines.

MACALISTER was the last to come downstairs, his cigar still held firmly between his teeth. He was unperturbed. Deportation was the worst he had to fear, and he knew it very well. He was smiling slyly. He paused, looking hard at O'Shea and me.

"Listen," he said. "You two boys have doubled on me pretty badly, but I don't bear no malice." (His grammar at times revealed the influence of the Cubist school.) "Zara is different, and he's still loose. Take my tip and watch out for Zara. If he's seeing red, don't try to pet him. Good night!"

There were certain formalities to be attended to, and I suppose it was close upon 2 o'clock when O'Shea and I found ourselves outside my rooms. I suggested a doch-an-doris.

"If I were superstitious," O'Shea declared, "I should refuse."

He smiled, glancing up at a tall ladder beneath which we must walk to reach my door.

"Oh!" said I. "They are mending the roof or something."

"I suppose we might risk it," he replied. We went in.

The incident stuck in my mind, not so much because of any superstitious significance that I attached to it as because of what actually happened later.

O'Shea dropped on to the settee in my big room, and sighed rather wearily as he watched me preparing drinks.

"You know, Decies," said he, "I am both glad and sorry that this job is over. I have blundered through by sheer good luck. Without your aid, and the aid of someone else, I should have crashed badly."

"Perhaps not," I returned. "If you had not succeeded in one way, you might quite easily have found another."

"Or I might not," said he. "No. I am a poor policeman, and peace-time soldiering is no sort of game."

"What do you mean, O'Shea?"

"I mean," he replied, holding up to the light the glass I handed him, "that I am infernally restless."

I sighed and stooped over the siphon.

"Decies," said O'Shea, "we live in a generation that grows up very early."

"We do," I agreed.

"I should like to talk to you seriously. There are many men I have known longer, but none I would sooner trust. Yet in this matter, somehow, I don't feel—"

The Story of a Love That Smothered the Fear of Death

ROHMER

" Nanette is a witch."

" Yes? " I prompted.

" Well, I don't feel quite at liberty to discuss it even with you."

There followed a silence that might have been awkward. O'Shea was watching me almost pathetically.

" I know what you want to talk about," I said. " Nanette is a witch. But there is only one man in the world for her now. It might be fair, though, to give her a year to think it over."

" You don't doubt *my* attitude in the matter," O'Shea murmured.

" No," I replied; " I know it."

He looked at me very fixedly—when: " O-o-o-oh! " I heard.

O'Shea's expression changed; and, turning, I crossed to an open window, looking down into the street.

STANDING just in front of the ladder that disfigured the front of the premises was Nanette, staring upward. A two-seater with several people in it stood at the curb.

" Hello, Nanette! " I called.

" Saw your light," she shouted, " as we were passing. May we come up, or are you going to bed? "

" No," I replied, and hesitated to tell her what I knew she hoped. " Come right up and bring your friends. I have only just got in."

The party that presently invaded us proved to consist of Nanette and a brunette girl whom I had not seen before. They were escorted by a young medical officer on leave from Mesopotamia—a very charming type of Scotsman—and Milton, one of Nanette's Madeira conquests, whom, you may recall, I had met again recently under rather odd circumstances. I thought that this evening was probably his reward for the weary job of scouting he had performed on that occasion.

He was not a happy man. The fact was beginning to dawn upon him that at the Savoy, the Hippodrome, and the Kit-Kat he had been wasting his fragrance on the desert air.

The poor fellow was rather pathetically young, and, regarding every acquaintance of Nanette's as a serious rival, he had awakened to the fact that he had threescore or so of deadly enemies in London.

Nanette had sped to O'Shea like an arrow to its target. " I hadn't dared to hope I should see you again tonight," I heard her say.

THE other man and the brunette were jointly occupying my most comfortable armchair; therefore, conquering a perfectly stupid pique which Milton had inspired—

" Well," said I, holding out my cigarette case, " we seem to have no alternative but to—look on, Milton."

He rejected the olive branch, and, rudely ignoring my proffered case, crossed to the settee where Nanette and O'Shea sat side by side.

" I say, Nanette," he exclaimed, " what about going on to Chelsea? "

Nanette barely glanced up as she replied: " No; I don't want to dance any more tonight, Jim."

" Why not dance here? " cried her friend, pointing in the direction of the piano. " Do you play, Mr. Decies? "

" Not dance music," I confessed gladly.

" But Jim does," she went on. " Go on, Jim! Just one."

Jim crossed to the piano, offering an excellent imitation of an ox approaching Chicago. He crashed into a piece of syncopation that put years on the instrument.

I saw O'Shea smilingly shake his head. Then Nanette ran across to me, and off we went around the furniture, I wondering which would burst first, a wire in my reeling piano or a blood vessel in the empurpled skull of the player.

Nanette danced because she was too happy to keep still, even with O'Shea beside her. I danced because I had no choice in the matter.

It was an odd business. Nanette was danc-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HEART OF NANETTE
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

ing with me, but she wanted to dance with O'Shea. The other pair didn't want to dance at all; they just wanted to be alone together. And Milton didn't want to be the band.

How long this might have continued I hesitate to guess, had not an interruption come.

Nanette and I had navigated an awkward channel behind the armchair and were beating up toward the settee and O'Shea. The man from Mesopotamia had ingeniously steered his partner into a little booklined recess at the farther end of the room. I had my back to the open window and Nanette was facing it.

Suddenly she became rigid. Her face became transfigured with an expression of horror that I can never forget. She pulled up dead—staring, staring past me into the darkness of the street beyond.

"What is it, Nanette?" I began—when the music ceased with a crash and I saw Milton bound to his feet.

Unconsciously I had gripped Nanette hard. But in the next instant she wrenched herself from my grasp, turned, and with a queer sort of smothered cry threw herself upon O'Shea!

I twisted around.

Not two feet behind me, an arm protruded into the room from a window. The hand grasped a strange-looking pistol—for at that time I had never seen a Maxim silencer. I heard a muffled thud. Something came whizzing through the air in my direction—a valuable Ming vase that had stood on the piano, I learned later.

"Hold him, Decies!" yelled Milton.

It was Milton who had hurled the costly projectile at the dimly seen arm in the window. The vase went crashing out into the street. I heard a second thud. Milton fell forward across the instrument—and then slid down on to the carpet. The hand clutching the pistol had vanished.

A sort of vague red mist was dancing before my eyes. Came a rush of footsteps. Nanette was slipping from O'Shea's arms.

His face as he looked down into hers was a mask of tragedy. I heard her utter a little moan and I saw a streak of blood upon one white shoulder.

Then followed chaos.

A very weak voice, which vaguely I recognized as that of Milton, said:

"Don't worry about me, Doc. Look after Nanette."

I saw O'Shea stoop and lift Nanette. I saw her pale face. Then, cutting through the tumult like a ray from a beacon:

"The window, Decies! Watch which way he goes!"

Automatically I obeyed O'Shea. I strained out, looking to right and to left of the ladder. It was boarded over, but I realized that a desperate man, given sufficient agility, could have climbed the rungs from underneath, as evidently the assassin had done.

At first the street seemed to be empty from end to end; then I saw a figure of a man emerge from shadow into a patch of light cast by a street lamp—one who walked swiftly in the direction of Berkeley Square. I withdrew my head and stared, only half believing, around the room.

MILTON, looking deathly, lay propped against the piano. The military surgeon was bending over Nanette.

"Have you a manservant in the house, Mr. Decies?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Dig him out. I can manage. You fellows are in the way. Get after the swine that did this."

But O'Shea had already started for the door. His expression was one I would rather not have seen. Most of the members of S Group by this time were safely housed in cells. I thought that if we were destined to overtake Adolf Zara, he was likely to enjoy the distinction of spending the night in a morgue.

AS Milton's car, driven by O'Shea, raced around the corner into the square, all question of the fugitive's identity was settled.

Just vaulting into a two-seater that had been parked over by the railings was the man whose retreating figure I had seen as I leaned from the window.

I prayed that he might be unable to start, but my prayer was not answered. Off he went, heading for Piccadilly.

One swift glance back he gave over his shoulder. And, by the light of the street lamp near which the car had stood, I recognized Zara.

I glanced at O'Shea beside me. His pale features were set like a mask. I looked to right and to left. Not a soul was in sight. Berkeley Square was apparently deserted.

We had no means of arranging for Zara's interception—although a constable was on duty at the corner of Bruton Street. We could only hope to keep him in sight and perhaps overtake him. The merest hitch would deliver him into our hands—or the slightest traffic delay. But such an accident could as easily befall us as him; and, the quarry once out of sight, our chances fell below zero.

Momentarily I wondered about Milton. Of Nanette I dared not think. But a cold fury was growing within me, and I fingered the pistol in my pocket.

Zara whirled round into St. James' Street. The traffic in Piccadilly was not great, but there were a number of pedestrians about. I even saw policemen in the distance. It all seemed utterly grotesque. Then, hot upon the fugitive, we too were dropping down the slope. Far ahead I could see the clock above St. James' Palace. The hour was a quarter past two.

Our speed was outrageous. We crossed Pall Mall at thirty-five, and came out into the Mall, heading for Buckingham Palace. We were gaining slightly. We crept from thirty-five to fifty. Broad thoroughfares, brightly lighted, offered no obstruction; and we flew around the sharp bend by the Victoria Memorial and headed east.

"Westminster Bridge!" I muttered.

O'Shea did not speak. Past the barracks we sped, and, undeterred by traffic in Parliament Square, shot on to the approach to the bridge. We were now three lengths behind Zara, and on the gradient began to improve upon it. Zara drove on the inside of the car lines, hugging the pavement. At about the center of the bridge we passed outside him. I heard someone shouting.

"Cover him, Decies!" said O'Shea grimly. "Shoot if he doesn't pull up!"

I turned and gave a loud cry. Zara had slowed down and was already twenty yards behind us.

"Stop, O'Shea!" I cried. "Stop!"

He obeyed so suddenly that I nearly dived through the wind-screen. Then we jumped, one on each side, and started to run back.

Zara had already dismounted, and I saw him peeling his coat. A picture arose out of the recent past: A foggy night off Ushant; and I seemed to hear again that eerie cry, "Man overboard!"

So it was that Zara had eluded us once. Undoubtedly he was going to do so again; and, for all the cold hatred in my heart, I could not entirely withhold admiration as I saw him bound upon the parapet, raise his arms, and take that appalling dive into the Thames far below.

I knew now, however, what I had not known formerly: that Adolf Zara's courage was the courage of madness. His was that disease of fanaticism which floods the criminal lunatic asylums.

As O'Shea and I craned over the parapet, peering down at the uneasy water, I heard the sound of a runner and then the flat note of a police whistle.

"There he is!" said O'Shea.

I stared, but could see nothing, when:

"Hello, there! What's the game? Who was it that went over?" cried a loud voice.

We turned as a breathless constable came doubling up.

"A very dangerous criminal," O'Shea replied, "and we were chasing him. Quick, officer! On which side of the bridge shall we find a boat?"

The manner of one accustomed to give orders is unmistakable, and:

"West, sir," the constable answered promptly. "There's a boat at the pier."

"Good," said O'Shea, and started to run toward the car. I followed.

As we jumped in, turned, and headed back to where Big Ben recorded the fact that only seven minutes had elapsed since we had passed St. James' Palace, I saw the constable coming after us. But, leaving the car at the foot of the clock tower, O'Shea raced across to the gate at the head of those steps that lead down to the pier. It was locked; and here I thought the chase ended. But I had counted without O'Shea.

London, unlike New York, normally is a very empty city at 2 o'clock in the morning; but now, as if conjured up by a magic talisman, a group began to assemble. I looked to my right—from which the constable was bearing down upon us. Even as he ran, his bearing was ominous. It occurred to me that he regarded O'Shea and me with justifiable suspicion, and I foresaw complications.

The constable rather windily began to blow his whistle again.

A resolute-looking man, clean-shaven and of a very hard-bitten countenance, suddenly appeared at my elbow.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

The official note in his voice was unmistakable. O'Shea turned quickly. The ever-increasing group drew more closely around us. A second constable was making his way across from Parliament Square.

"The trouble is," said O'Shea, "that this gate is locked and I want to get on to the pier."

THE man, whose face seemed to have been chiseled out of seasoned teak, stared in a curious way. Then the breathless constable burst upon us.

"Just a minute!" he began. "I want to know some more about this business!"

He became uneasily aware of the presence of our weather-beaten acquaintance. He stopped in the act of laying his hand upon O'Shea's arm.

O'Shea was watching the man who had accosted me.

"Sergeant Donoghue!" he said.

The man so addressed drew himself smartly to attention. It was automatic—second nature; but his smile was good to see.

"Thank you, sir," said he, "for remembering me."

O'Shea held out his hand.

"Stand easy, Sergeant," he replied. "I gather that you have left the army and rejoined the police."

Donoghue's eyes were glistening as he grasped the proffered hand.

"I have that, sir," he said.

He glanced at the two constables—for the Parliament Square reinforcement now had come up.

"Carry on," he directed. "There's a man drowning. Leave this to me."

"Donoghue," said O'Shea, "do you know the S Group?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, it's one of them who has just jumped off the bridge. He is a powerful swimmer. I want to get on to the pier and into a boat."

"You are in luck, sir," Donoghue returned

enthusiastically, "for tonight I happen to have the key."

When, a minute later, we pushed out into the stream, watched by an ever-increasing group of idlers, I thought how proud a man must feel to see a light like that which had crossed Donoghue's face as he had recognized the officer he had served under. One such silent tribute is worth more than a thousand cheers.

"Do you remember the night behind the farm, sir?" Donoghue asked.

And O'Shea in reply merely laid his hand upon his shoulder and gripped hard for a moment.

A fairly strong current was running, which, together with O'Shea's recollection of the swimmer's position as seen from the bridge, sufficiently indicated where we should lay our course.

That Zara would head for the nearest landing-place it was fairly reasonable to suppose. Therefore we pulled hard across in the direction of the County Hall, eagerly watching the surface of the water.

"There he goes!" cried Donoghue suddenly.

But, even as he spoke, I had seen the swimmer—close in under the right bank, heading powerfully for the stairs.

We raced for him and made land almost simultaneously.

In the act of landing, Zara stumbled and slipped back into the river.

He came up near the stern of our boat. O'Shea's hand shot out, grasped him by a sodden collar band, and hauled him in against the side. Dimly I could see O'Shea's face as he looked down at the upcast eyes of Zara. I think I knew what was in his mind, and in those upturned eyes was recognition of it—and acceptance.

Still grasping the helpless man, O'Shea glanced quickly at Donoghue.

"Yes, Donoghue," he said coldly, "I remember the night behind the farm. You have reminded me that I once had decent instincts. Sergeant, here's your prisoner."

I FIND that my memory holds no proper record of the hour that elapsed between this time and our return to Nanette. There were certain unavoidable formalities to be gone through; but within ten minutes of the arrest of Zara I was telephoning my rooms. My man answered; and his replies, while reticent, were reassuring.

"Mr. Milton has been removed to the hospital, sir. But he is in no danger. Yes, sir; the lady is"—pause—"still here."

"Why?" I asked uneasily, and glanced at O'Shea, who stood at my elbow.

"They—didn't like to move her, sir. I phoned to Sir Frank Leslie, in Harley Street, sir, by request. He is here—and her mother."

"Is she dangerously ill?"

"I don't really know, sir. Both the medical men are with her now."

As I replaced the receiver I stared at O'Shea. He had moved away from me and was pacing restlessly up and down the bleakly furnished room in New Scotland Yard from which we had been speaking.

"You understand?" I said. "She is—rather badly hurt."

"I understand." He nodded grimly. "She saved my life, Decies, perhaps at the price of her own. I can't bear to think of it!"

He turned abruptly and stared out of the window at a vista of empty Embankment below, lighted by many twinkling lamps.

"I have been a self-reliant man all my life, Decies; it may be aggressively so. Perhaps this is poetic justice. Since the moment that I set foot in Madeira, up to this very hour, she has done my work for me, step by step. You admit it, Decies?"

"I do," said I. "It's true, but no discredit to you."

He shook his head and resumed the restless pacing.

"I have placed independence above every other virtue in man," he went on. "I have fought for it, and suffered for it. I suppose she has been sent to teach me that independence and loneliness are inseparable. Do you know"—he turned and looked fully into my eyes with an expression almost of humility—"I don't think I could bear that lonely path any longer, Decies. And if"—he paused and squared his jaw for a moment—"and if I have to follow it, there won't be very much left."

"Shut up!" I said. "You are talking nonsense. If you elect to be lonely in future, the choice will be yours."

"Unless—" He smiled wryly.

"Don't think of that!" I replied. "She is young and full of stamina. Besides, she wants to live."

"And I want her to live," he added softly. "Yet, even now, I can't believe it—and I can't quite condone it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I HEARD her utter a little moan and I saw a streak of blood upon one white shoulder. Then followed chaos.

© 1926, B. S. F. Co.

This Recipe Book Free!

Now you can serve fresh ocean fish at home—just as fish is served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York. This book is filled with recipes written by Louis Diat, the Ritz *Chef de Cuisine.*

Send the Coupon below!

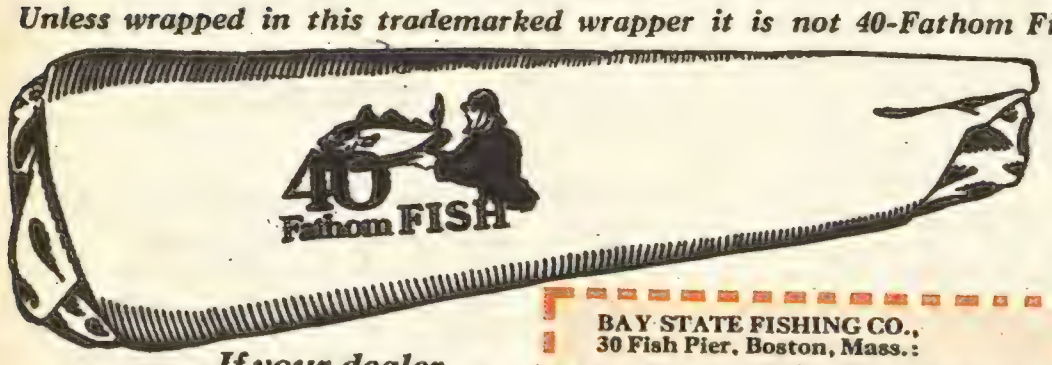
Fresh from the Ocean to your Kitchen!

DON'T you often hunger for one of those good shore dinners you relished so much on a certain trip to the seaside? . . . Browned and broiled so tender and flaky! Sauced and smacking with deep-sea flavor! . . . Now you can have a dinner like that right in your own home—any day in the year . . . 40-Fathom Haddock Fillets are the savoury "beefsteak of the sea." Fresh from the briny Atlantic! . . . Order them from your local dealer. Cook them your own good way, or send to us for the free Recipe Book that tells you how to prepare many tempting fish dishes served at the famous Ritz-Carlton in New York City . . . 40-Fathom Fish are cleaned, wrapped in vegetable parchment and shipped in ice to your dealer the day the trawler docks. . . . They come to you ready for the fire—no bother—and they cost you no more than fresh water fish that you yourself have to clean. . . . You can buy and enjoy these delicious ocean fish anywhere from the Eastern Seaboard to the Rocky Mountains . . . Guaranteed fresh—never frozen. Next time you order meat, ask for 40-Fathom Fish.

BAY STATE FISHING COMPANY
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.
Largest Producer of Fresh Ocean Fish in America

Beware of Imitations!

Unless wrapped in this trademarked wrapper it is not 40-Fathom Fish



If your dealer **does not carry 40-Fathom Fish, send us his name and address.**

Inquiries invited from Fish and Meat Dealers

BAY STATE FISHING CO.,
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.:

Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-Fathom Fish.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

[THE HEART OF NANETTE Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

"Condone what?" I demanded.

"The acceptance of a man of my age—world-worn, a little disappointed, more than a little cynical—of such a sacrifice from a girl with all the world to choose from. I can find no justification."

"I see," I murmured. "And can you find any for leaving her, now that you know? Because you can't shut your eyes to the fact that this is not a schoolgirl's infatuation, but the real thing. Can you condone that?"

My voice was not quite steady.

"She was ready to die for you, O'Shea," I went on. "It would break her heart to lose you. Damn it!" I pulled out my cigarette case. "I am talking like your sentimental aunt."

O'Shea smiled, this time more happily, and grasped my shoulder in characteristic fashion.

"I believe we are both behaving rather idiotically," he admitted.

I SEEMED to detect an ominous air of hush as I opened the door for O'Shea and myself to go up to my apartments. Nanette's mother met us. I could scarcely bear to look at her. Almost immediately she fixed her eyes upon O'Shea.

"Major O'Shea," she began bravely, "I have known for a long time how Nanette feels about you—"

"And I suppose in your heart you have reproached me," said he.

"I have not," she returned. "I have had many opportunities of watching, and I know your behavior has been admirable. If—" She hesitated.

"Yes?" O'Shea urged gently.

"If she has really meant anything to you— Be frank with me, Major. Has she?"

"She has," he replied gravely. "I didn't know, but I know now."

"It is frightfully hard to say," she went on, "but—" She turned to me impulsively. "Can you help me, Mr. Decies?"

"I think I can," said I. "There is no reason why my friend Major O'Shea should not marry Nanette, unless there is any on your side. Personally, he thinks he is too old for her!" This last remark I added in what was meant to be a facetious manner, for the situation was difficult to cope with. "But please tell us—how is she?"

"She will recover," was the reply, "thanks to the speedy attention that she received. I am afraid she cannot be moved for some time, Mr. Decies. It will be a dreadful inconvenience for you—"

"And a great honor," I added. "Is it possible to see her?"

"I don't know whether it is advisable. But she is asking to see"—glancing at O'Shea—"someone."

O'Shea bit his lip, the nearest approach to a display of emotion that I had ever observed in him, and turned quickly aside.

Then followed a period of waiting. Nanette's friend came down, having been relieved by a professional nurse.

The young medical officer appeared at last, and his expression was reassuring.

"May we go up?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I have Sir Frank's permission to admit you for three minutes."

He stared significantly at O'Shea.

In a queerly furtive fashion I began to mount the stairs of my own house, treading softly as upon holy ground and going with bated breath.

O'Shea moved equally silently. I cannot say what his feelings were at this moment, for I did not even look at him. But when we came to the door of the sick-room that had been my bedroom, it was opened by the white-capped nurse and we entered as catlike as burglars.

Nanette lay propped up in my bed, with closed eyes. She was pale, but in that hour more adorable than ever. Her mother sat over by an open window watching, and Sir Frank Leslie stood beside the bed. We crept forward.

"Someone has come to say good night to you, dear," said her mother.

Then the drooping lids quivered and she raised her blue eyes. I cannot say whether she saw O'Shea, or merely pretended that she did not see him; he was standing behind me. She laid her hand in mine, and:

"Thank you, Mr. Decies," she murmured in a pathetically weak voice. "I am going to be a frightful nuisance to you. In future I shall try to arrange to be shot in my own bedroom."

She closed her eyes again, wearily, and dropped her hand upon the coverlet. Sir Frank beckoned to me to step aside. I did so.

O'Shea drew nearer.

"I have come to thank you, Nanette," he said.

HE sat on the chair beside her, bending forward. Slowly she turned her head, raised weary lids again, and looked at him. She stayed so for what seemed a very long time; just looking—looking—and questioning. He stooped nearer and nearer, until suddenly, but very weakly, a white arm crept around his neck and little trembling fingers were plunged into his wavy hair.

Nanette drew his head down upon the pillow beside her, sighed, and closed her eyes again happily.

I turned away, staring at her mother. Then I caught Sir Frank's glance. He began to tiptoe toward the door, nodded significantly to the nurse, and shepherded us out.

The last to leave—I looked back, guiltily, for one moment. Nanette was fast asleep, for they had given her an opiate. And she lay with her head nestling upon O'Shea's shoulder. I shall always remember her smile.

THE END

FEMININITY *is the* Fashion

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE big idea in the summer styles is to get yourself up to look as feminine as possible. Only one feature of the boyish fashions remains. Women do not like a Victorian curving waistline. As a consequence, the effort to keep it flat has made that area below the bust and above the hips the most important field in the mode today. Leading dressmakers have studied to keep the silhouette flat and keep it straight in the back. Their devices, though sometimes not new, constitute the leading items of the early summer fashions.

Mme. Lanvin has her skirts terminate at the top in exactly the line taken by a man's trousers. No doubt the wish to retain this boyish waistline is what has kept the bolero effect in the fashion for so long. In order to conceal the sharp, horizontal line of a man's trousers, Mme. Lanvin has availed herself more than ever before in her designs of this blousing bolero. She and others have at the same time gone in more heavily even than previously for two belts, one following the high line of the bolero and the other the line of the hips.

Louiseboulanger and others keep the required flat line of the lower torso by changing the route of the plaits in the skirt when they reach the hips. This is why the plaits have kept their perpendicular run from hem to hips when they turn off into a diagonal slant upward.

Louiseboulanger shows embroidered bands and braids going diagonally along the bottom of the corsage. The floating bolero, hiding the upper part of the skirt line, is virtually sure to be popular for many a day, sponsored as it is by Lanvin and Chanel. The former also has a new device of winding scarfs around the hips, as in the Zouave uniform. Your coral beads, once worn around your neck, are now excellent for decorating the natural waistline in its shadowy retreat under a bolero or a blousing bodice.

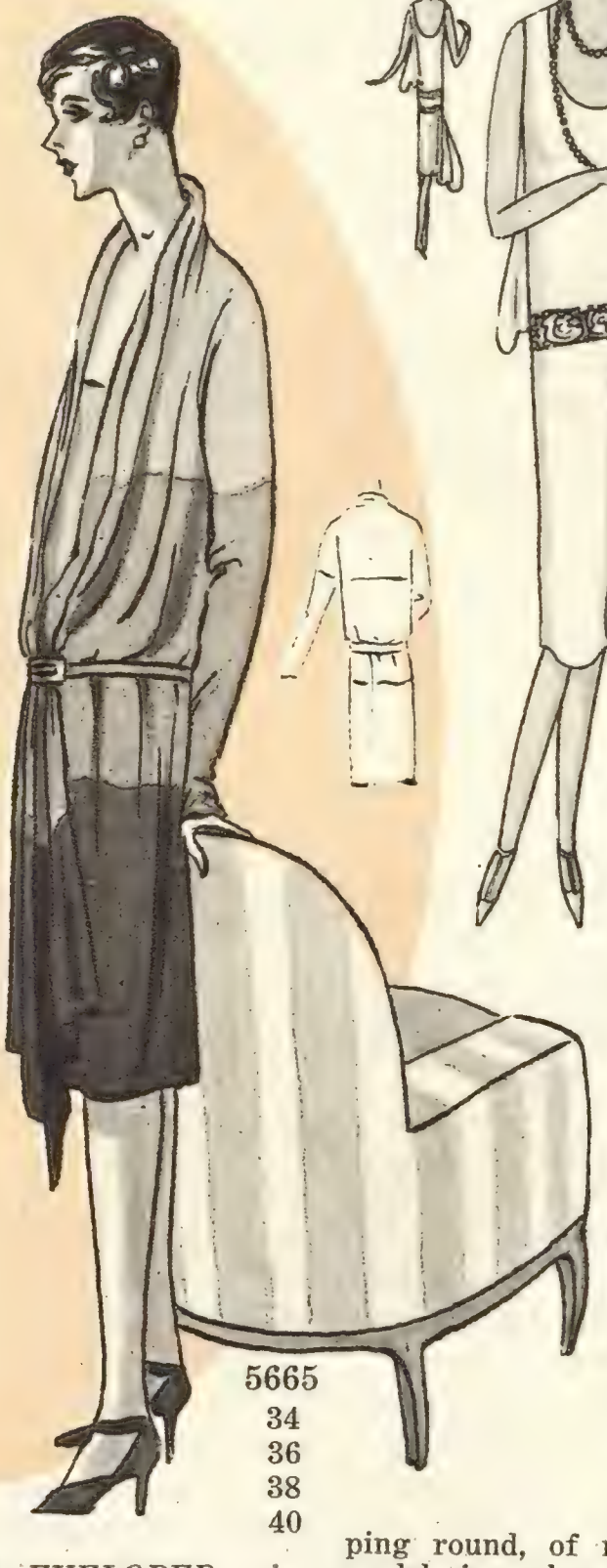
Late Paris advices settle the most important question of the summer, taking precedence even over where you are going to spend it—the matter of the belt, its location and character. Next in importance is the mode of the separate short jacket. The illustration at the extreme right shows one version of it, and here is the description that came with the sketch:

"The individual short coat has come into its own this year, and it is seen in many forms on the Riviera, worn with short crepe dresses. Usually it is in some bright color—sometimes red, sometimes lettuce green or yellow, or sometimes even in dark blue—and is worn with a white tennis frock. This one, however, is in white-and-green plaid, accompanying a frilled crepe de Chine blouse and a dark green plaited skirt of kasha."

The coat in the model on the extreme left belongs with a more formal ensemble, but it carries the same idea of being distinctly a separate item of apparel, different in material as well as in coloring from the dress. This costume is in the audacious combination of black satin for the dress and cream-colored alpaca for the coat.

5664
16
18
20
Coat Only

THIS separate short jacket—an important new note in the styles today—is of cream-colored alpaca and is worn over a black satin dress.



5665
34
36
38
40

DEVELOPED in three tones of blue crepe roma, this softly draped dress recalls in its graceful lines the styles just after the war.

The coat is very modernistic in its bolero outline and its long, pointed cuts of material in what you might interpret as a deep yoke effect across the back. By the way, this coat is an integral part of the dress and you do not take it off. The outfit, I think, carries just about all that is newest and most characteristic in the styles for day costumes.

THE afternoon dress facing it combines, I think, the distinguished, ladylike softness of past fashions with the crisper, more mathematical patterns of today. It is in three tones of blue crepe roma, and consists of yards of material very softly draped under a narrow belt that comes only slightly below the normal waistline. It has a yoke in the back and tight sleeves without a seam on the shoulder. It upholds the fashion still prevailing for having the drapery and the fullness in the front.

Our evening dress depicts the prominence of the belt. To quote the description accompanying the sketch from Paris, the dress is one of the white crepe satin evening frocks that are just about the smartest things to wear in the dancing-places. It has a wide girdle, wrapping round, of rhinestones, which on some models is replaced with silver lace and braid. The small circular wing of drapery on the right side of the bodice in the back is balanced by a similar drapery, which is larger, on the opposite side of the skirt.

As for further items of importance, everybody is wearing bunches of violets. The trouble about them, I should think, is that they so seldom go with one's costume. Sometimes half of the flowers are white and half violet color.

5666
34
36
38
40

THE jacket (above) is in white and green, worn over a white crepe de Chine blouse. The skirt is dark green kasha, plaited.

5663
16
18
20

AN evening dress of white crepe satin (above, left) with a wide girdle of silken tissue sewed with rhinestones. It is draped on shoulder and skirt.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by Mary Manton

Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number. Send with your full address to:

LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Paris

Divorces the Dress from the Ensemble

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 10.

NOW that the French capital has become the Greater Reno, fashion is taking her cue in effecting an amicable separation between the coat and dress, which have been married these many seasons into what we call the ensemble. The ensemble is still very smart; but separated, the dress and coat achieve greater chic. Therefore Paris has declared a state of supreme cachet to the separate dress and coat.

This giving to the coat and dress its own individual place in spring and summer styles will make life a lot easier for the woman who counts her new clothes by the threes, or at the most the half-dozen, to a season. And it doesn't make things a bit less simple for her who does not care what she spends on exterior decoration. Like any good rule, it works both ways. If you can have only one coat for a six-months season, don't worry and get wrinkles, or maybe even a gray hair. You just have two or three dresses for the one coat, and you don't have to ask a handicap from any woman to be fashionable.

There is one place, however, where you must be wise, and that is in the selection of your color scheme. You don't have to match, but it is most important that you harmonize.

PASTEL blue kasha was used to develop this Lelong tailored dress.

DRECOLL is responsible for the black - and - white creation shown here.

There are, this season, four major colors—black, blue, rose, and white, that may be multiplied into thousands of tones to get a fashionable color harmony. And, whether the dress is worn by its wild lone or with a coat, its color is a contribution to your personal chic and attractiveness.

Of these four colors I would choose blue as the most important. Don't say you can't wear it. Any woman can find some shade of blue she can wear. For daytime, in a separate dress, I would choose blue, selecting the particular tone, from midnight to baby, that is most flattering to eyes, hair, complexion, and figure.

A charming afternoon or informal evening frock designed by Drecoll; interpreted in blue georgette with a triple belt of snakeskin.

For hard wear and tear, a model like the Lelong dress photographed here is smart, and charming too. Lelong made this one in a pastel blue, live but not bright, cut and sewed into very tailored lines. The material is kasha. The dress is one-piece, with a bolero front to the waist and three plaits in the front of the skirt, stitched to the hips. The gilet is of white piqué. There is a front belt of kasha with a steel buckle. You may wear this dress with a black, dark blue, brown, or gray coat—it goes well with any of them—or with a self-color coat.

The same coat also would suit admirably as a wrap for our Drecoll afternoon dress of pastel blue crepe georgette. This model deserves the title of gracious, with its draped sleeves shirred into a tight wristband, and its draped skirt, which is shirred across the front beneath a triple belt of snakeskin. The shirred section leaves a length at each side that is draped at the sides of the front and the back.

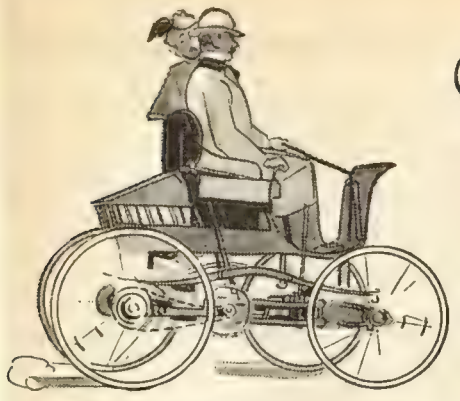
THIS Jenny frock may have several ribbon trimmings in different colors for variety.

Every woman ought to have such a frock as this for afternoon and informal evening wear throughout the spring and summer season. It could be reproduced also in black, or in pure white, in each case the snakeskin girdle supplying a bit of smart contrast.

FOR daytime wear without a coat you would choose a model distinctly tailored, like the Lelong dress I have described, or a softer frock like our Drecoll model in black crepe de Chine. This dress has a new kind of drapery in the skirt, and Drecoll has cut the waist surplice, and draped it at the low waistline to suggest a girdle. On the right side of the skirt the black crepe forms a sort of pannier, showing a drapery of white taffeta with scalloped edges beneath. The collar on the surpliced closing is also of scalloped white taffeta. This is the ideal "little frock" that the Parisienne loves.

Paris has two outstanding types of evening frock—the simple unadorned crepe or chiffon and the all-beaded. The latter, beloved by all women, has been chiefly in the de luxe class because of its brilliancy. There is one exception—the spangled frock like our Jenny model.

I chose this particular model because of its capacity for durability. It is a straight all-black spangled slip with a scalloped hemline, and it is trimmed with rose satin ribbon, forming a shoulder bow and a sash on the left side.



1895

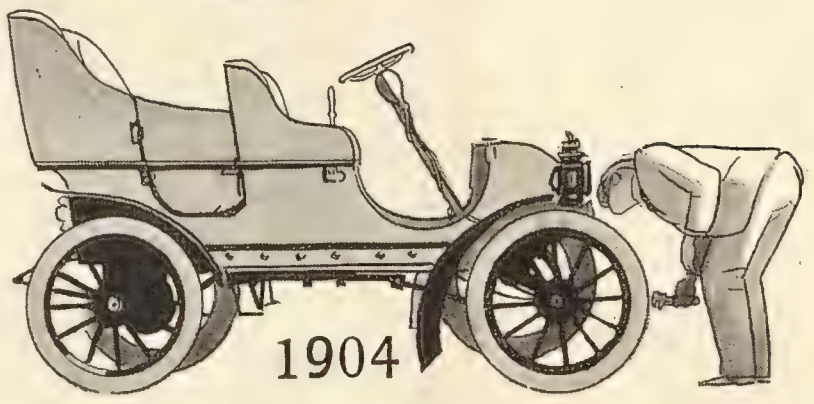
The Motor Outlook *for* 1927

The Automobile Dollar Goes Further Than It Ever Did Before

An Article by

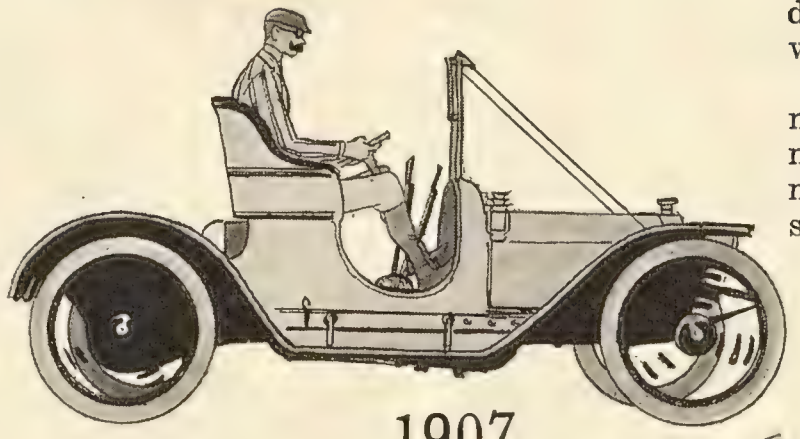
WILLIAM F. STURM

1898

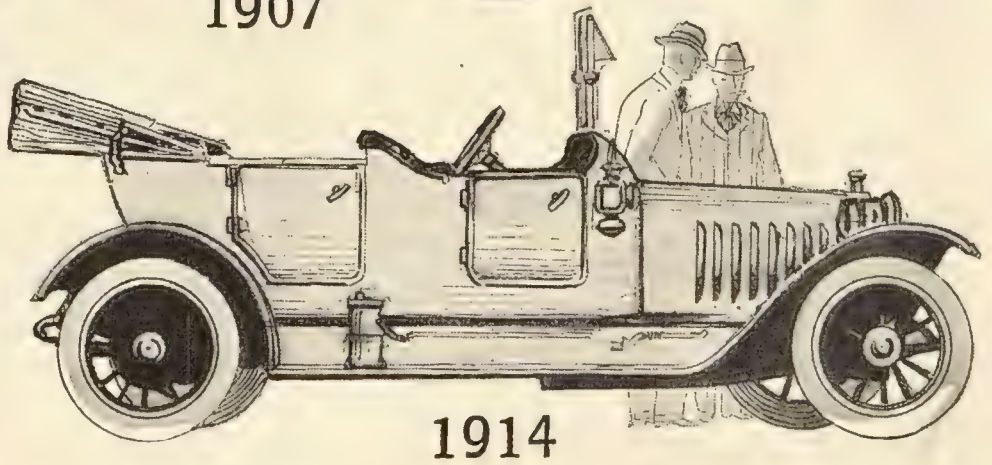


1904

SHOWING the evolution of the automobile. In 1895 four cars were made in America. Today the value of the product exceeds three billion dollars annually.



1907



1914

THE automobile industry is now the largest industry in America. The value of its product exceeds $3,000,000,000 annually.

In 1895, according to figures of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, there were just four passenger cars made in America; in 1900 there were 5,000; in 1910, 181,000; in 1915, 818,618; in 1920, 1,799,522; in 1925, 3,699,991; in 1926, 3,950,000.

Anno Domini 1927 is going to be a great year for the automobile buyer of these United States. He is going to be able just about to write his own ticket when it comes to satisfying his motor-car desires in the way of chassis, motor, and body.

In these days of utility combinations and high prices to the ultimate consumer for the necessities, it is balm to know that concentration and heavy production in America's largest industry have made the price of the individual product to the ultimate buyer exceedingly low.

The automobile-buying dollar is worth more today than it was in 1913, in spite of the fact that labor and material costs are twice as high as they were fourteen years ago, and that in most present-day transactions for living necessities the dollar is worth, according to statistics, only seventy cents as compared with the 1913 dollar.

With the high purchasing value of the automobile dollar has come a score of other advantages.

The prospective buyer may have his choice of a four-, a six-, or an eight-cylinder engine, the latter either the V type or the straight-in-a-line. He may have his engine air-cooled if he wishes to restrict his choice, or water-cooled if he wishes it unlimited.

He may select from scores of body designs, both open and closed.

In color combinations he will be able to leave Joseph's coat at the post.

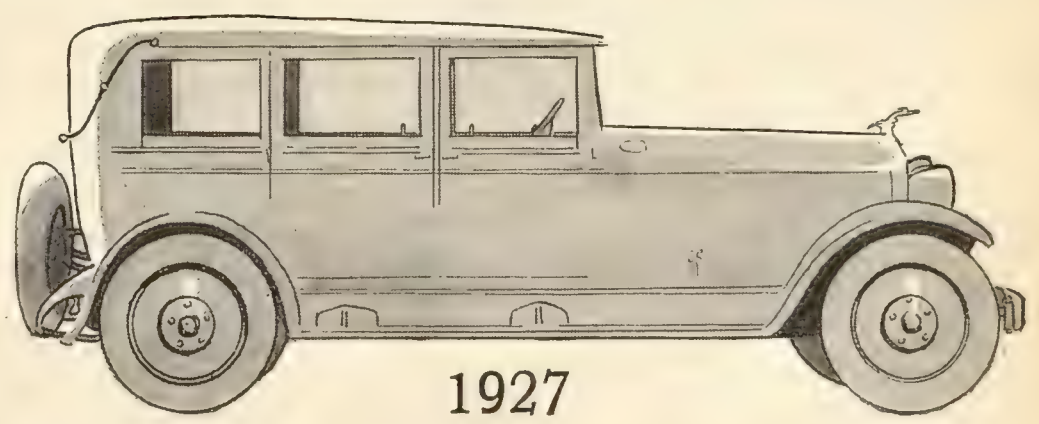
Reliability is a matter that should worry him not at all.

When it comes to comfort, all that is necessary is to pay one's money and take one's choice, for both engineers and body designers have gone the limit along this line.

Price is a measure only of his own pocketbook. It is up to him whether he elects to pay $360 for a Ford or decides to ascend the scale by almost imperceptible degrees until he reaches the Pierce-Arrow, the Lincoln, the Locomobile, the Duesenberg, or the Rolls-Royce, whose price range is from $4,500 to $15,000, depending on the degree of ultraness one may wish to attain.

Should gasoline mileage be the aim, the start may be made at the top of the list with the motor Pullmans that consume gasoline in the manner chorus girls once were reputed to consume champagne, and he may descend gradually until he reaches the late twenties or the extremely early thirties for a few of the low-priced cars.

Not only may the purchaser write his own ticket on price, performance, appearance, comfort, gadgets, and gasoline mileage, but he is in much better shape this year with regard to the cost of time payments than he has been in former years; and since this problem is involved in at least 64 per cent of present-day sales, it is a vital question.



1927

Today, too, the car buyer who has liked a certain make of car, but never could afford the price, will find that the wise manufacturer has

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETY-THREE]

Doubled!

LIBERTY
Automotive Advertising
First Quarter of 1926 and 1927

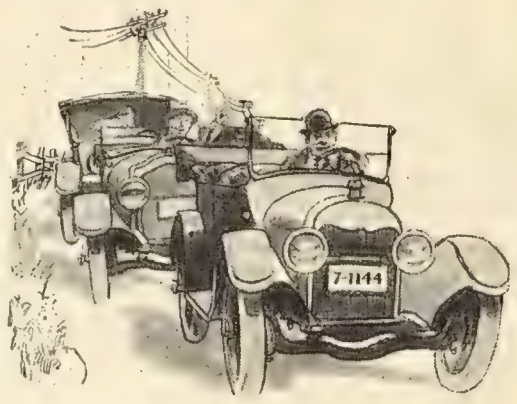
First Quarter	Lineage	Revenue
1926	32,285	$127,079.50
1927	64,320	319,893.75
Increase	32,035	$192,814.25

Doubled!

[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-ONE]
become aware of the fact that if he would continue to do a volume business he must have a line that will be all things to all men, so that, whether the price be $500 or $5,000, the prospective buyer may have his wish gratified.

BACK in 1913 a manufacturer had a rather simple plan: he made two types of cars—roadsters and tourings. Today these two lines have expanded with some makers to four or five chassis designs, with ten times that number of body designs and prices in keeping. Just as an example of the trend of today, the Chrysler Corporation, one of the largest of the independent makers, has a price range of from $750 to $5,500, some in four- and some in six-cylinder models, with a variety of body selections that would have ruined a car maker of a few years ago. Where once beauty in body lines was considered the prerogative of the high-priced car, today it is considered an essential in the low-priced lines as well.

Many of the manufacturers once pinned their hopes of sales success on a few models of a big car. Today they have seen the wisdom of enlarging their market by making a smaller car, which has been presented to the public as having all the good qualities of the older and heavier line, except as to its size and price.



The huge chauffeur-driven car is not going the way of the dodo and the great auk; but the smaller car, driven by individual members of the family, is coming stronger and stronger. With its shorter wheel base it makes parking more nearly possible than it would be without the present tendency to the smaller car.

The closed-car trend is becoming more marked each year in the United States. In 1922 closed cars formed only 28 per cent of cars made; in 1923, 37 per cent; in 1924, 43 per cent; in 1925, 63 per cent; in 1926, 74 per cent.

Only 1 per cent of car production is involved in sport cars. They come within the category of things demanded by the public but not especially desired by the factories, so an excess price must be paid.

The car that may be converted into either an open or a closed model seems to be destined for a greater vogue than the purely sport model. The folding-top coupé, with a rear seat of the rumble type, has been a fair seller in the last year.

Incidentally, the convertible-top idea is just being applied to cars of the sedan type and also the brougham.

Broadly speaking, there are four angles that enter into car sales. They are price and upkeep, reliability, comfort, and appearance. Manifestly, all these points are not stressed in all cars. Another item is wide distribution, a valuable aid when repairs or other attentions are necessary.

Woman's influence in the home is being run a close second by woman's influence on the automobile. She really has had a great deal to say as to design and comfort; perhaps not audibly, but none the less subtly for all that. Only this year has the color scheme of the motor car really caught up with the color scheme of her wardrobe. Color, color, and more color has been the cry in clothing. Color, color, and more color has become the cry in automobiles.

The manufacturer of motor cars caters more to the woman buyer today than ever before. He is using every device in his power to catch her attention. He knows she appreciates beauty of line and color. In order to get that beauty of line and color across to her he is endeavoring to transfer the wonderful color schemes of his product to the printed page. No longer does a drab one-color advertisement appeal to his clientele, as once it did. Instead there must greet the reader the rich color of the real article.

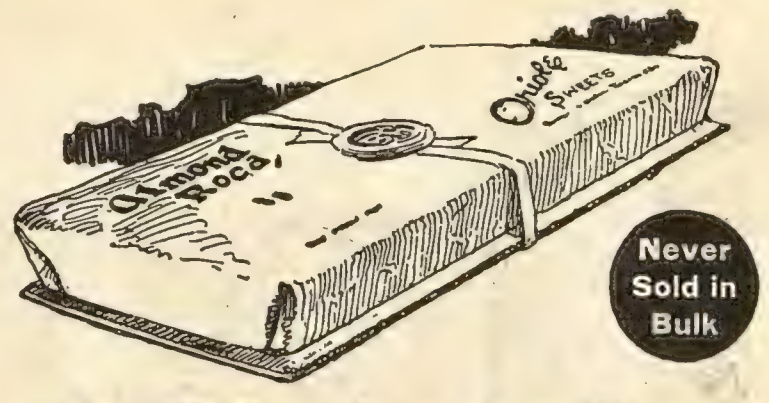
But not only in color is the appeal made. Women are appearing in car advertising. Pick up any publication and notice how often a woman is at the wheel of the car. A certain oil company appeals directly to her reason in its advertisements.

When it comes to car upholstery, to comfort and room within, to a full complement of vanity cases, smoking sets, glove compartments, and compartments for various other motor appurtenances, it is the woman's influence that has made itself felt. Time was when the woman was only an unobtrusive passenger. Today she is, in the majority of cases, the real buying force. Not only that, but once the car is purchased, she drives it nearly as often as do the male members of the family.

American car owners are fortunately situated today. Our gasoline, by comparison with that of other countries, is low-priced. Therefore our automobile manufacturers have not had to concentrate on the making of watch-size motors in order to make motoring possible for the masses. Instead, they have gradually brought the engines down to a reasonable size and are concentrating on developing the latent power within the motor, rather than wasting their time on the European necessity, small power plants.

WHEN our gasoline reaches fifty cents a gallon we shall have to begin worrying about motor sizes; but until then we can get along very well on the sizes we have. In the interim the builders of racing cars—those pioneers in many of the great improvements in motor-car design—are going steadily for-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



A Mother's Day Suggestion

THAT dearest lady—the dearest in the world—how are you going to remember her on Mother's Day? Here's a suggestion: Surprise her with a box of the most unique candy America has yet had the good fortune to know —Almond Roca. Not cream—not chocolate—not hard candy! Its exact description is beyond us—but if you know another candy its equal you get your money back. The package price is a dollar and a half.

*If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct—prepaid. * * * BROWN & HALEY, Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Chanticleer Shops, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C., Canadian Licensee

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular—and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Millions sold annually by druggists. Literature on request. Weldona Corp'n, Boston, Mass.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF

THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

THERE are twenty-five Bell Companies, but there is but one Bell System—and but one Bell aim and ideal:

A telephone service for this nation so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors and delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost.

WALTER S. GIFFORD
President

Gene Tunney—Champion de Luxe

How the conquerer of Jack Dempsey is waging an unobtrusive and yet winning crusade for the uplift of his gory profession. An amazing story of the tea table exploits of an elegant pug who hopes to put prize-fighting on a social plane with the debutantes' ball.

You'll find it—

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[THE MOTOR OUTLOOK FOR 1927 Continued from Page Ninety-three]

ward with tiny engines on the speedways of the country.

This year, more than ever before, engine performance has been improved for the buyer. Air cleaners to keep the grit out of the cylinders, oil purifiers to halt the dirt in the lubricant in its march to the bearings, gasoline strainers—all of which came heavily into the picture last year—will be on deck with renewed efficiency. Crankcase ventilators and means for reducing motor vibration are other aids evolved through necessity for refining the motor-car engine. These devices are not limited to the high-priced cars, but may be found also in those of moderate price.

For years automotive engineers have been working diligently on carburetion, and the results of their labors are becoming increasingly apparent. They are adapting their engines to the low-grade gasoline. There will be room for improvement along the line of carburetion for some time to come; but even Mr. Ford has made a gift to his constituency of a greatly improved carburetor, one that will fairly squeeze the last fraction of miles out of the gasoline.

Refinements have not stopped at engine design. Efforts are being made to improve the chassis as well. One method that is gaining in favor is the elimination of squeaks by setting spring ends in rubber cushions, instead of the older method of using bolts. Even the engine is set in rubber at the points where it is suspended from the chassis, on the theory that this suspension will remove much of the traffic jar and tend to reduce engine noises.

THE buyer who is not fond of winding up his steering wheel when negotiating a corner or easing into a restricted parking space, need not buy a car whose steering design compels him to get his exercise in this manner. This one great objection to balloon-tire steering has vanished from about half the car designs.

Four-wheel brakes are now an old story. Present-day traffic congestion and stop-and-go signs have made them almost as necessary as gasoline itself in car operation. There are a few small cars that do not use brakes on all four wheels, some engineers claiming that the car's light weight makes four-wheel stopping unnecessary. There is little doubt that the present trend will eventually bring four-wheel brakes to the smallest cars.

As to reliability, it is not rash to say that there is hardly a car in this country today that would be classed as unreliable. There may be some that have a trifle more reliability than others, depending on the glass one looks through; but, by and large, whether it be a Ford, a Chevrolet, a Dodge, a Chrysler, a Studebaker, a Kissel, or a Packard, the American car has that all-important feature to the *n*th degree.

Four-, six-, and eight-cylinder vehicles all have their places. No

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

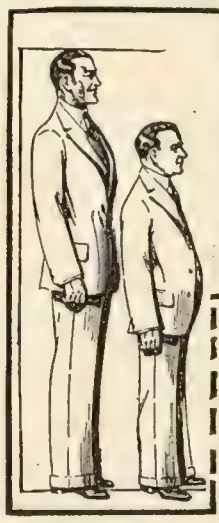
The Ringing of the Welkin

The story of a speech that was all wet. A delightful tale—

By
Elliott White Springs
Author of
Liberty's great stories about war flyers

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

GROW TALLER



Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

L. GLOVER,
Room 128, 70 Bulkley Ave.,
Sausalito, Calif.
Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....

How to Obtain
A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 2889, Binghamton, N. Y.

43.8 Miles on 1 Gal. of Gas

Thermostatic Carburetor Control big success. Ford goes 43.8 miles on 1 gal. gas. Starts coldest motor instantly.

ONE FREE TO INTRODUCE

Sales guaranteed. $15.00 a day guaranteed to distributors.

Write BLANCKE AUTO DEVICES CO., 157 E. Erie St., Dept. 679-E, Chicago, Ill.

DON'T BREATHE DUST

Wear Tiny

Nasalfilter

Thousands in Use

$1.00 Postpaid

Nasalfilter Co. - - St. Paul, Minn.

ENGRAVED STATIONERY

100 sheets 100 envelopes high grade ripple finish paper with your address in two lines not exceeding 30 letters per line embossed in blue ink on both paper and envelopes from Engraved Steel die. Choice of flat sheets or folded notes. $4.00 postpaid. West of Mississippi $4.15. This Stationery should not be confused with any type or raised printing. Samples on request.

CORLEY BROS., Dept. C, 409 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.

Want Extra Pay FOR YOUR SPARE TIME?

Cash Paid Daily! $2 an hour—$15 a day. Anyone can take orders at amazing low factory prices for lovely new Dresses, Sweaters, Scarfs.

FREE DRESS Use our capital. Take orders. We deliver and collect. We offer FREE Sample Dress with Big Outfit. Get exclusive territory. No obligation. *Write today!*

HIRSHEY KNITTING MILLS—Estab. 31 Years
1985 So. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR LUCKY TIGER

Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.

LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Missouri

New

BULLET TYPE ROAD LIGHT

CUTS off the GLARE waist high

$3.50 LIST
in Canada $5.29

The Delta PARALITE is the greatest advance ever made in road light lighting, with Paraflex Reflector and Parabeam Lens. Shoots a strong distance light down the road and gives plenty of soft, diffused light at either side of main beam with the glare cut off waist high. Now available in the smart bullet type (No. 90) and the original drum type (No. 70). See them at your dealers. Write for literature.

Delta Electric Company
501 Delta Block Marion, Indiana

Delta

At Graduation

Give a thought to *jewelry*. If *you* were being graduated *you* would want a gift like this - a silver belt buckle - cuff links - a tie pin - a brooch or a bracelet. That *happy boy or girl* graduate deserves a lasting gift. Give a thought to *Continental* Jewelry.

Sold since 1900 in stores where you buy other merchandise.

[We welcome inquiries *from* progressive merchants]

Continental Jewelry
EUCLID AVE CLEVELAND

STOPS

TROLLEY SICKNESS

—faintness, stomach disturbances and dizziness caused by Sea, Train, Auto, Air or Car Travel. Mothersill's will promptly end all forms of Travel Sickness. 35

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

"STAMMERING
Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
10916 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis

Every Housewife

will be interested in the Silver Polish of 101 uses. Comes in creamy paste form—no dust—no waste. Ideal for silver, bath fixtures, cut glass, mirrors, windows, auto, etc. Ask Dept., Drug, Hardware, Auto Accessory Stores or send 25c for trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KT, Marengo, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-FOUR]

engineer will dispute that a four-cylinder car today is primarily an economical design from a manufacturing standpoint. He will not dispute, either, that the four lacks the flexibility of the six and the eight. Since they cost less to build, they necessarily cost less to the ultimate consumer, and that, too, is a primary consideration. With less manufacturing cost, less retail cost, and as a rule somewhat better mileage than one can expect from a six or an eight, the real reason for the four-cylinder car is apparent. Just how vital a need they fill may be understood when it is considered that more than half the cars in the United States' yearly output are of four cylinders.

The six and the eight demand less gear changing, they may consume somewhat more gasoline than the four, and quite often they excel in acceleration. They cost more to manufacture, and they are to be found, as a rule, in the higher-priced lines.

Those buying them can thus, theoretically at least, afford their cost and their upkeep. They, too, meet an insistent demand among the motorists of America.

Another development that may be looked for in this and the coming years is the four-speed transmission. It will enable a higher gear to be used than is the case where there are but three speeds, and perhaps more gasoline economy on the thousands of miles of perfect roads in America; and at the same time they will retain the lower speeds for the occasions when they are vitally necessary.

The buyer of 1927 is going to have an opportunity to consider carefully the sleeve-valve type of motor. This is exemplified in the various cars that have Knight as a part of their cognomen, as the sleeve valve of one particular design was invented by a man of that name a score of years ago. Outstanding in American cars of this type have been the Stearns-Knight and the Willys-Knight. Now there comes into the picture a car of the same basic design as to motor, to sell around $1,000. This is the Falcon-Knight, and it will aid in spreading the gospel of the sleeve valve. Another large motor maker, Continental, also is developing a motor with the sleeve valve, though it differs somewhat in design from the Knight.

THE sleeve-valve type of motor is no experiment, although its use has been restricted, owing to patent rights. There seems little doubt that the sleeve-valve motor is on the threshold of much greater use in America than ever before.

The financing of time sales of automobiles may be by an independent company which deals more or less directly with the purchaser; by a finance company which has an arrangement with a factory and thereby is enabled to make a low rate on the cost of the transaction; or by a finance company formed solely for the purpose of aiding patrons of certain car makers. Many of the higher-priced cars are sold on a heavy down payment, often as much as one-half of the purchase price, and notes taken for the balance. However, now that competition is becoming so keen, manufacturers are more and more concerning themselves with the partial-payment plan extending over twelve or sixteen months, or even longer.

ONE-THIRD down is the usual method of starting a time payment. In buying a two-door Buick sedan for $1,375 delivered, the down payment is $460, the balance of the cash price, $915, being paid out over a year at the rate of $81.25 a month. This makes the spread between the cash balance and the payment balance $60, if the salesman who gave me the information is correct. This $60 represents the interest charge and the charge for insurance against fire and theft during the twelve-month period.

On a $1,305 Chrysler two-door coach the down payment is $435; the balance $870. This may be paid out over a twelve-month period at $79.38 a month, the charge covering interest and insurance against fire and theft. The spread between the cash and payment balance is $82.56.

A $1,395 Studebaker coach may be had for a down payment of $465, leaving a cash balance of $930. This may be paid out over a period of twelve months at $84.02 a month, the spread between cash and payment balance being $78.24.

The monthly rate of an independent company on the Studebaker would be $86.41. Independent rates vary in payment and in the protection afforded.

The above figures were obtained in Indianapolis, and are representative of the cost in other cities.

In buying a car on payments the prospective buyer would do well to inquire as to his actual insurance against fire and theft during the life of his payment period. Some independent companies insure for fire and theft only on the unpaid balance, and, although they may not intentionally hide this fact, it often is forgotten in a discussion where the question is not specifically asked.

The year 1927 undoubtedly is going to reward fighters. Sales forces will have to go out and sell their product under the stiffest kind of competition.

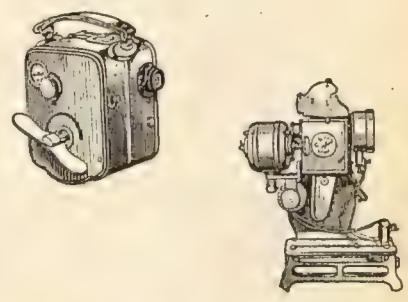
This year will equally well reward buyers; for in 1927, as never before, the buyer is going to get the greatest value in all the history of automobile manufacture.

The phenomenal growth of General Motors is threatening the supremacy of Henry Ford in the small-car field. How Ford is meeting competition with the five-day week; how he has reduced his working forces and has increased production, will be told by Mr. Sturm in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

—you can do it with the complete Pathex Outfit—perfect pictures at the lowest price of all!

Shoot your scenes, write your titles—Pathex develops all your films free—then proudly show them to your family and friends with the Pathex Motor Driven Projector.

From the vast Pathex Library you can also show pictures of every description with your Pathex Projector. And Pathex is safe—because all Pathex film is non-inflammable.



PATHEX, *Inc.*
35 West 45th Street
New York, N. Y.

Demonstration at your Dealer's or write direct to us for illustrated booklet.

Pathex
AUTOMATIC
MOTION PICTURE
CAMERA AND PROJECTOR

Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

BOW LEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES

Corrected by use of the Morris Invisible Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both and is entirely invisible. Send Ten Cents Coin or Stamps for Actual Photographs, sent in plain wrapper.

ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE.
Desk 9,
1032 Loew State Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

WEST

See

AMERICA'S GREATEST GRANDEUR

Yellowstone
Pacific Northwest and Alaska—California
Zion National Park—Bryce Canyon—Cedar Breaks
Grand Canyon National Park
Kaibab Forest—Colorado
Salt Lake City—Ogden

Glacier-gripped mountains, colossal canyons, spouting geysers, tremendous waterfalls, wild animals, wild flowers, big trees, jeweled lakes, famous beaches, missions, movies in the making, world ports and metropolitan cities. Rest, play, adventure, education.

Low Fares this Summer to ALL the West

Independent or Escorted All-expense Tours. Let us show you how you can combine as many of these wonderlands as you choose on one Union Pacific Tour. The cost is surprisingly low. Many fine fast trains daily to all the West.

Tell us which region you wish to visit; we will send illustrated travel book and complete information.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

General Passenger Agent, Dept. 150
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Please send me complete information and booklets concerning Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ Colorado ☐ California ☐ Zion and Grand Canyon National Parks ☐ Dude Ranches ☐

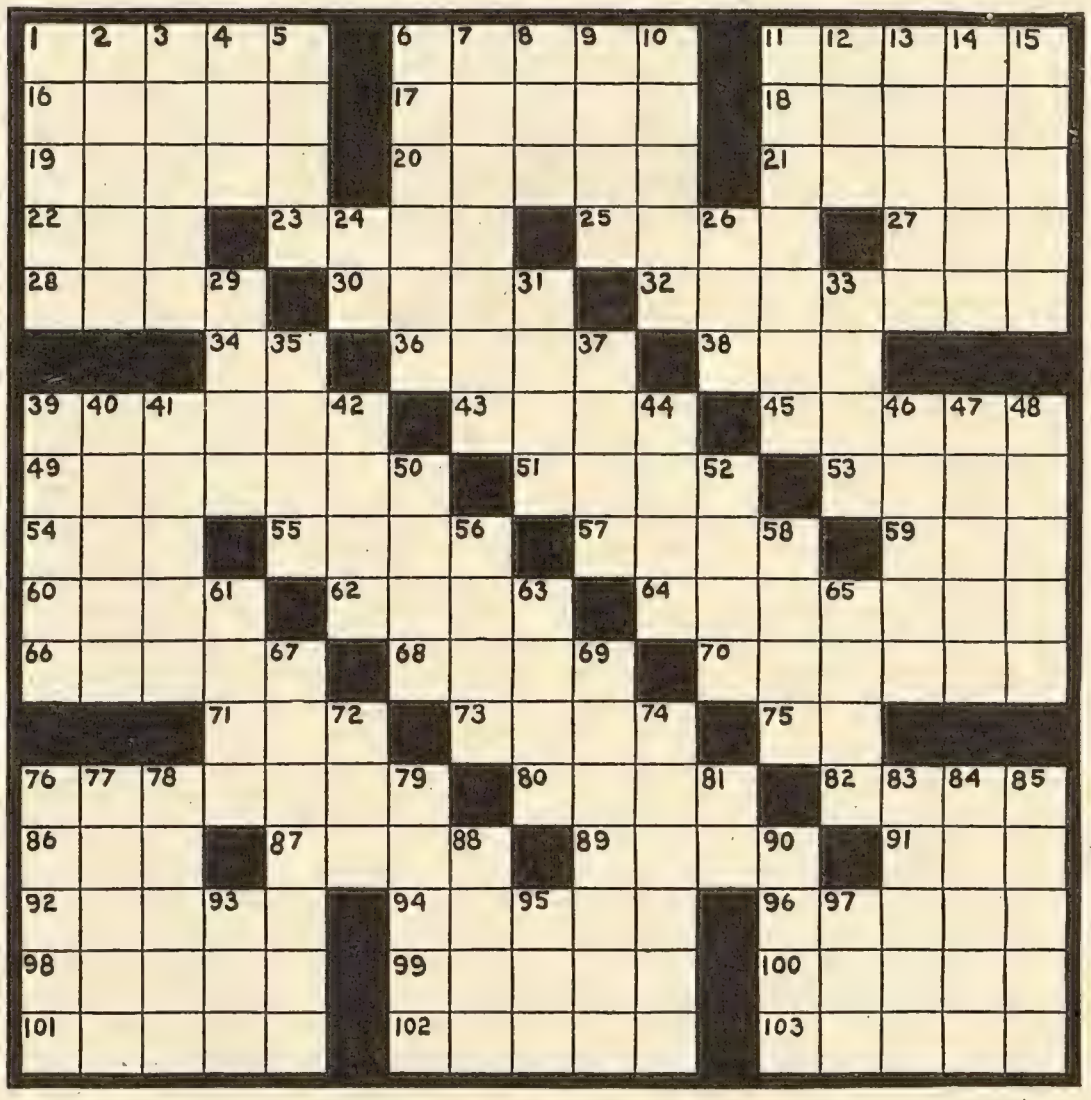
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

HOW is it, when going after that $25 weekly prize, constructors do not more often employ the Greek cross in blocking off long runs in their designs? Each cross breaks four rows. It is well, though, not to use the cross where one of its ends touches the border, because, then, two unkeyed letters are set up, always an undesirable feature in puzzle construction. Consult the editor about your problems, but inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an answer, also if you would like your competing puzzle returned. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 35

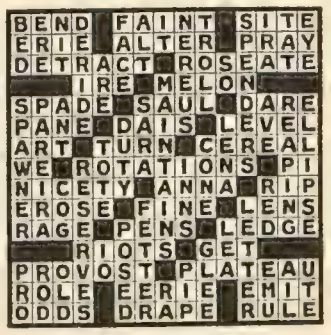
By ADELINE KISSLING, Fort Sam Houston, Texas

HORIZONTAL

1 A burning piece of wood
6 Mark with lines
11 Draw off by degrees
16 More crippled
17 Gladden
18 Wash lightly
19 Structure of sun-dried brick
20 More unusual
21 United States gold coin
22 Moral obliquity
23 A dam in a river
25 A nobleman
27 Induced
28 Clothing
30 Transmit
32 Laments
34 Either
36 Designating a certain tide
38 An edible seed
39 Alarms
43 Reclines
45 Ceremonials
49 Breathing spasmodically
51 A bristle
53 A fruit
54 Moses' repository for the Commandments
55 A river in Africa
57 A bait
59 A cardinal number
60 Sound, as a bell
62 Cushions
64 Tinkles
66 Fine driving icy particles
68 A ruminant
70 To stick fast
71 Sooner than
73 Tidy
75 Japanese measure of area
76 Harassed
80 Pastry (plural)
82 Color of unbleached linen
86 A primate
87 To move as wings
89 An unmarried woman
91 Conducted or managed
92 Pertaining to birth
94 Nominates
96 To correct
98 To urge on
99 A wading bird
100 A province in Belgium
101 To guide
102 Amends and revises
103 A shrub

VERTICAL

1 An explosion
2 Wireless communication
3 Mingled with
4 A beak
5 Hauled
6 A shield
7 Mortuary chapel
8 Over
9 A winding device
10 Mistake
11 Machine for scooping and removing earth
12 A long narrow inlet
13 To fish
14 Small island
15 Requirements
24 Exists
26 A corded fabric
29 To classify
31 A platform
33 A bar of wood
35 To hold in check
37 To pare
39 Gaiters
40 A song of praise
41 A joint
42 To clip
44 A buttonlike device
46 To name
47 An emir
48 Perception
50 Joyful
52 A melody
56 Paradise
58 Culminates
61 A malicious look
63 To percolate
65 An oil made from butter
67 Dawdler
69 Apparel
72 A fish
74 Irritates
76 Styles of penmanship
77 Separated
78 Rebind
79 To glide rhythmically
81 A syllable in the sol-fa system
83 Doctrine
84 To set in a row
85 Subordinate
88 A chum (slang)
90 Small valley
93 Hail
95 French word for one of the spring months
97 A unit used in measuring wire diameters



BEND FAINT SITE
ERIE ALTER PRAY
DETRACT ROSEATE
IRE MELON
SPADE SAUL DARE
PANE DAIS LEVEL
ART TURN CEREAL
WE ROTATIONS PI
NICETY ANNA RIP
EROSE FINE LENS
RAGE PENS LEDGE
RIOTS GET
PROVOST PLATEAU
ROLE EERIE EMIT
ODDS DRAPE RULE

Answer to Puzzle No. 34

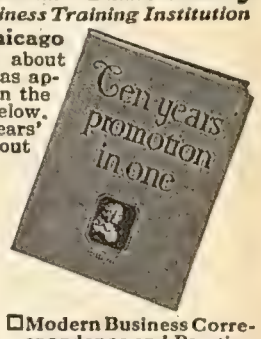
HOME-STUDY COURSES
THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems thru the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our *salary-doubling plan* enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our *salary-doubling plan*. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the *salary-doubling plan* starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

— — — *Find Yourself Thru LaSalle* — — —

LaSalle Extension University
The World's Largest Business Training Institution
Dept. 531-R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.



☐ Business Management
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name _____
Present Position _____
Address _____

DEAF PEOPLE HEAR WITH DE FOREST AUDIPHONE

Two years ago Dr. Lee De Forest, the famous Radio Wizard, first offered his marvelous new audiphone to the Deaf and Hard of Hearing.

The results were really wonderful. Hundreds have already adopted the De Forest Audiphone and traded in other types of deaf instruments as part payment.

So sure is Dr. De Forest that the new De Forest Audiphone will make any deaf person hear clearly and distinctly that we have arranged to send one at our expense to any earnest person on TEN DAY FREE TRIAL, without deposit.

Remember, there is no charge or obligation if you accept a free trial which will bring joy and happiness to those who suffer from impaired hearing. Write today to Charles H. Lehman, President.

Hearing Devices Corporation
2404 Times Building, New York

RUN a McNESS BUSINESS

Make $50 to $100 a week

Be your own boss. Distribute McNess Food Products, Coffee, Spices, Toilet Articles, Shaving Cream, Brushes, Mops, Brooms, Home Remedies, etc. Every customer buys more every month. The longer you work the business the more you make.

100 Per Cent Profit

You make $1.00 profit on each dollar you spend for products. Direct-to-user plan makes possible better quality at lower prices. Premiums, samples and new advertising always available. (41)

Furst-McNess Co., Div. E, Freeport, Ill.

DON'T SUFFER

Like magic Cal-o-cide for poor, tired, aching feet penetrates to heart of trouble, soothing muscles, sinew, and nerves to delightful repose. Thousands proclaim Cal-o-cide as wonderful. Almost instantaneous relief from burning, searing, torturing, nagging feet. Booklet on care of feet in each package. Get Cal-o-cide at druggists today, or send 35c. for full size package.

MEDCO CO., Dept.-J
Dayton, Ohio

FOOT MISERY BANISHED
Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

Clear Your Skin

Of Disfiguring Blemishes

Use Cuticura

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.

Boys! Earn Money in Spare Time and Get Prizes Free!

Philip Hatton of Florida is one of thousands of boys having a regular weekly income.

HERE'S a wonderful opportunity for boys! You can have a regular income every week and win many valuable prizes besides. Thousands of boys throughout the United States and Canada are doing it. So can you. Bicycles, radios, baseball gloves, bats, balls other sporting equipment, musical instruments and campingsuppliesareamong the prizes you can get absolutely FREE! It's clean, easy work, right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. No interference with school or play. No money—no experience necessary. We supply everything and show you how. Send the coupon below for full particulars, and our Big Illustrated Catalog of Free Prizes.

--- Mail today ---

Liberty Weekly, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

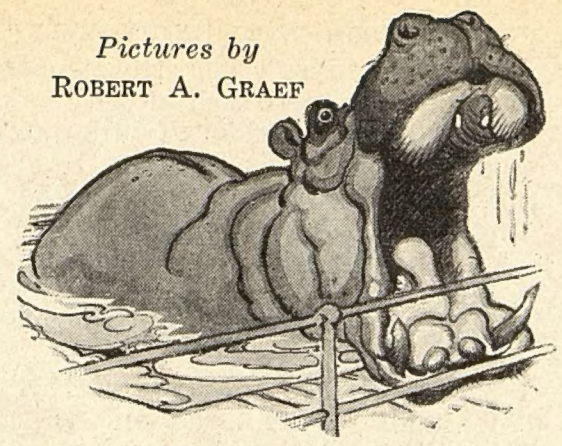
Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

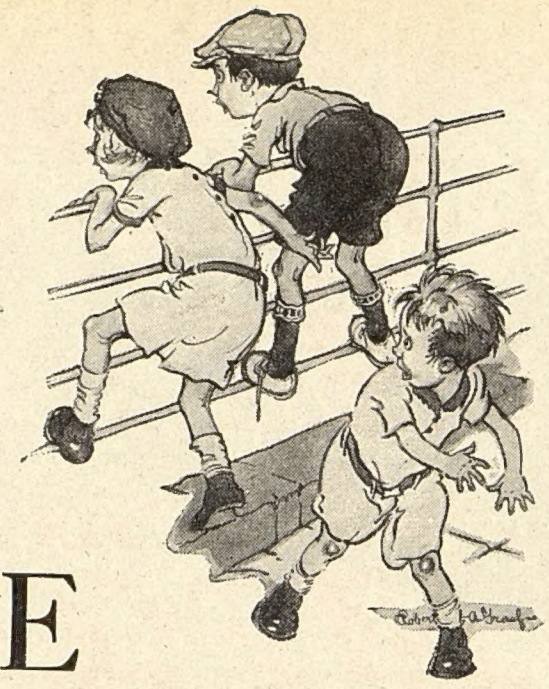
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF





Bringing HOME *the* ZOO

"WE *saw a thing that splashed in a pool!*"

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children
By ALINE KILMER

"GR-R-R! Gr-r-r!" growled the small tan bear on the little all-colors-of-the-rainbow rug.

"Gr-ou-ow! Gr-ou-ow!" roared the lion on the large reddish rug, shaking its yellow mane all over its face.

"Ah-hah-ha!" shrieked the hyena on the middle-sized blue rug. The hyena sat on his haunches and grinned at me so horribly that I was frightened. A hyena is a pretty frightening sort of animal.

The rugs had been pulled out of place and drawn up side by side, making neat cages for the creatures.

"*Take* your tail out o' my cage!" cried the hyena suddenly. "Don't you know I might bite it off?"

The lion sat back in dismay, shook the long-ish yellow hair out of her face, and looked back at her tail anxiously. It hadn't been bitten off *yet*, thank goodness! She snapped it back into her own cage and sighed with relief. That was a most satisfactory tail, even if it did look rather like a long limp tan stocking.

"May we ask Dodo to come in an' be a monkey? We could make a cage for her behind the sofa," the hyena suggested. "An' Peter Belgian Hare could be a wuff."

"Dodo'll be here soon enough," I said. "Don't call her. And I don't think Peter Belgian Hare would make a good wolf. He's too tame." What I really meant, I'm afraid, was that I didn't want him in the living-room.

"Oh, he isn't tame at all!" cried the lion excitedly. "Look at Nicky's shoes!"

I looked. Nicky's tan shoes were neatly scalloped all around the top.

"Peter Belgian Hare did it!" the lion went on. "He got out of his box last night an' nibbled off Nicky's shoetops, an' Greg's, too. On'y you can't see Greg's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Names! Names! Names!

DO you remember that a little while ago we asked you to help Emmy, Nicky, and Greg find a name for their new rabbit? Well, we've been just flooded with answers! Our large desk is piled high with *thousands!*

And such nice names! So many good ones!

Because the rabbit was little and white, a great many children suggested the name SNOWBALL.

Because the rabbit's ears wouldn't stay still, many suggested the name FLOPSY.

Because the fur was so nice and soft, a great many suggested the name FLUFFY.

Because the rabbit was so clean and white, a great many suggested the name WHITIE.

Because the rabbit's nose was always moving around, a great many suggested the name WIGGLENOSE.

Well, which do you think is best? We simply cannot make up our mind! You see, all these names received just about the same number of votes.

So please write us another letter, telling us which of these names you like best. Write only *one* of these names, or we'll be just as much in trouble as now!

Address your letters to Editor Children's Page, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Employ Dixon's 'Ti-con-der-oga' when you want thoughts transferred from brains to paper neatly and without friction.

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast
Three for a quarter in Canada

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 10-J Jersey City, New Jersey
© 1927

1827 THE 100TH YEAR 1927
OF DIXON SERVICE

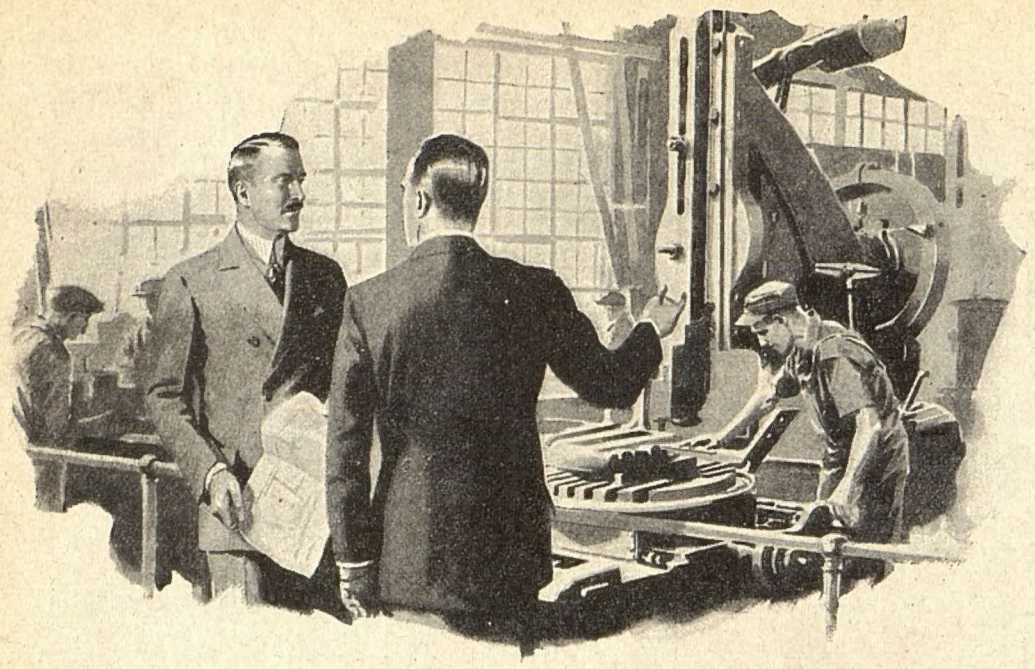
FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



How the I. C. S. Is Helping Executives

to Solve One of the Most Perplexing Problems in Industry Today

PERHAPS no one problem is giving executives more concern today than the proper training of apprentices.

The subject is discussed at many an industrial conference and management meeting. Everywhere you will find a growing desire to develop trained workers if it can be done in a simple, practical and economical way.

The Apprentice Training Program of the International Correspondence Schools is being adopted by a large number of industrial companies because it completely meets these requirements.

It is not a scholastic theory or an untried experiment. It is a sound, workable, tested program because it is based on years of experience in training men. One company, having 371 apprentices, has used this plan continuously since 1912—a tribute to its value both to employer and employee. Other companies have used it for two, three, five, ten and fifteen years.

This I. C. S. Apprentice Program is *elastic* because it is planned to meet the needs of any business—large or small. It is *efficient* because it is sponsored by the largest correspondence school in the world, with twenty-two years' experience in the apprentice training field. It is *adaptable* because it covers 2700 subjects. It is *economical* because it calls for no large or continuing budget.

There are no expensive texts for you to write or publish; no expensive set-up in staff or equipment required. Only a minimum amount of time, at company expense, is required for the studying and class work of apprentices. Costly, uncertain experimenting is eliminated. A larger number of workers can be trained at a smaller per capita cost than is possible by any other method.

We will indeed be glad to send booklets describing this plan in full detail to executives, educational directors and supervisors of apprentices. A coupon is printed below for your convenience in requesting this information.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Penna.

Founded 1891 *More than* 3,500,000 *students*

MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Apprentice Training Division
Dept. 8473-E, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, please send me the following booklets:
☐ Why it Pays to Train Apprentices
☐ First Steps in an Apprentice Program
☐ How to Effectively Instruct Your Apprentices

Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-SEVEN]

now. It's his other shoes—his best ones." I groaned aloud.

The lion was now striding up and down on hands and feet. I admired the way she went on her feet instead of on her knees.

"Don't you get tired, Emmy?" I asked. "I should think you'd have to go on your knees *some* of the time."

"Can't," said Emmy decidedly. "Animals *don't* go on their knees."

"Alice Rabbit could be a white goat—or a white camel," put in the hyena, running his fingers thoughtfully around the nibbled tops of his shoes.

But the lion was beginning to get a little tired of this game. She leaped out of her cage and came and sat most amiably on my lap.

SHE stood right in front of the cage.

"We ought to be fed," she decided. The little tan bear who had been curled in a heap, taking a nap, lifted his head at this.

"What do *I* eat?" he demanded.

"Cinnamon!" cried Emmy and Nicky together. "You're a cinnamon bear."

"Bears like honey," I suggested, to save him from his fate. "Suppose you all eat bread and honey."

Emmy and Nicky looked simply scandalized.

"Lions don't eat honey!"

"Hyenas don't eat honey!" they cried.

I hastily tried to save myself. "They would if they were hungry enough. They'd eat *anything*. We can pretend there's nothing left in this zoo to eat except bear food." This, of course, made a great difference.

"Well, in that case," they murmured agreeably.

Dodo was called, and in a few minutes they were all three in the pantry eating bread and honey.

"What did you see at the zoo?" I asked, to make table talk, "besides lions and bears and hyenas?"

"Wouldn't 'Hyena' be a nice name for a little girl?" muttered Emmy with her mouth full. "*Are* there any little girls named that, Mummy?"

"It would be a pretty name," I agreed uneasily. "I don't think anyone has used it. But what did you see?"

"Oh, we saw a thing that splashed in a pool!" cried Emmy. "An' what do frogs say, Mummy?"

As well as I could I told her. She nodded vigorously three times and her eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"Then it was a frog that *said* it."

"Oh, no, Emmy!" cried Nicky. "It wasn't a frog! It were a hip-po-mo-pot-a-mus!"

We never got this point settled because Dodo unwisely began to laugh. Emmy and Nicky didn't like being laughed at any more than anyone else does. They stopped talking and ate in dignified silence.

"We saw a monkey zat looked *jus' like Dodo!*" cried Greg suddenly.

"Oh, ain't that turrible!" cried Dodo, slapping her knees as she doubled up with laughter. "Ain't that turrible, mother? They stood right in front of the cage and pointed to the monkey and pointed to me, an' said it right out loud!"

"But we didn't see—now, what were zat sing?" Greg went on, "zat sing Nutmeg said we'd see? Oh, now I wemember! A dwagon."

"Oh, no, Greg, she couldn't have. Not Nutmeg!"

"Yes. It were Nutmeg. An' it couldn't 'a' been a good zoo, because zere wasn't any dwagon."

Poor little Peter Belgian Hare is unhappy! He's lonesome, and yet he won't play with Alice Rabbit. What do you think happens? Be sure to read the story in next week's LIBERTY.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Undeveloped Gift

Irene had been sent to awaken her father; but breakfast was on the table and still he did not appear. When told she must go call him again, Irene answered with decision: "You'd better call him yourself, mother. I can't talk cross enough." —Mrs. A. J., Rocky Ford, Colo.

* * *

Old Human Nature

Jimmie was a lively youngster and "don'ts" and "can't haves" were very familiar to him. Asked what he wanted for Christmas, after deep thought, he solemnly announced: "Anything I can't have."—M. Louise Brown, Charleston, W. Va.

Two Dumb-bells

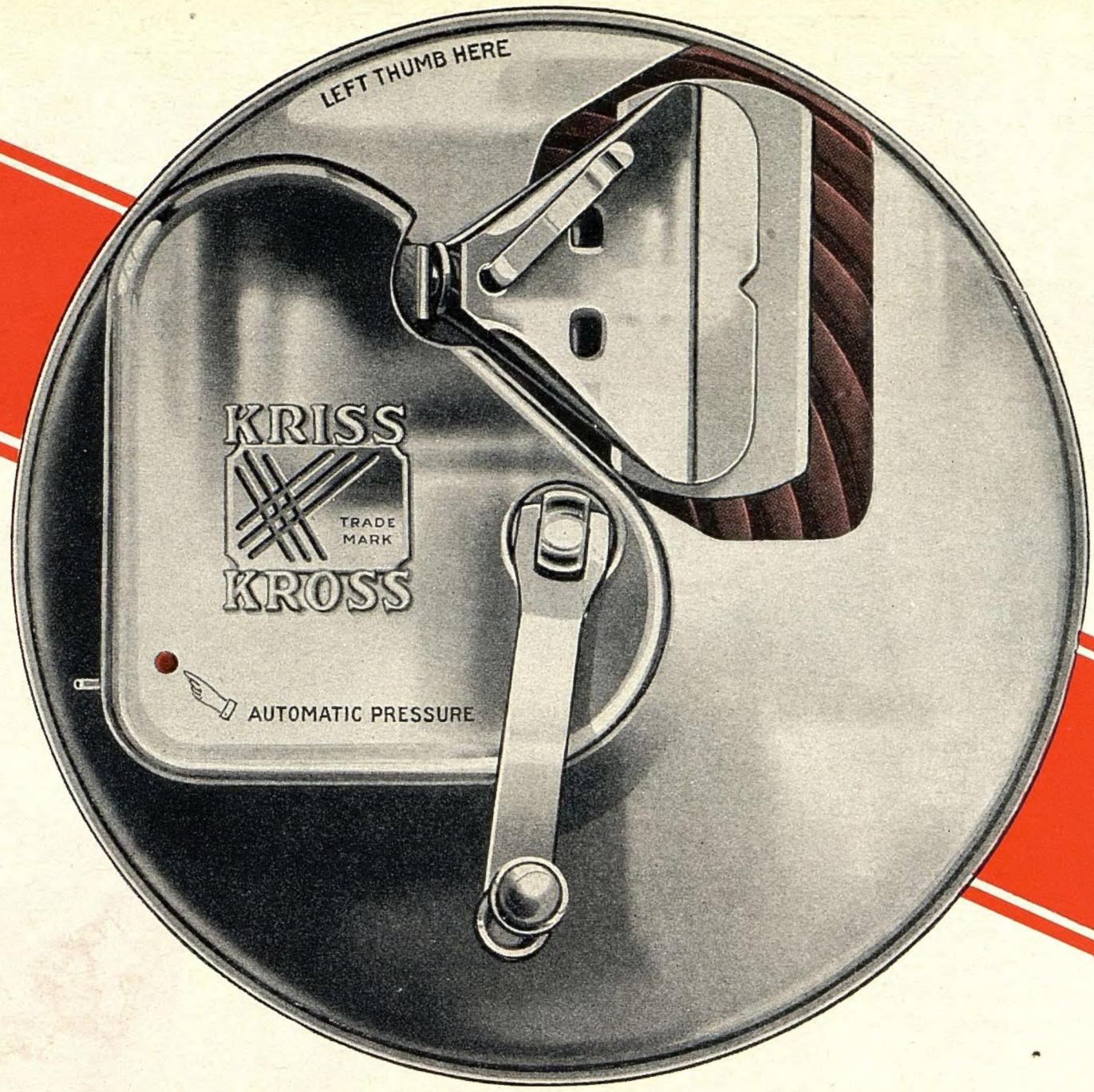
While walking down the street recently I spied a small lad struggling with his little red wagon, which was loaded with groceries. One pair of wheels was in the gutter, the other pair on the curb. He was in danger of a spill, so I righted the wagon and put him on his way.

He said nothing, so I jokingly said, "Thank you!"

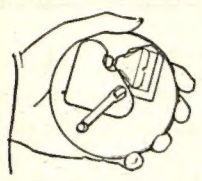
He replied, "You're welcome."

As I walked on, someone tugged at my coat tail. It was the youngster, and he said:

"Say, mister, we both got it wrong, didn't we?"—J. F. Stansell, Marion, Ohio.



Amazing New Shaving Invention MEANS ... *No More Blades to Buy*



SHARP "new" blades every day! Keen, quick, velvety shaves forever! That's what this astonishing invention holds in store for *you!* Already it has revolutionized the before-breakfast habits of one million American men, and introduced them to shaving comfort and economy such as they had only *dreamed* of before!

KRISS-KROSS is capable of such extraordinary performance that it is hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a *super*-stropper or blade *rejuvenator*. It not only prolongs the life of a single blade for weeks and months—but it produces a keenness of edge that hitherto has been almost unknown! *Actually* you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it beyond belief in 11 seconds with KRISS-KROSS!

Magic Diagonal Stroke

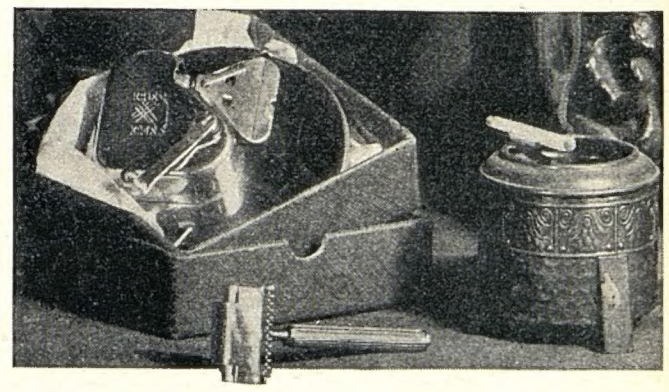
KRISS-KROSS possesses a mechanical ingenuity that is almost uncanny. It employs the famous *diagonal* stroke used by master barbers. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick with an unfailing precision *no* human being can ever hope to duplicate. Automatic pressure and reverse, too. The strokes commence *heavy* and gradually grow lighter and lighter—until a nickel jig flies up to notify you that your blade is ready with *the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!* No wonder legions of enthusiastic users are reporting as many as 365 slick shaves a year from a single blade!

AGENTS!

KRISS-KROSS offers excellent money to men who become authorized representatives. Surprisingly generous commissions. Emil Ham of California made $50 his very first day. J. C. Kellogg of Kansas made $200 in 7 days spare time! Others are making $75 to $200 a week. Part-time representatives, office and factory men often earn $6—$12 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. Find out about this great money-making opportunity at once. Check bottom of coupon for details! Mail it today!

Send for Generous Offer

KRISS-KROSS is sold by special representatives who will gladly demonstrate this remarkable invention for you without obligation. Right now they are authorized to make you an unusually generous introductory offer and are giving away a 3-way, adjustable razor entirely unlike anything you ever saw before! (See Description at Right.) If there is no representative in your neighborhood, you can secure the same generous offer direct from us. Use the coupon below for illustrated description and details. See for yourself exactly how uncanny and ingenious these two KRISS-KROSS inventions are. No obligation. Mail the coupon today!



New Kind of Razor FREE

Most unusual razor ever invented. Really 3 razors in one. Instantly adjustable. Gives a *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is being given absolutely *without extra charge* to users of KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. Find out about it today!

Rhodes KRISS TRADE MARK KROSS

KRISS KROSS Stropper

RHODES MFG. CO.
Dept. E-381
1418 Pendleton Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. E-381
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, please send me illustrated description and full details of your special introductory offer on KRISS-KROSS super-stropper and 3-way razor GIVEN without extra charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

( ) Check here if interested in making money as authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

Dishpan drudgery washed away!

The KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK

When you first press the little red starting button, you have a feeling that you are not merely washing dishes—you are washing away century-old domestic drudgery. You say to yourself: "I'm emancipated."

In five minutes you know that the Kohler Electric Sink is better than its pictures; better than its printed praises. It has washed the dishes so beautifully, gleamingly clean, and done it so easily, so entirely without anxious attention on your part, that you wonder if it's really true.

After awhile you discover that, quite apart from all this luxury of effortless dishwashing, you have a wonderfully improved sink for all other uses, more convenient in half a dozen ways than sinks you have been accustomed to. . . .

That will be *your* experience with this ideal servant, which you can engage *for life* merely by paying a modest wage for a few months. For your plumber will sell you a Kohler Electric Sink—and install it—*on partial payments.*

Ask him about this and other Kohler plumbing fixtures. And mail us the coupon below.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send descriptive literature as checked.
☐ Kohler Electric Sink
☐ Other Kohler Plumbing Fixtures
Name .....
Address .....
.....
L 5-7-27

KOHLER OF KOHLER
Plumbing Fixtures